ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS DEADPOOL

TYLER KIRKHAM crf

"Horror blends into black comedy." - Multiversity Comics

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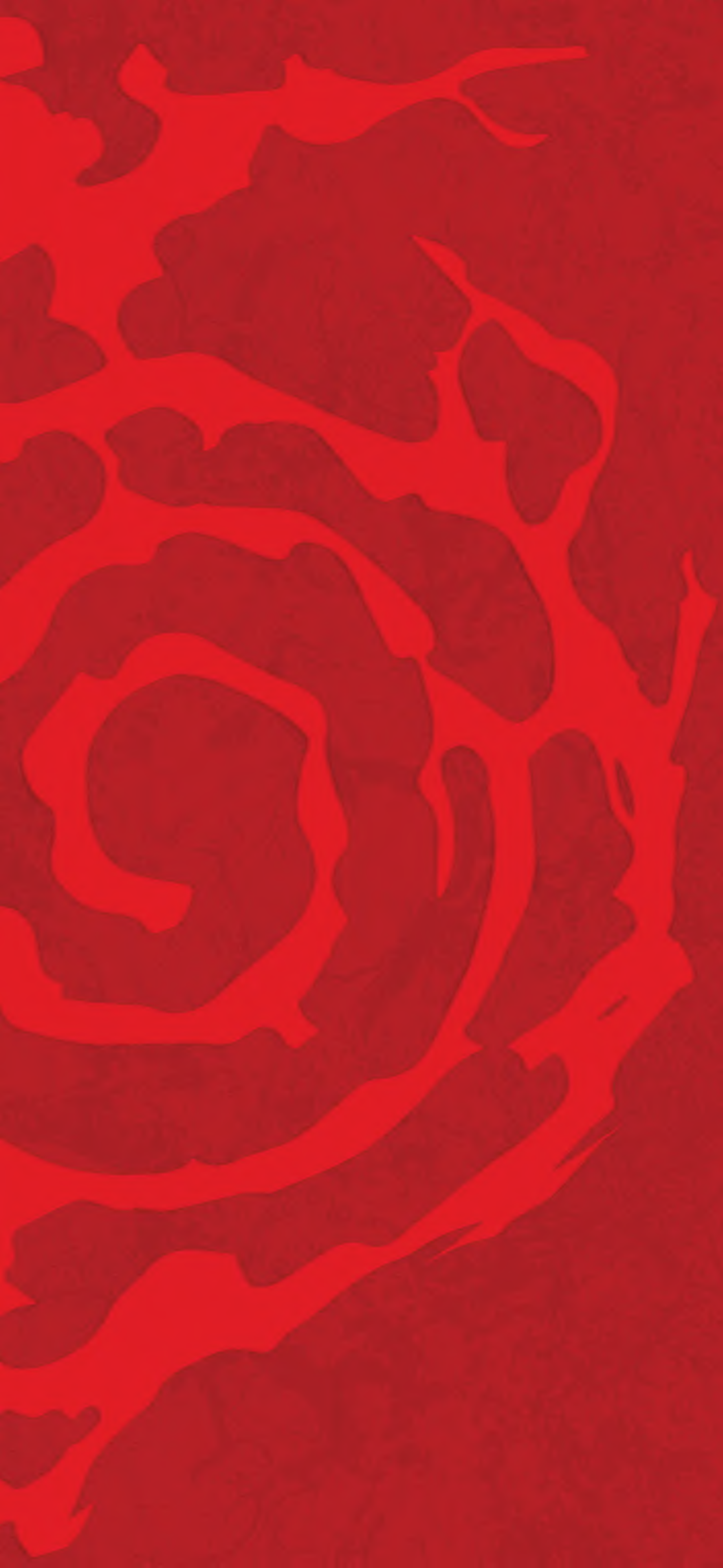
ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS DEADPOOL



Years ago, the Amazing Spider-Man unwittingly brought an extraterrestrial symbiote to Earth. The parasitic organism procreated--and so did its offspring and its offspring after that. In the ensuing years, these Earthbound symbiotes bonded to dozens of heroes and villains, temporarily amplifying their superhuman abilities.

But the symbiotes also **left traces of their genetic material within their hosts**. Called the codex, these dormant cells now serve as a beacon, beckoning the one who hunts them — the deadly symbiote known as Carnage.

The hunt for the codices is about to **bring Carnage toe-to-toe against an old opponent**, the one hero who's a match for his madness — the Merc with the Mouth…

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS DEADPOOL

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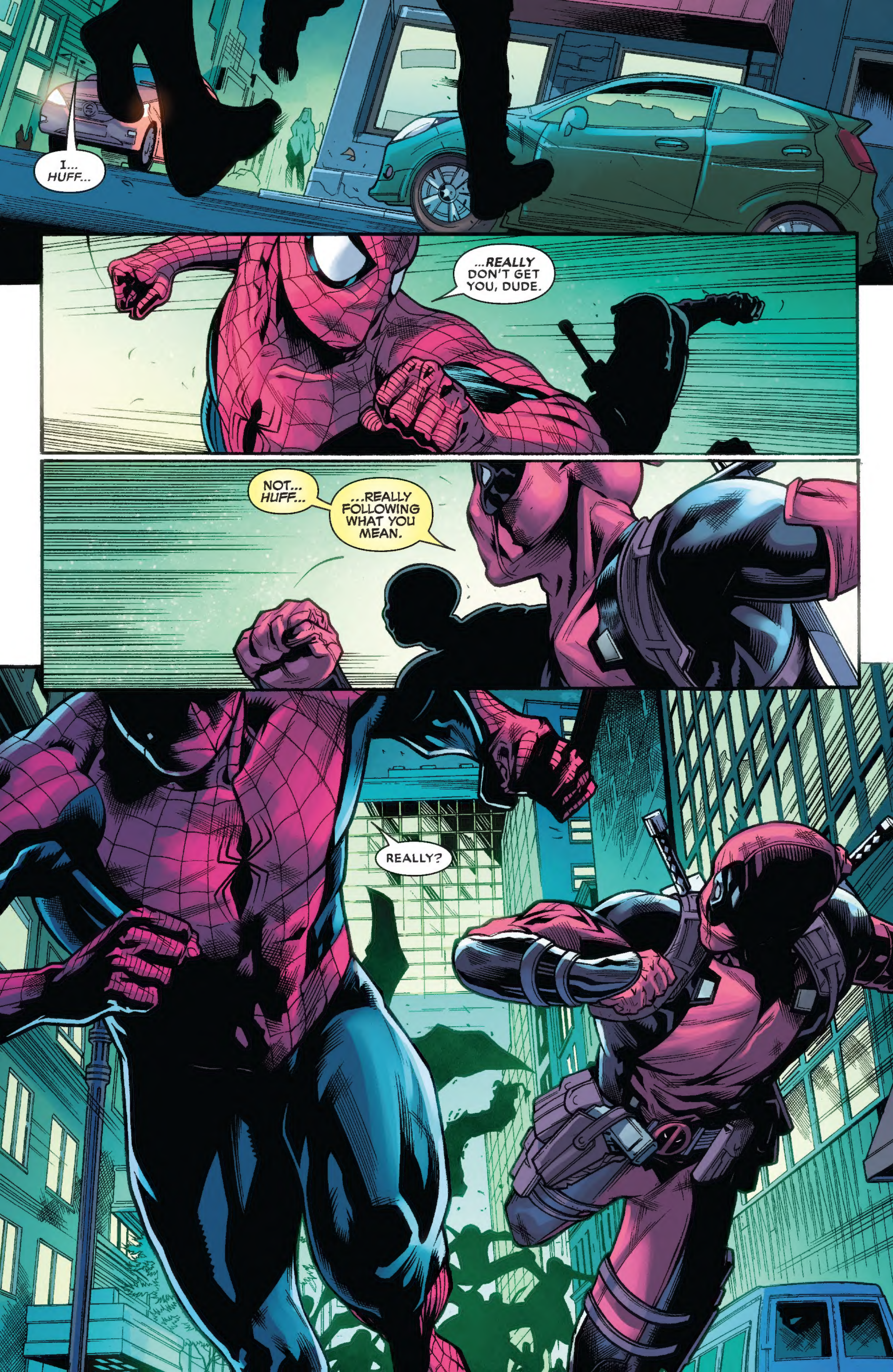
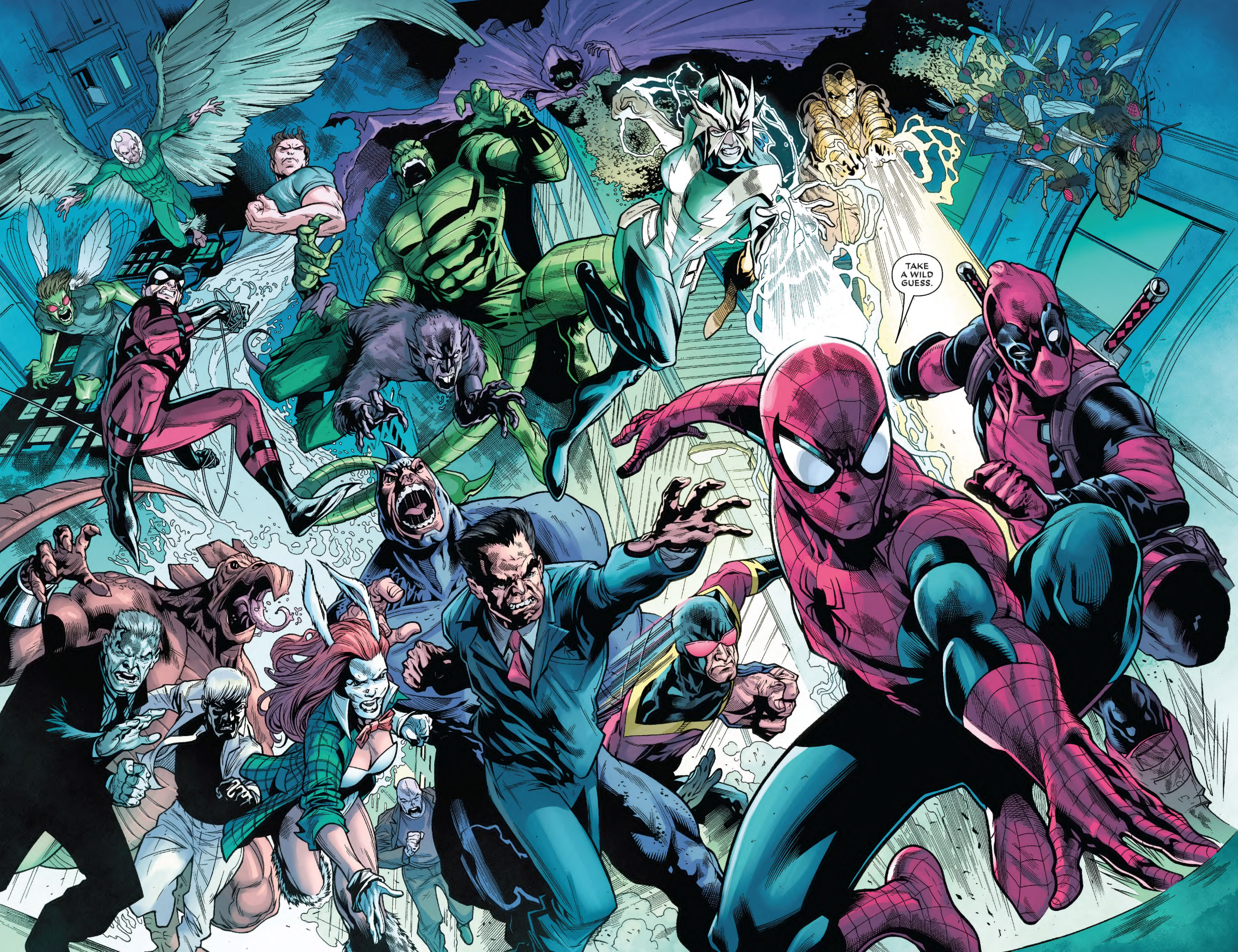
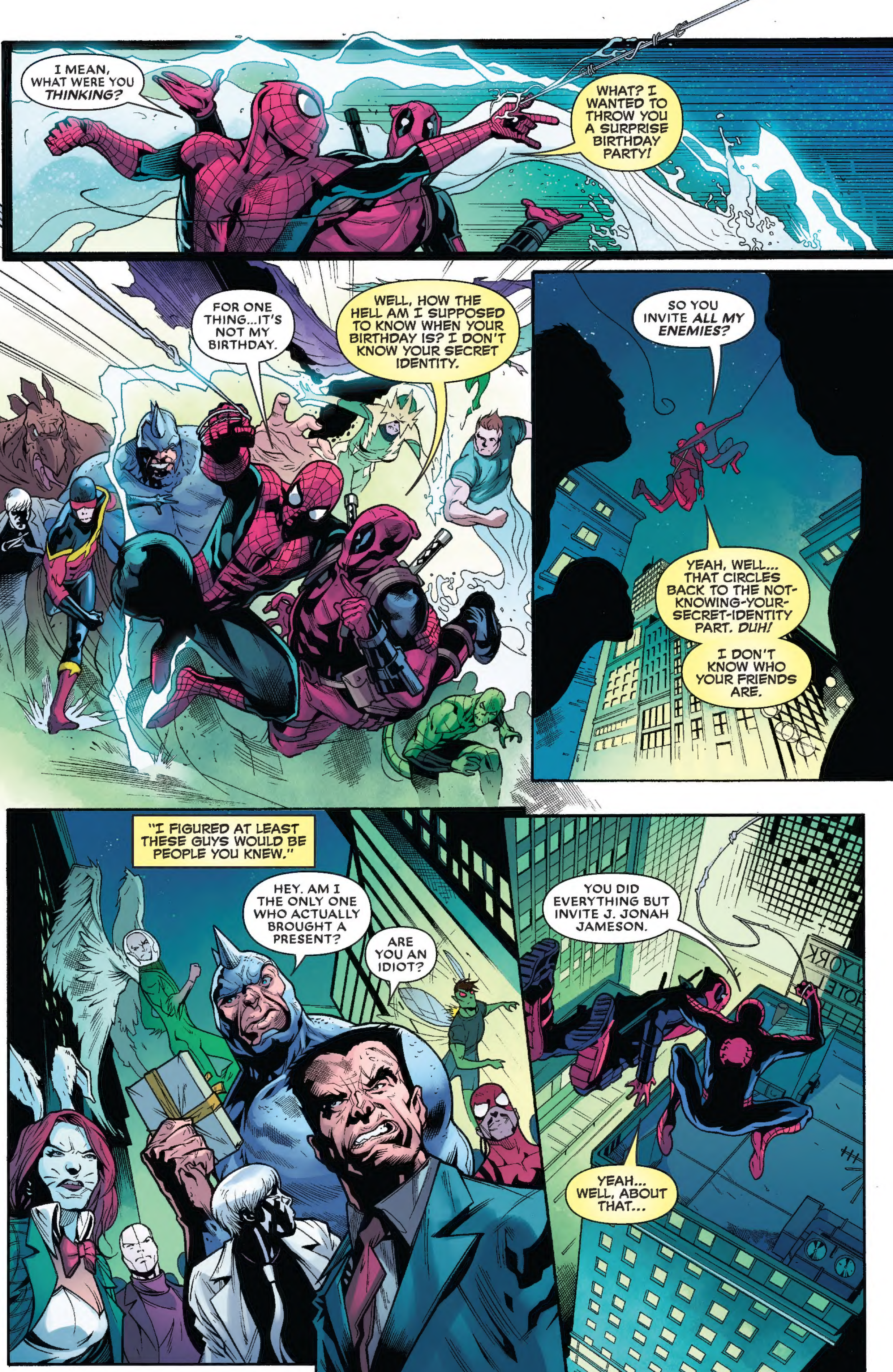
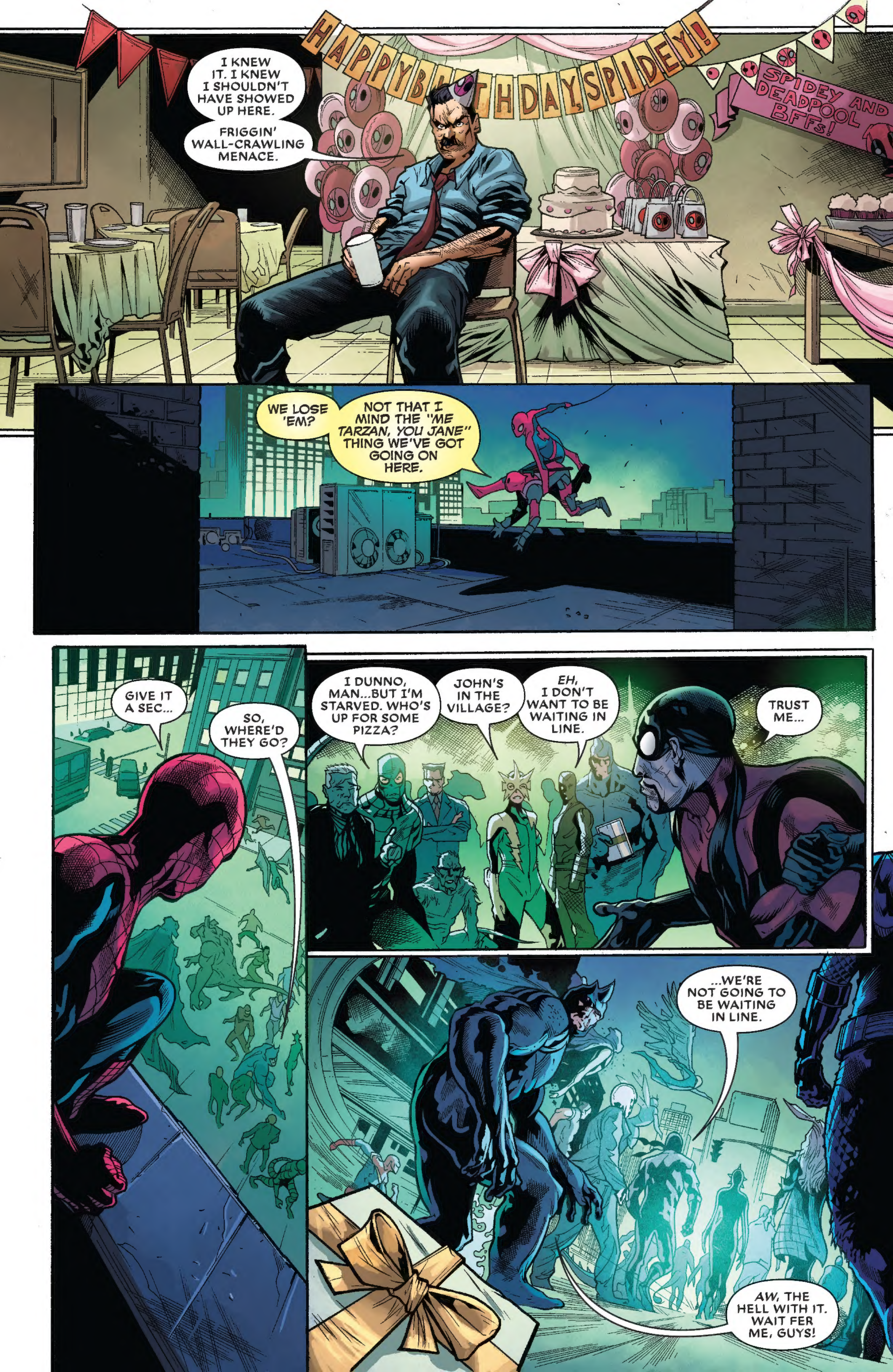
TYLER
KIRKHAM
art

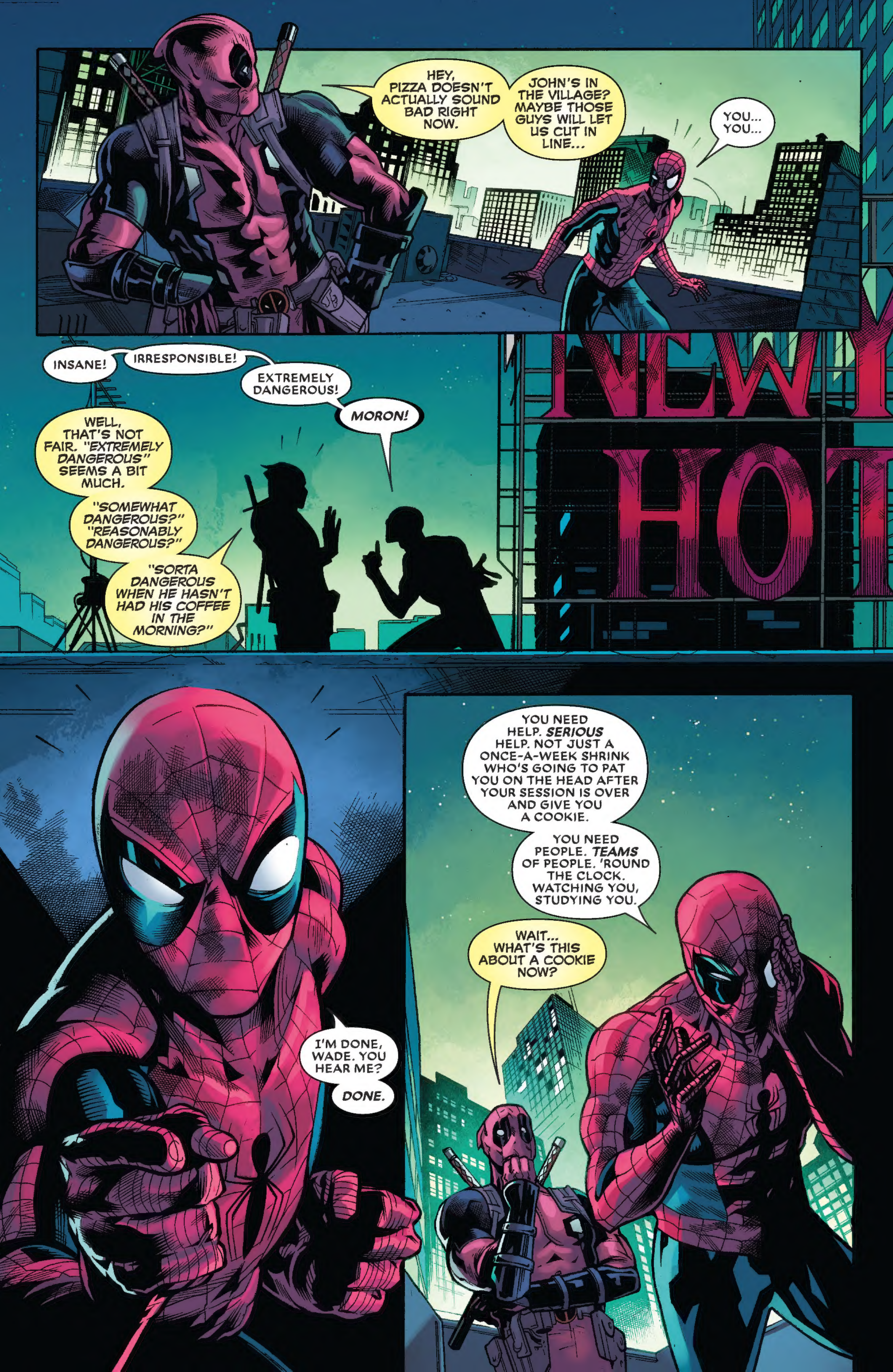
ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL 1

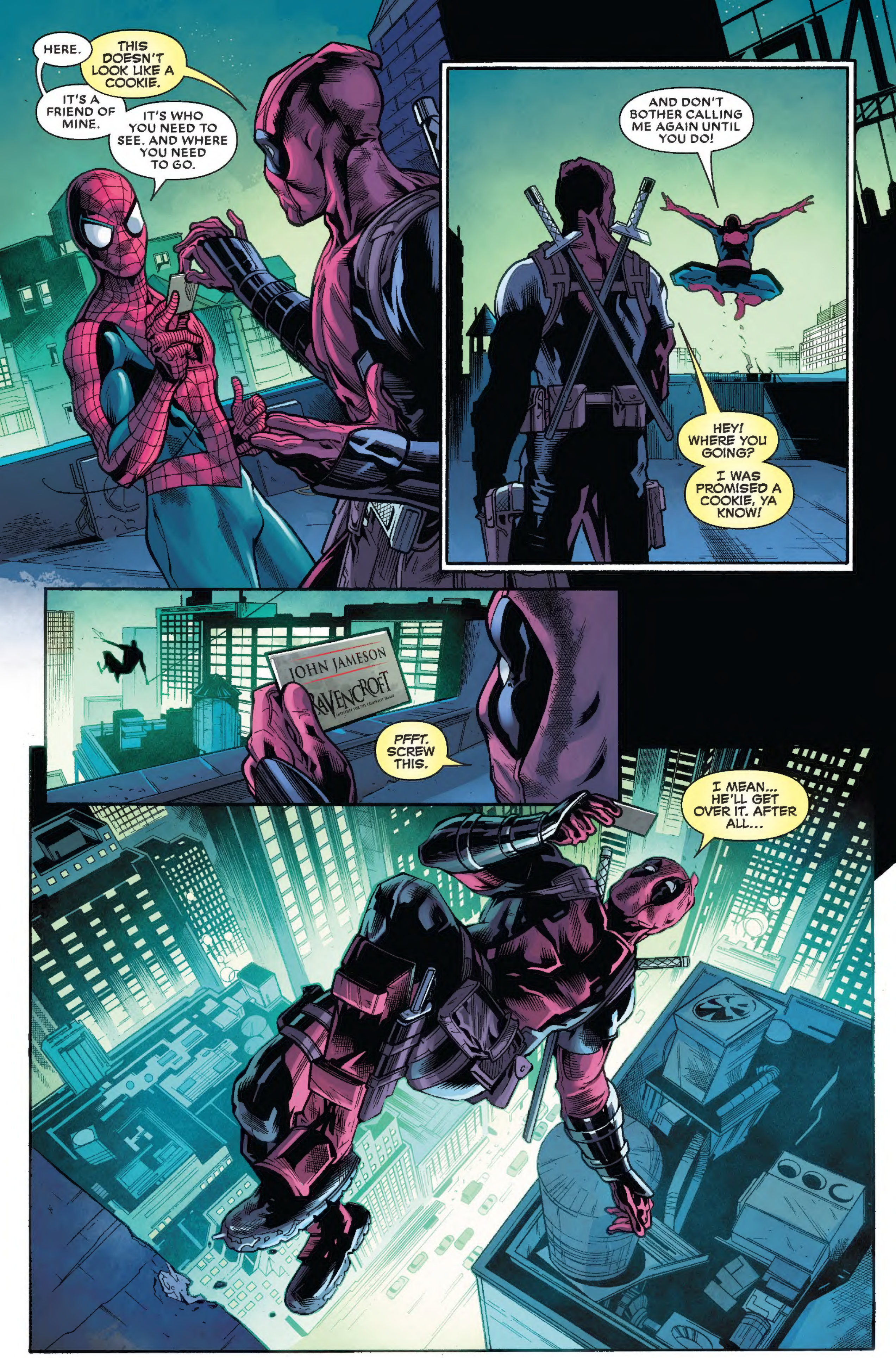

I... HUFF...
...REALLY DON'T GET YOU, DUDE.
NOT... HUFF...
...REALLY FOLLOWING WHAT YOU MEAN.
REALLY?

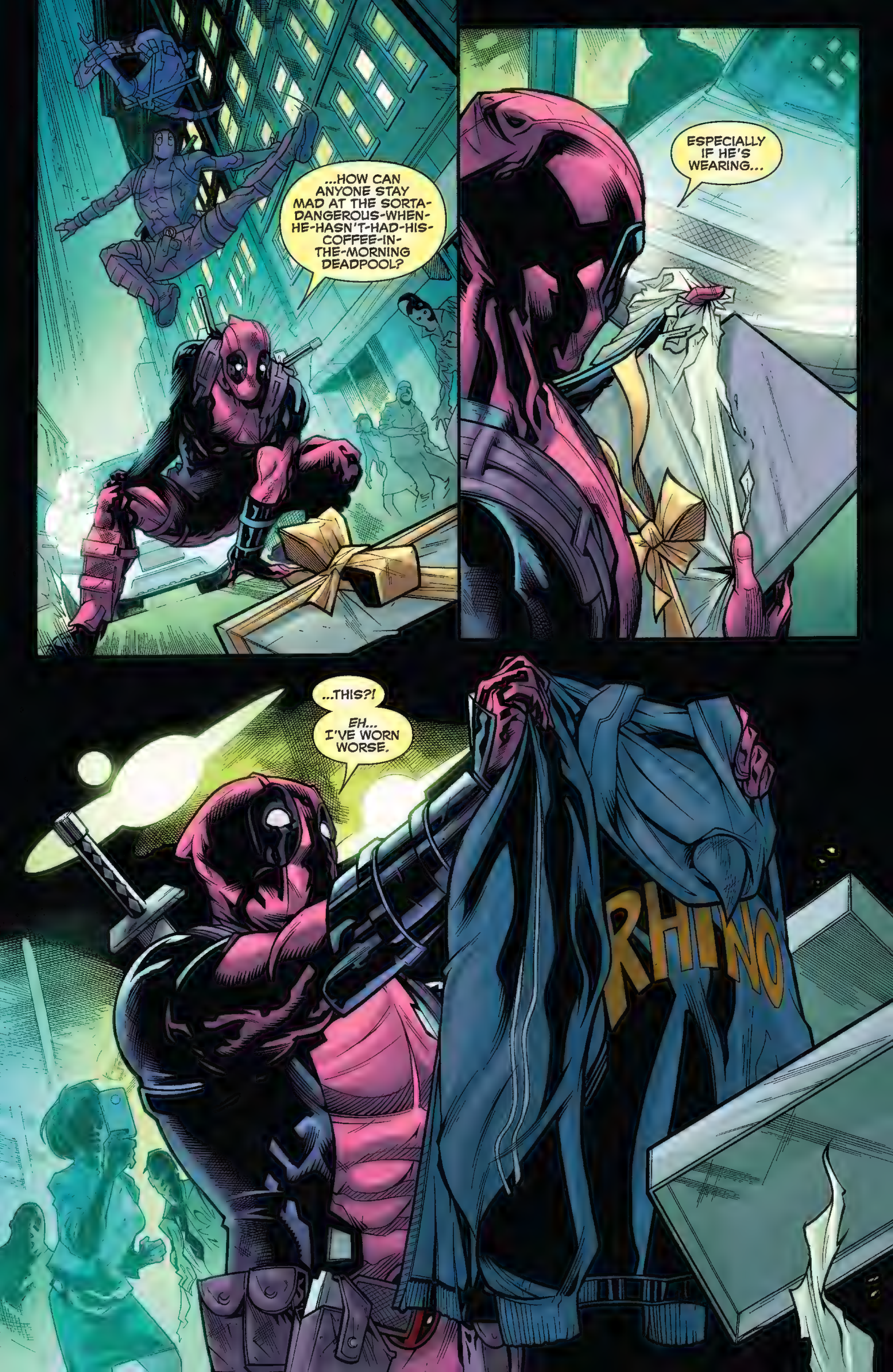

TAKE A WILD GUESS.

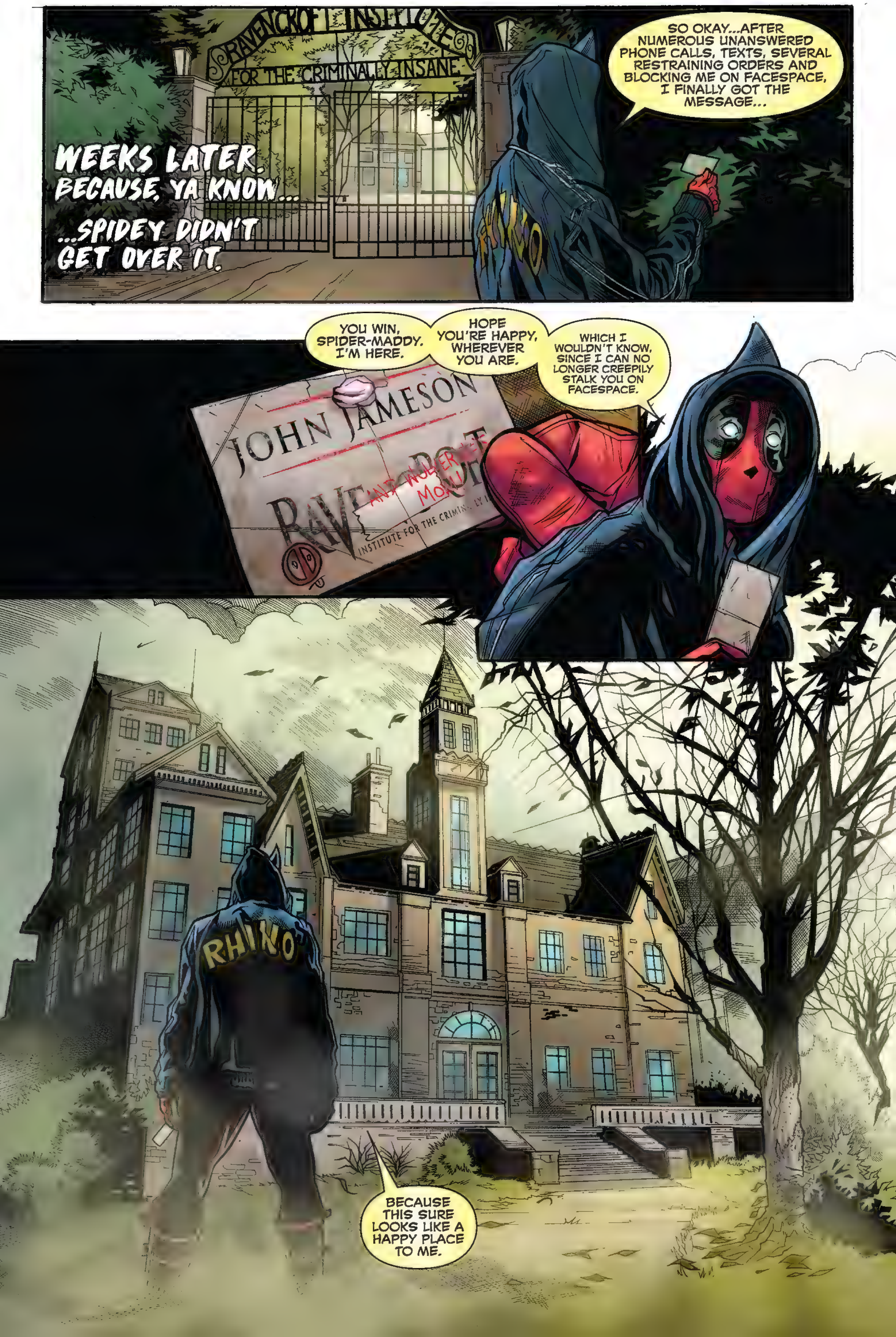

I MEAN, WHAT WERE YOU *THINKING?*
WHAT? I WANTED TO THROW YOU A SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY!
FOR ONE THING...IT'S NOT MY BIRTHDAY.
WELL, HOW THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHEN YOUR BIRTHDAY IS? I DON'T KNOW YOUR SECRET IDENTITY.
SO YOU INVITE *ALL MY ENEMIES?*
YEAH, WELL... THAT CIRCLES BACK TO THE NOT-KNOWING-YOUR-SECRET-IDENTITY PART. *DUH!*
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE.
"I FIGURED AT LEAST THESE GUYS WOULD BE PEOPLE YOU KNEW."
HEY. AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTUALLY BROUGHT A PRESENT?
ARE YOU AN IDIOT?
YOU DID EVERYTHING BUT INVITE J. JONAH JAMESON.
YEAH... WELL, ABOUT THAT...

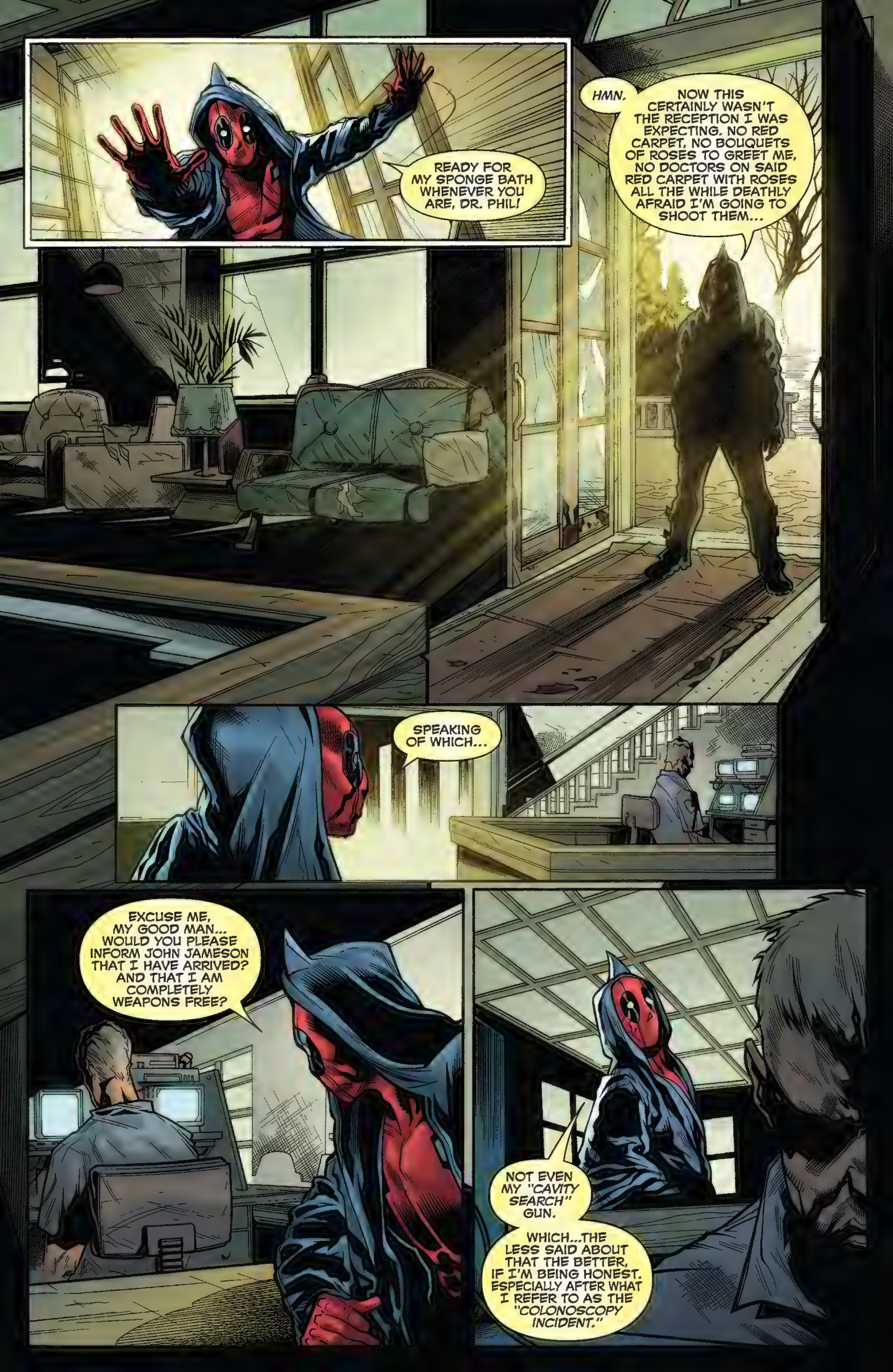

HAPPY B THDAY SPIDEY!
SPIDEY AND DEADPOOL BFFs!
I KNEW IT. I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE SHOWED UP HERE.
FRIGGIN' WALL-CRAWLING MENACE.
WE LOSE 'EM?
NOT THAT I MIND THE *"ME TARZAN, YOU JANE"* THING WE'VE GOT GOING ON HERE.
GIVE IT A SEC...
SO, WHERE'D THEY GO?
I DUNNO, MAN...BUT I'M STARVED. WHO'S UP FOR SOME PIZZA?
JOHN'S IN THE VILLAGE?
EH, I DON'T WANT TO BE WAITING IN LINE.
TRUST ME...
...WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE WAITING IN LINE.
AW, THE HELL WITH IT. WAIT FER ME, GUYS!

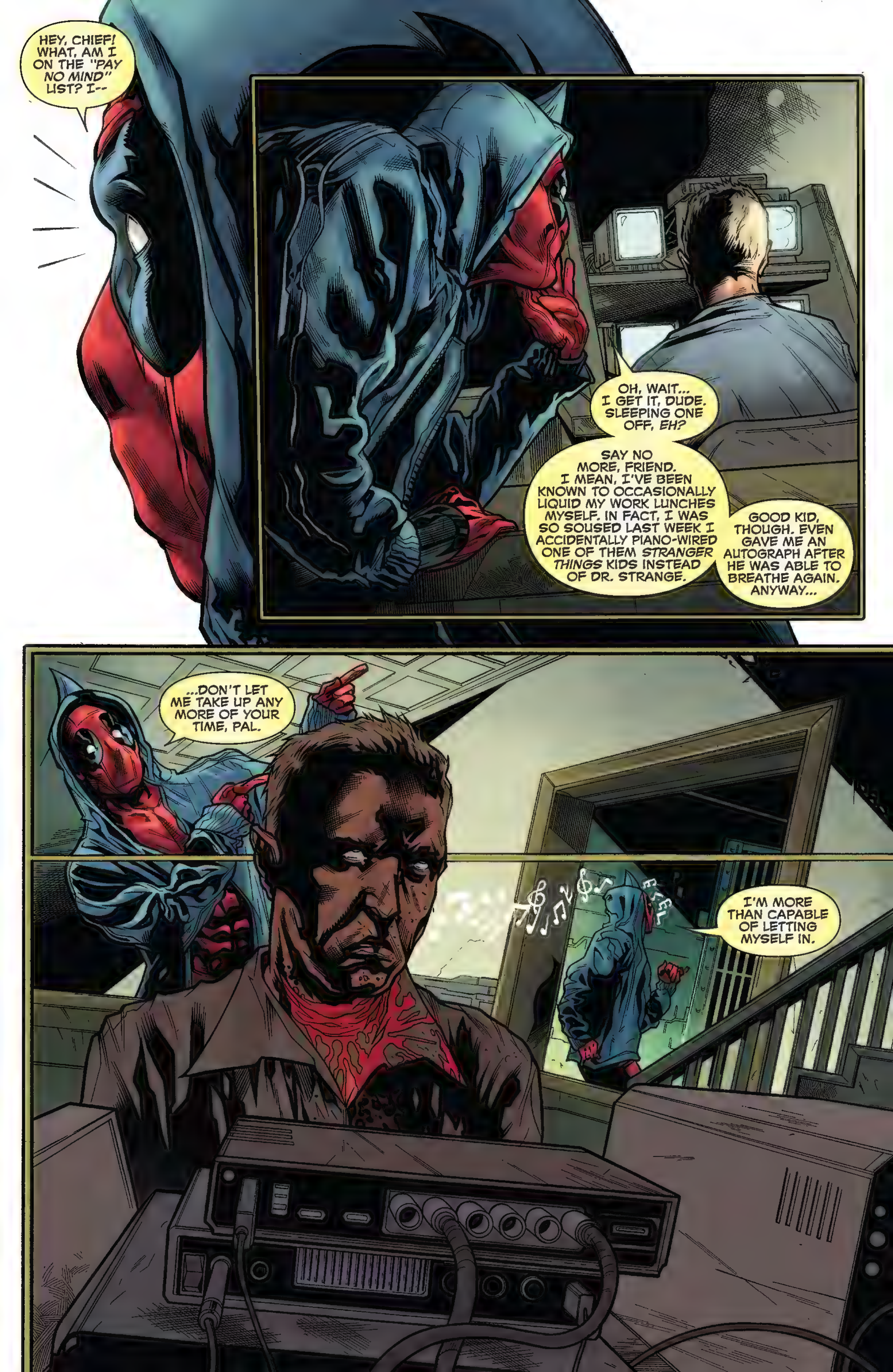

HEY, PIZZA DOESN'T ACTUALLY SOUND BAD RIGHT NOW.
JOHN'S IN THE VILLAGE? MAYBE THOSE GUYS WILL LET US CUT IN LINE...
YOU... YOU...
INSANE!
IRRESPONSIBLE!
EXTREMELY DANGEROUS!
MORON!
WELL, THAT'S NOT FAIR. *"EXTREMELY DANGEROUS"* SEEMS A BIT MUCH.
"SOMEWHAT DANGEROUS?" "REASONABLY DANGEROUS?"
"SORTA DANGEROUS WHEN HE HASN'T HAD HIS COFFEE IN THE MORNING?"
NEW
HOT
I'M DONE, WADE. YOU HEAR ME?
DONE.
YOU NEED HELP. *SERIOUS* HELP. NOT JUST A ONCE-A-WEEK SHRINK WHO'S GOING TO PAT YOU ON THE HEAD AFTER YOUR SESSION IS OVER AND GIVE YOU A COOKIE.
YOU NEED PEOPLE. *TEAMS* OF PEOPLE. 'ROUND THE CLOCK. WATCHING YOU, STUDYING YOU.
WAIT... WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A COOKIE NOW?

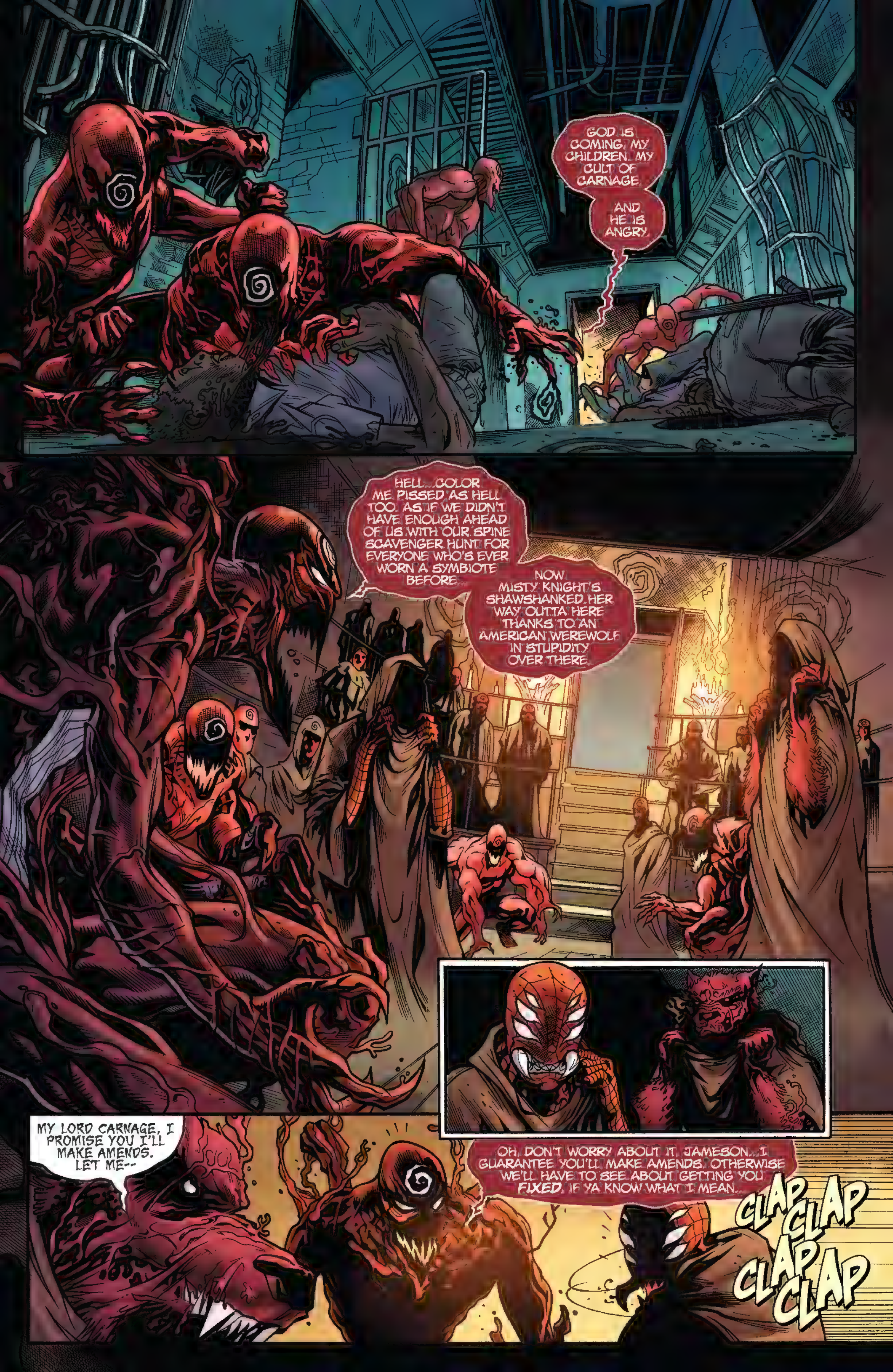

HERE.
THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A COOKIE.
IT'S A FRIEND OF MINE.
IT'S WHO YOU NEED TO SEE. AND WHERE YOU NEED TO GO.
AND DON'T BOTHER CALLING ME AGAIN UNTIL YOU DO!
HEY! WHERE YOU GOING?
I WAS PROMISED A COOKIE, YA KNOW!
JOHN JAMESON
RAVENCROFT
INSTITUTE FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE
PFFT. SCREW THIS.
I MEAN... HE'LL GET OVER IT. AFTER ALL...

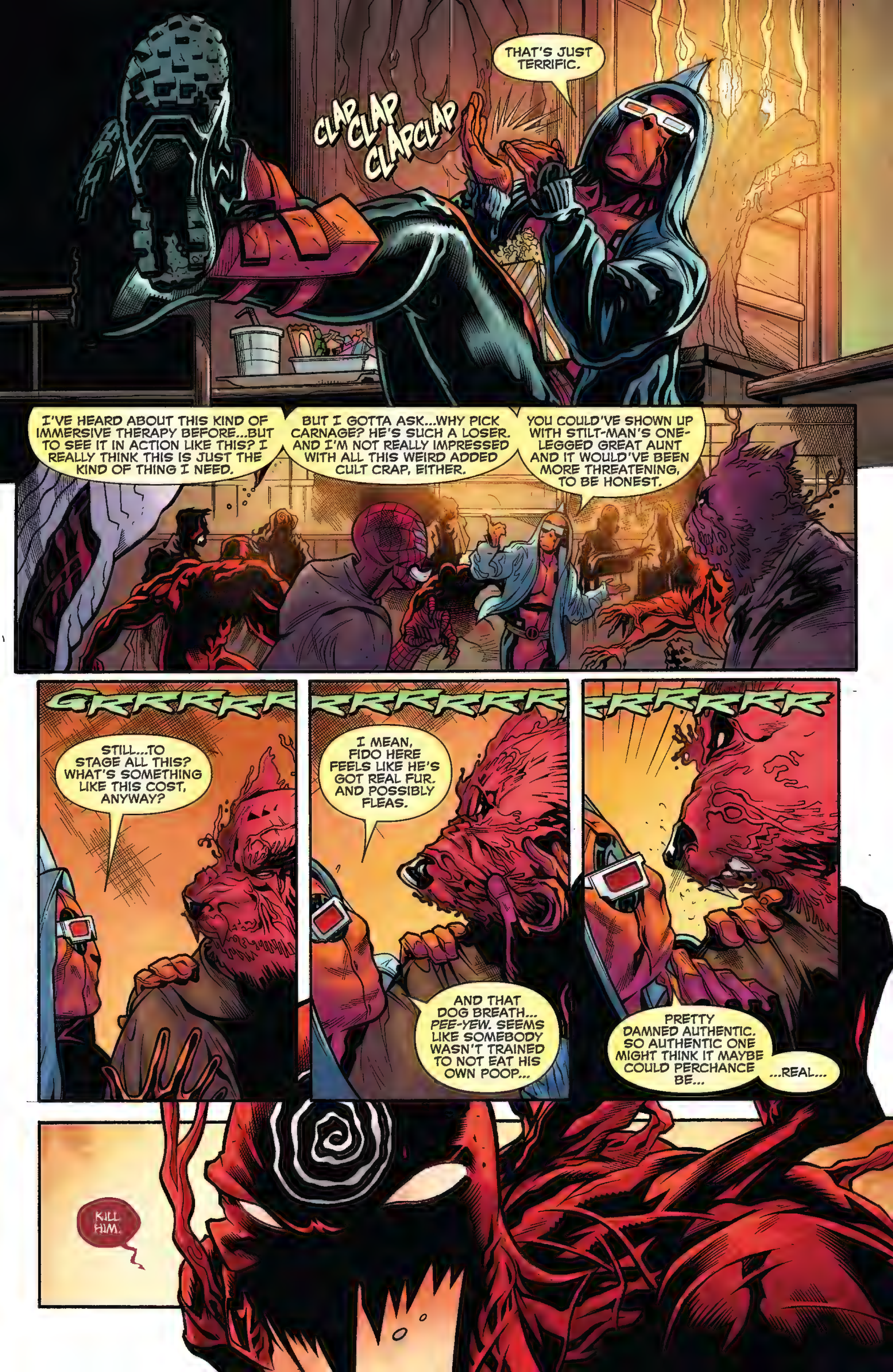

...HOW CAN ANYONE STAY MAD AT THE SORTA-DANGEROUS-WHEN-HE-HASN'T-HAD-HIS-COFFEE-IN-THE-MORNING DEADPOOL?
ESPECIALLY IF HE'S WEARING...
...THIS?!
EH... I'VE WORN WORSE.
RHINO

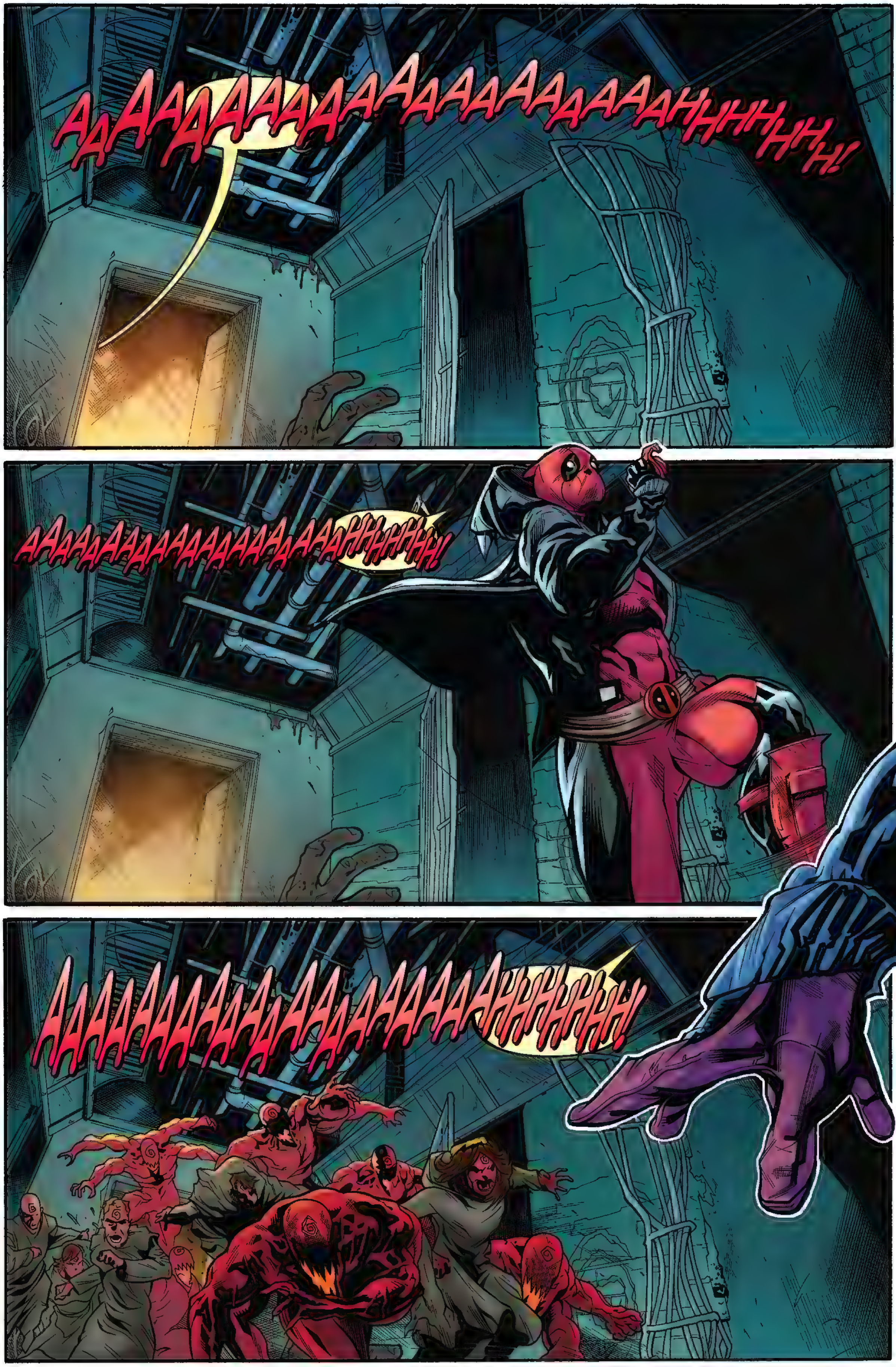

RAVENCROFT INSTITUTE
FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE
WEEKS LATER. BECAUSE, YA KNOW... ...SPIDEY DIDN'T GET OVER IT.
SO OKAY...AFTER NUMEROUS UNANSWERED PHONE CALLS, TEXTS, SEVERAL RESTRAINING ORDERS AND BLOCKING ME ON FACESPACE, I FINALLY GOT THE MESSAGE...
RHINO
YOU WIN, SPIDER-MADDY. I'M HERE.
HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY, WHEREVER YOU ARE.
WHICH I WOULDN'T KNOW, SINCE I CAN NO LONGER CREEPILY STALK YOU ON FACESPACE.
JOHN JAMESON
AND WOLVER
MOM
INSTITUTE FOR THE CRIMIN
RHINO
BECAUSE THIS SURE LOOKS LIKE A HAPPY PLACE TO ME.

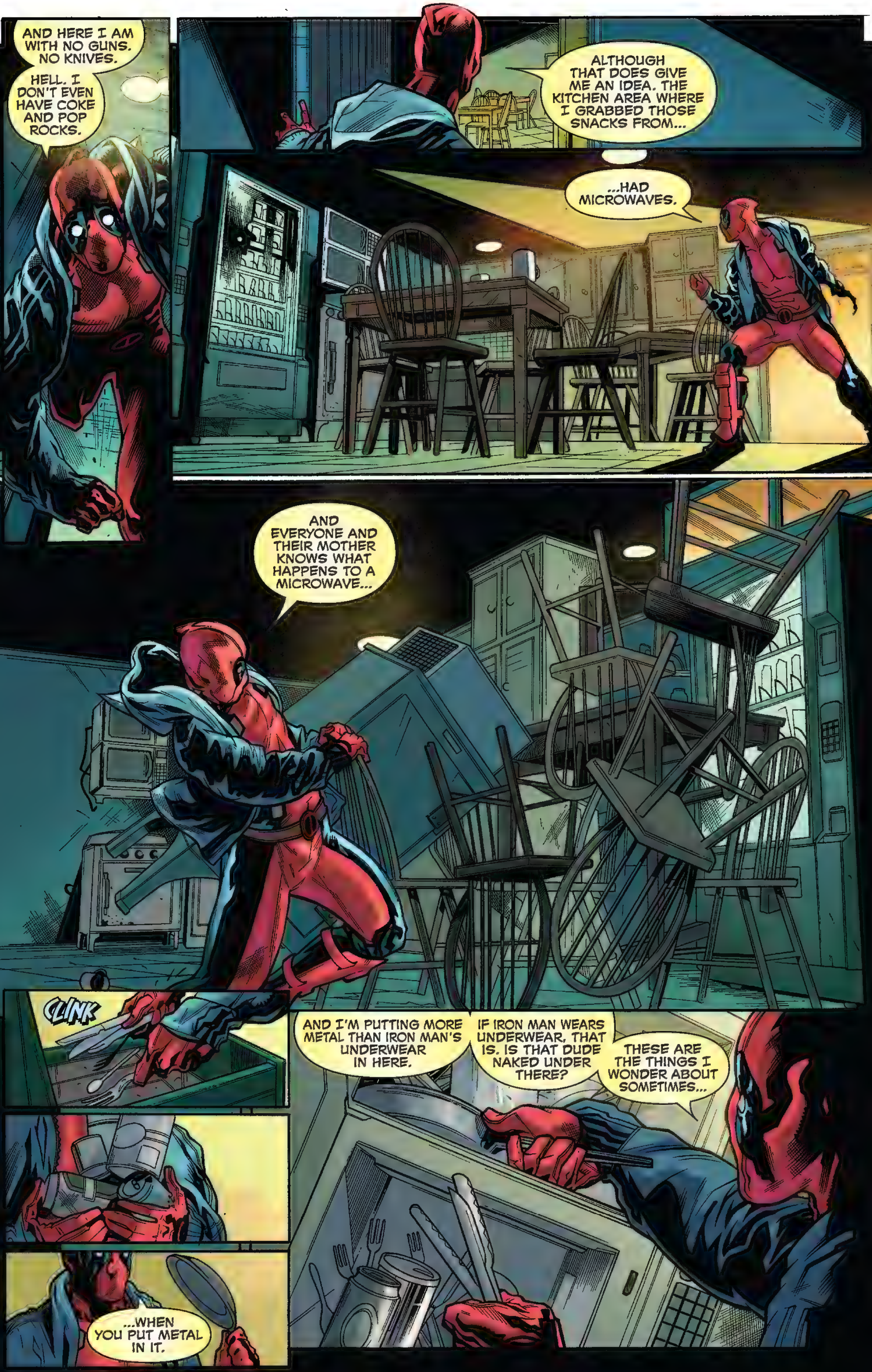

READY FOR MY SPONGE BATH WHENEVER YOU ARE, DR. PHIL!
HMN.
NOW THIS CERTAINLY WASN'T THE RECEPTION I WAS EXPECTING. NO RED CARPET, NO BOUQUETS OF ROSES TO GREET ME, NO DOCTORS ON SAID RED CARPET WITH ROSES ALL THE WHILE DEATHLY AFRAID I'M GOING TO SHOOT THEM...
SPEAKING OF WHICH...
EXCUSE ME, MY GOOD MAN... WOULD YOU PLEASE INFORM JOHN JAMESON THAT I HAVE ARRIVED? AND THAT I AM COMPLETELY WEAPONS FREE?
NOT EVEN MY "CAVITY SEARCH" GUN.
WHICH...THE LESS SAID ABOUT THAT THE BETTER, IF I'M BEING HONEST. ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT I REFER TO AS THE "COLONOSCOPY INCIDENT."

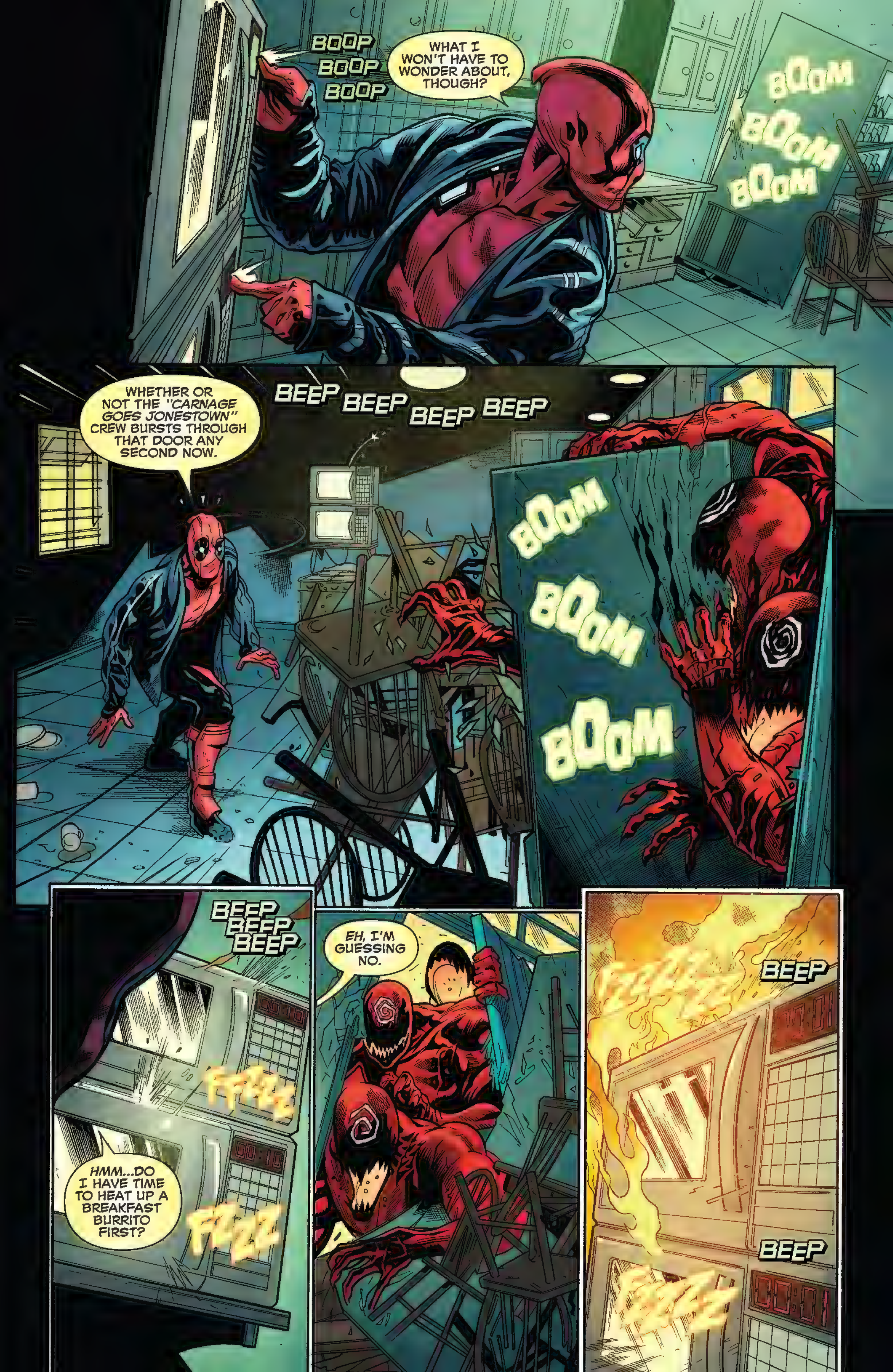

HEY, CHIEF! WHAT, AM I ON THE "PAY NO MIND" LIST? I--
OH, WAIT... I GET IT, DUDE. SLEEPING ONE OFF, EH?
SAY NO MORE, FRIEND. I MEAN, I'VE BEEN KNOWN TO OCCASIONALLY LIQUID MY WORK LUNCHES MYSELF. IN FACT, I WAS SO SOUSED LAST WEEK I ACCIDENTALLY PIANO-WIRED ONE OF THEM STRANGER THINGS KIDS INSTEAD OF DR. STRANGE.
GOOD KID, THOUGH. EVEN GAVE ME AN AUTOGRAPH AFTER HE WAS ABLE TO BREATHE AGAIN. ANYWAY...
...DON'T LET ME TAKE UP ANY MORE OF YOUR TIME, PAL.
I'M MORE THAN CAPABLE OF LETTING MYSELF IN.

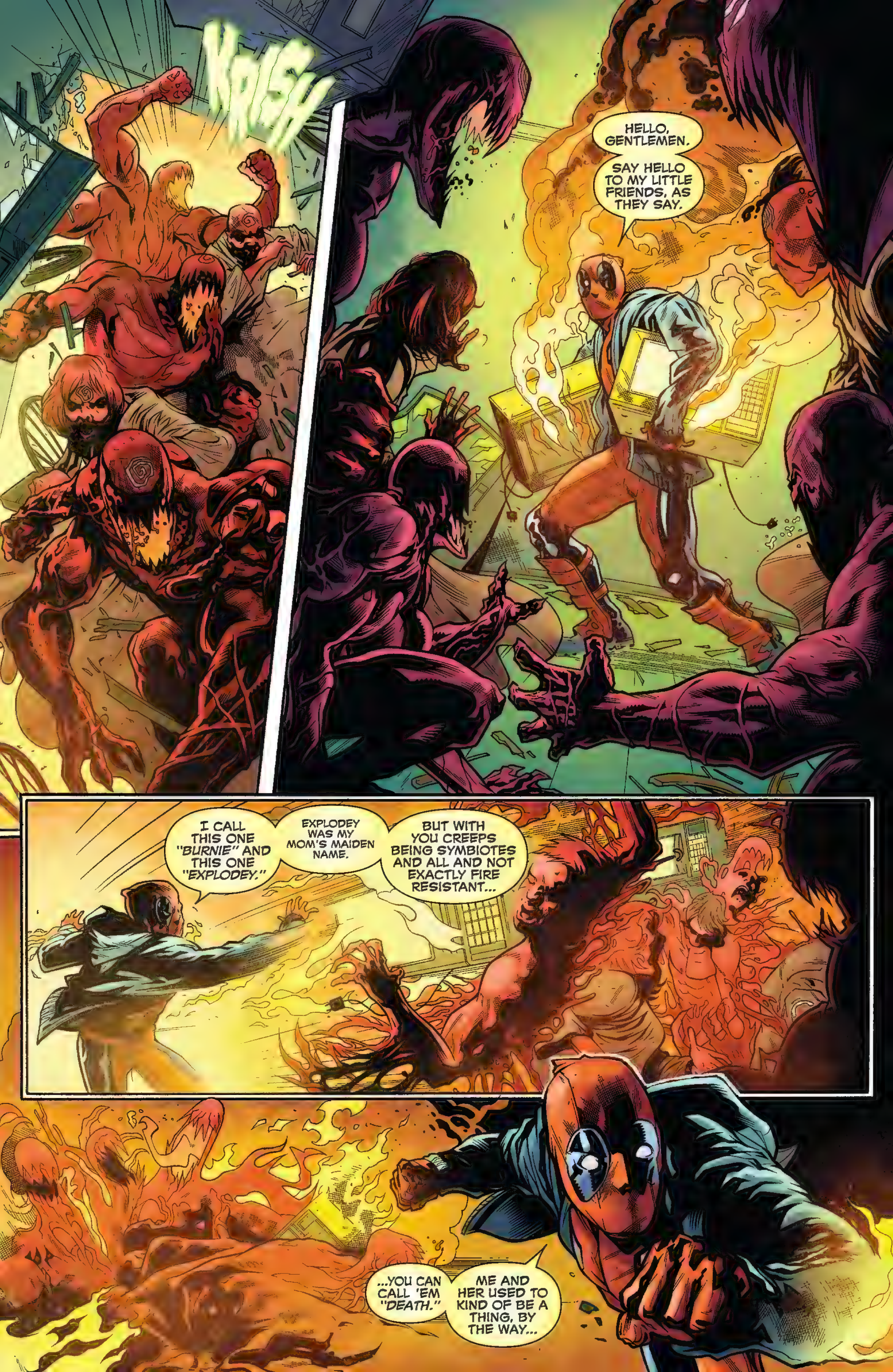

GOD IS COMING, MY CHILDREN... MY CULT OF CARNAGE.
AND HE IS ANGRY.
HELL...COLOR ME PISSED AS HELL TOO. AS IF WE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH AHEAD OF US WITH OUR SPINE SCAVENGER HUNT FOR EVERYONE WHO'S EVER WORN A SYMBIOTE BEFORE...
NOW MISTY KNIGHT'S SHAWSHANKED HER WAY OUTTA HERE THANKS TO AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN STUPIDITY OVER THERE.
MY LORD CARNAGE, I PROMISE YOU I'LL MAKE AMENDS. LET ME--
OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, JAMESON...I GUARANTEE YOU'LL MAKE AMENDS. OTHERWISE WE'LL HAVE TO SEE ABOUT GETTING YOU ***FIXED***, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN...
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

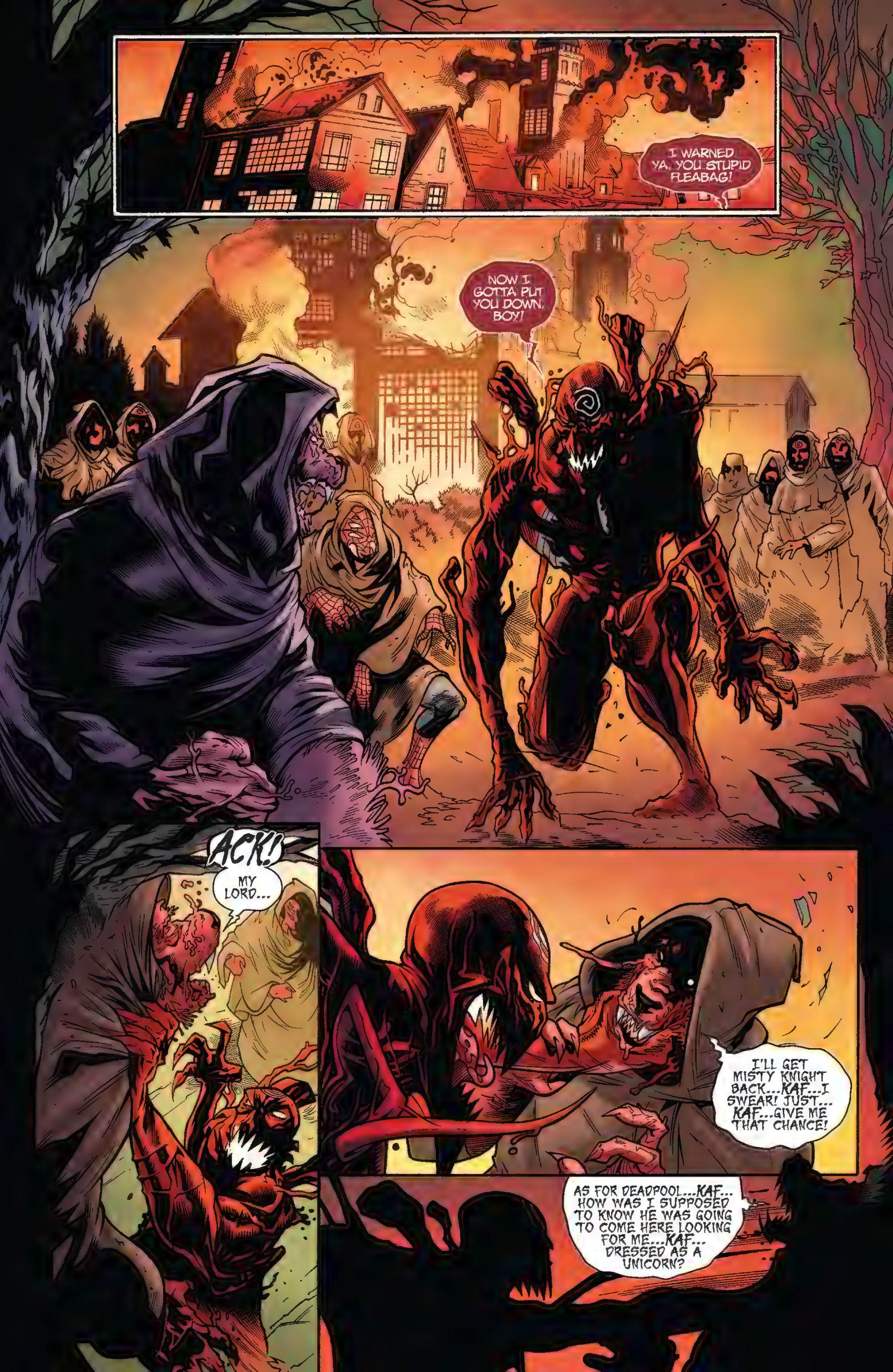

CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAP
THAT'S JUST TERRIFIC.
I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS KIND OF IMMERSIVE THERAPY BEFORE...BUT TO SEE IT IN ACTION LIKE THIS? I REALLY THINK THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF THING I NEED.
BUT I GOTTA ASK...WHY PICK CARNAGE? HE'S SUCH A LOSER. AND I'M NOT REALLY IMPRESSED WITH ALL THIS WEIRD ADDED CULT CRAP, EITHER.
YOU COULD'VE SHOWN UP WITH STILT-MAN'S ONE-LEGGED GREAT AUNT AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN MORE THREATENING, TO BE HONEST.
GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
STILL...TO STAGE ALL THIS? WHAT'S SOMETHING LIKE THIS COST, ANYWAY?
I MEAN, FIDO HERE FEELS LIKE HE'S GOT REAL FUR. AND POSSIBLY FLEAS.
AND THAT DOG BREATH... *PEE-YEW.* SEEMS LIKE SOMEBODY WASN'T TRAINED TO NOT EAT HIS OWN POOP...
PRETTY DAMNED AUTHENTIC. SO AUTHENTIC ONE MIGHT THINK IT MAYBE COULD PERCHANCE BE...
...REAL...
KILL HIM.

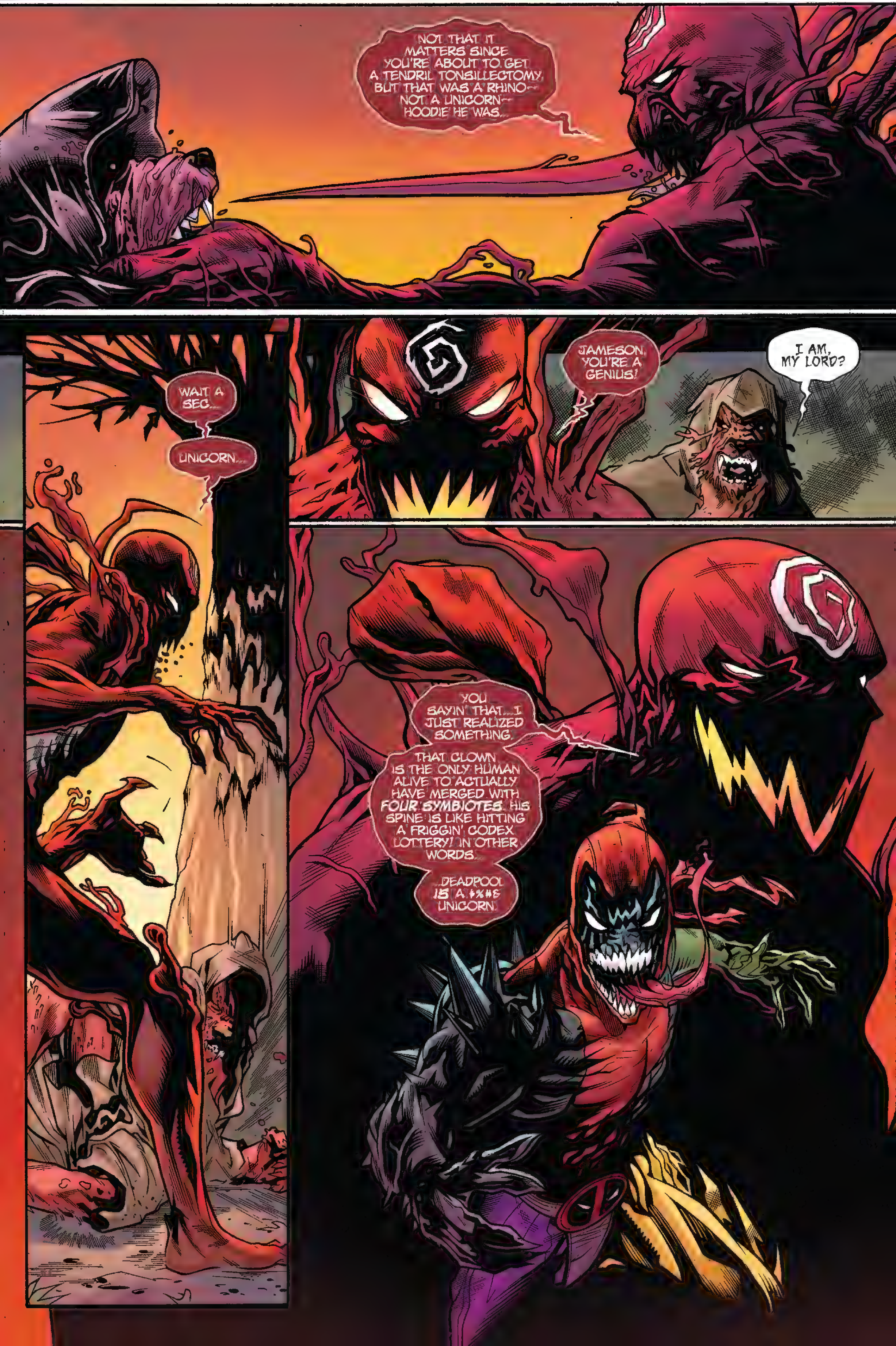

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

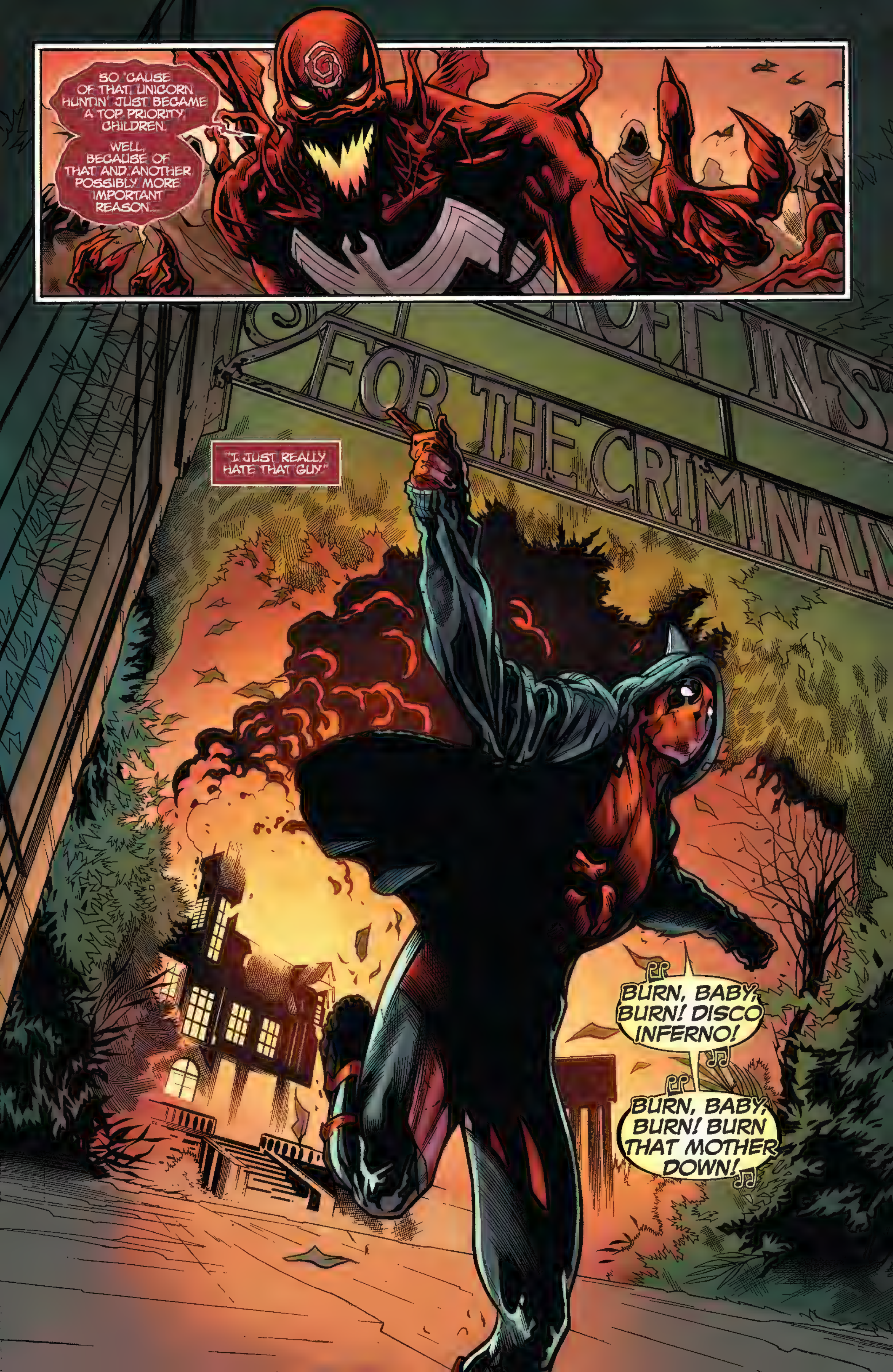

AND HERE I AM WITH NO GUNS. NO KNIVES.
HELL. I DON'T EVEN HAVE COKE AND POP ROCKS.
ALTHOUGH THAT DOES GIVE ME AN IDEA. THE KITCHEN AREA WHERE I GRABBED THOSE SNACKS FROM...
...HAD MICROWAVES.
AND EVERYONE AND THEIR MOTHER KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS TO A MICROWAVE...
CLINK
...WHEN YOU PUT METAL IN IT.
AND I'M PUTTING MORE METAL THAN IRON MAN'S UNDERWEAR IN HERE.
IF IRON MAN WEARS UNDERWEAR, THAT IS. IS THAT DUDE NAKED UNDER THERE?
THESE ARE THE THINGS I WONDER ABOUT SOMETIMES...


BOOP
BOOP
BOOP
WHAT I WON'T HAVE TO WONDER ABOUT, THOUGH?
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
WHETHER OR NOT THE "CARNAGE GOES JONESTOWN" CREW BURSTS THROUGH THAT DOOR ANY SECOND NOW.
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
FFZZZ
00:10
HMM...DO I HAVE TIME TO HEAT UP A BREAKFAST BURRITO FIRST?
FZZZ
EH, I'M GUESSING NO.
FZZZZ
BEEP
BEEP
FZZZZ
00:01


KRISH
HELLO, GENTLEMEN.
SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIENDS, AS THEY SAY.
I CALL THIS ONE "*BURNIE*" AND THIS ONE "*EXPLODEY.*"
EXPLODEY WAS MY MOM'S MAIDEN NAME.
BUT WITH YOU CREEPS BEING SYMBIOTES AND ALL AND NOT EXACTLY FIRE RESISTANT...
...YOU CAN CALL 'EM "*DEATH.*"
ME AND HER USED TO KIND OF BE A THING, BY THE WAY...

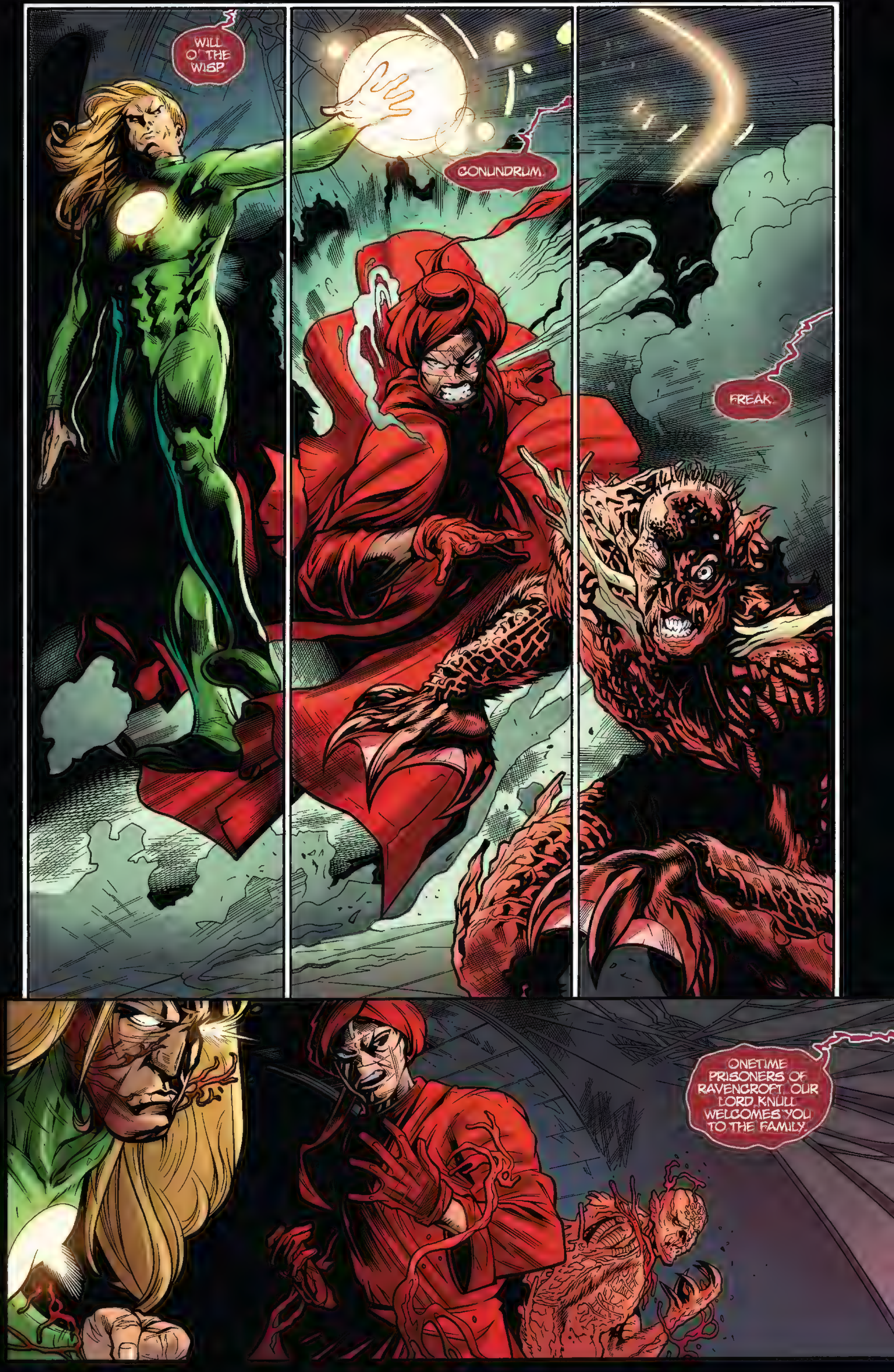

I WARNED YA, YOU STUPID FLEABAG!
NOW I GOTTA PUT YOU DOWN, BOY!
ACK!
MY LORD...
I'LL GET MISTY KNIGHT BACK...KAF...I SWEAR! JUST... KAF...GIVE ME THAT CHANCE!
AS FOR DEADPOOL...KAF... HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW HE WAS GOING TO COME HERE LOOKING FOR ME...KAF... DRESSED AS A UNICORN?

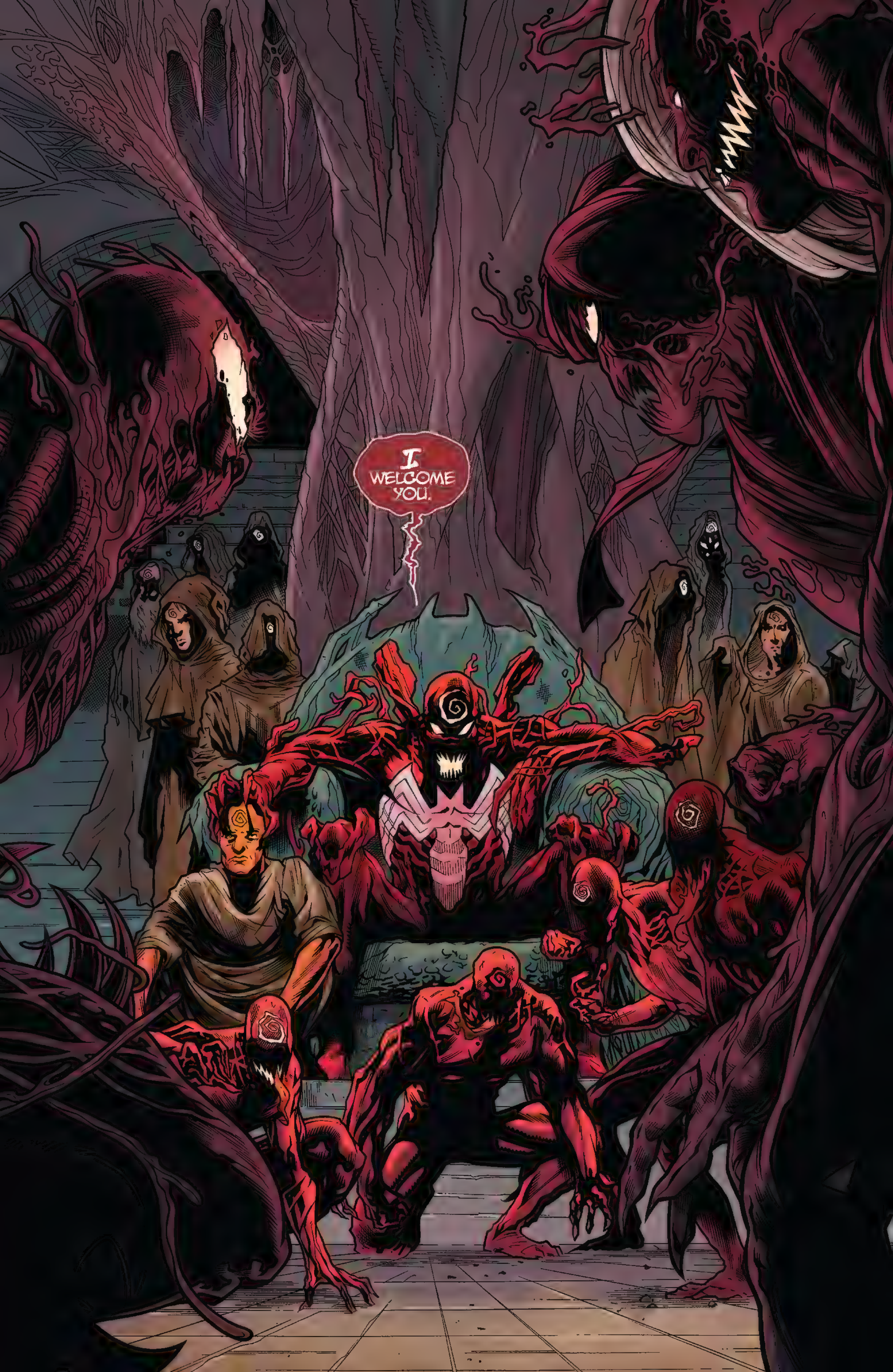

NOT THAT IT MATTERS SINCE YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET A TENDRIL TONSILLECTOMY, BUT THAT WAS A RHINO-- NOT A UNICORN-- HOODIE HE WAS...
WAIT A SEC...
UNICORN...
JAMESON, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
I AM, MY LORD?
YOU SAYIN' THAT... I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING.
THAT CLOWN IS THE ONLY HUMAN ALIVE TO ACTUALLY HAVE MERGED WITH **FOUR SYMBIOTES**. HIS SPINE IS LIKE HITTING A FRIGGIN' CODEX LOTTERY! IN OTHER WORDS...
...DEADPOOL IS A $%#& UNICORN.

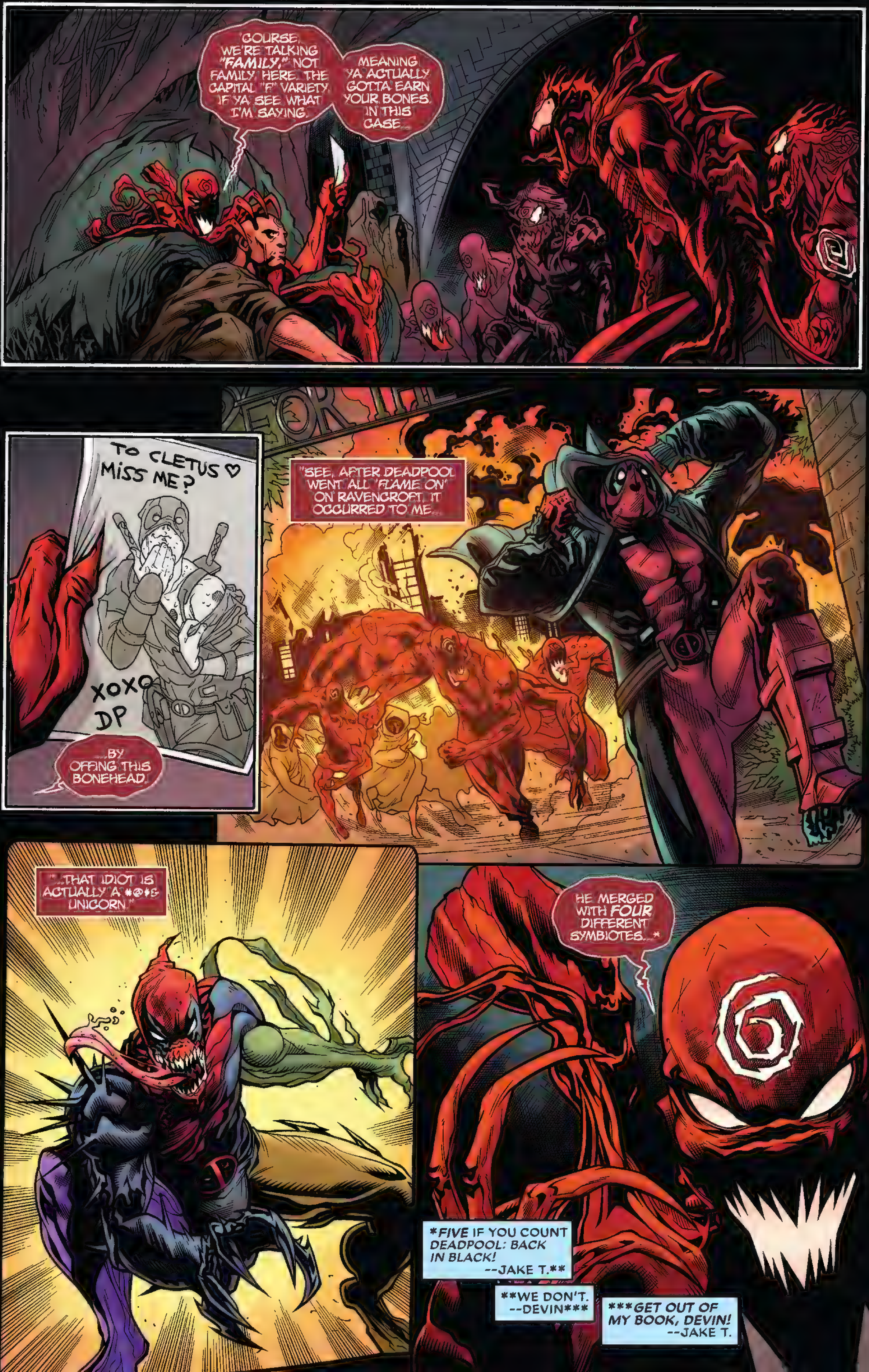

SO 'CAUSE OF THAT, UNICORN HUNTIN' JUST BECAME A TOP PRIORITY, CHILDREN.
WELL, BECAUSE OF THAT AND ANOTHER POSSIBLY MORE IMPORTANT REASON...
INS
FOR THE CRIMINALL
"I JUST REALLY HATE THAT GUY."
BURN, BABY, BURN! DISCO INFERNO!
BURN, BABY, BURN! BURN THAT MOTHER DOWN!

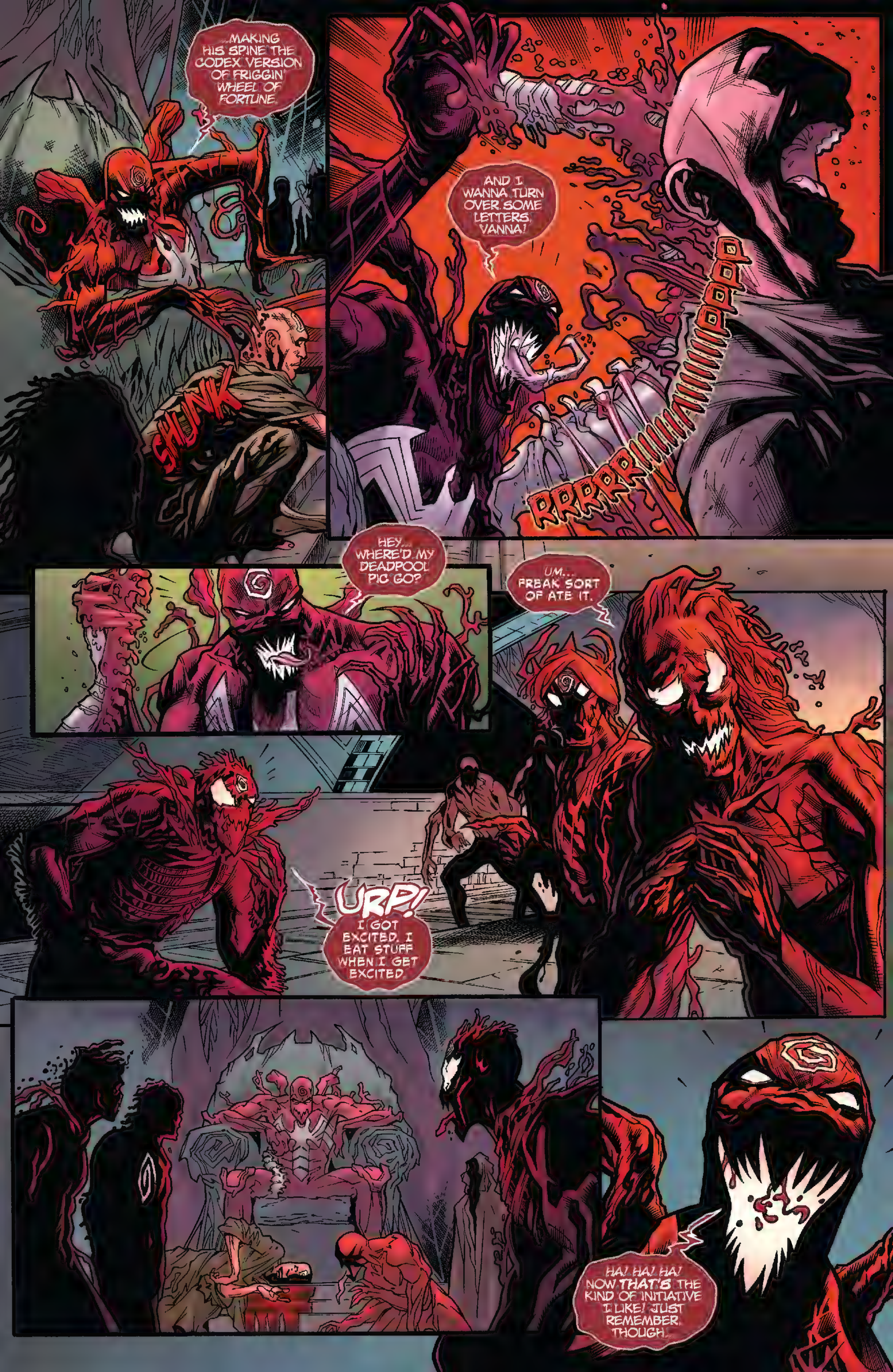
TYLER KIRKHAM

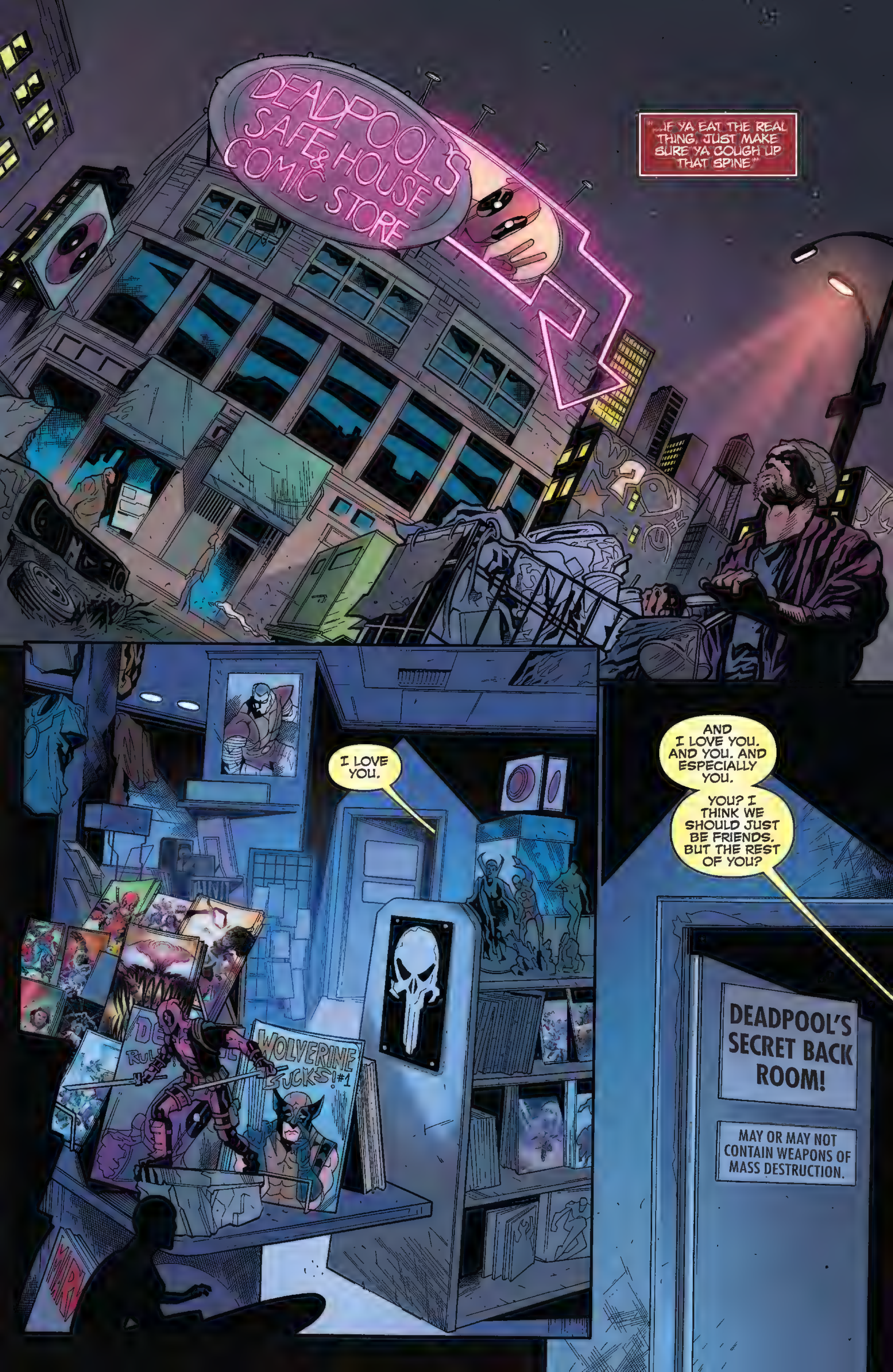
ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL 2

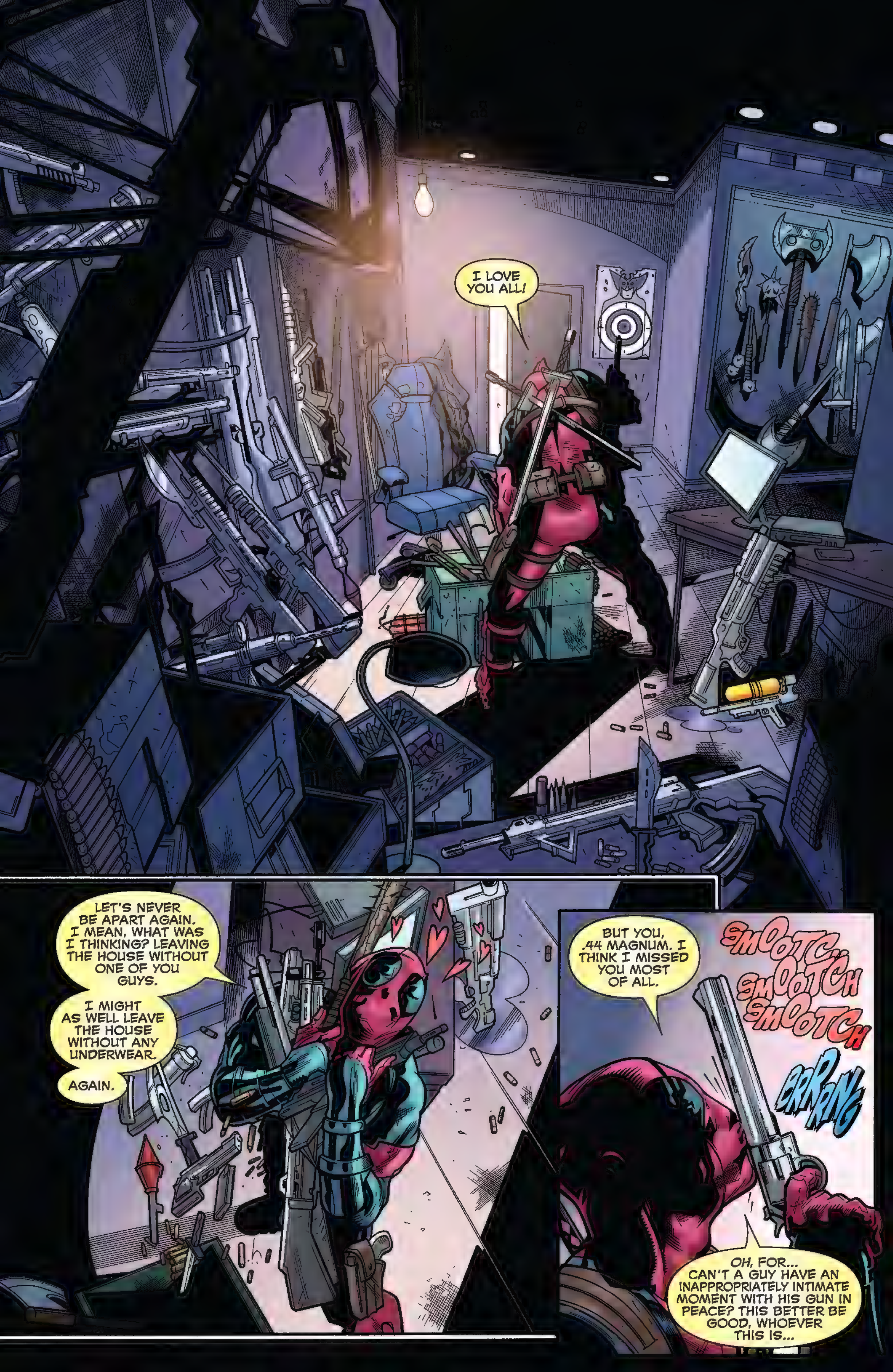

WILL O' THE WISP.
CONUNDRUM.
FREAK.
ONETIME PRISONERS OF RAVENCROFT. OUR LORD KNULL WELCOMES YOU TO THE FAMILY.

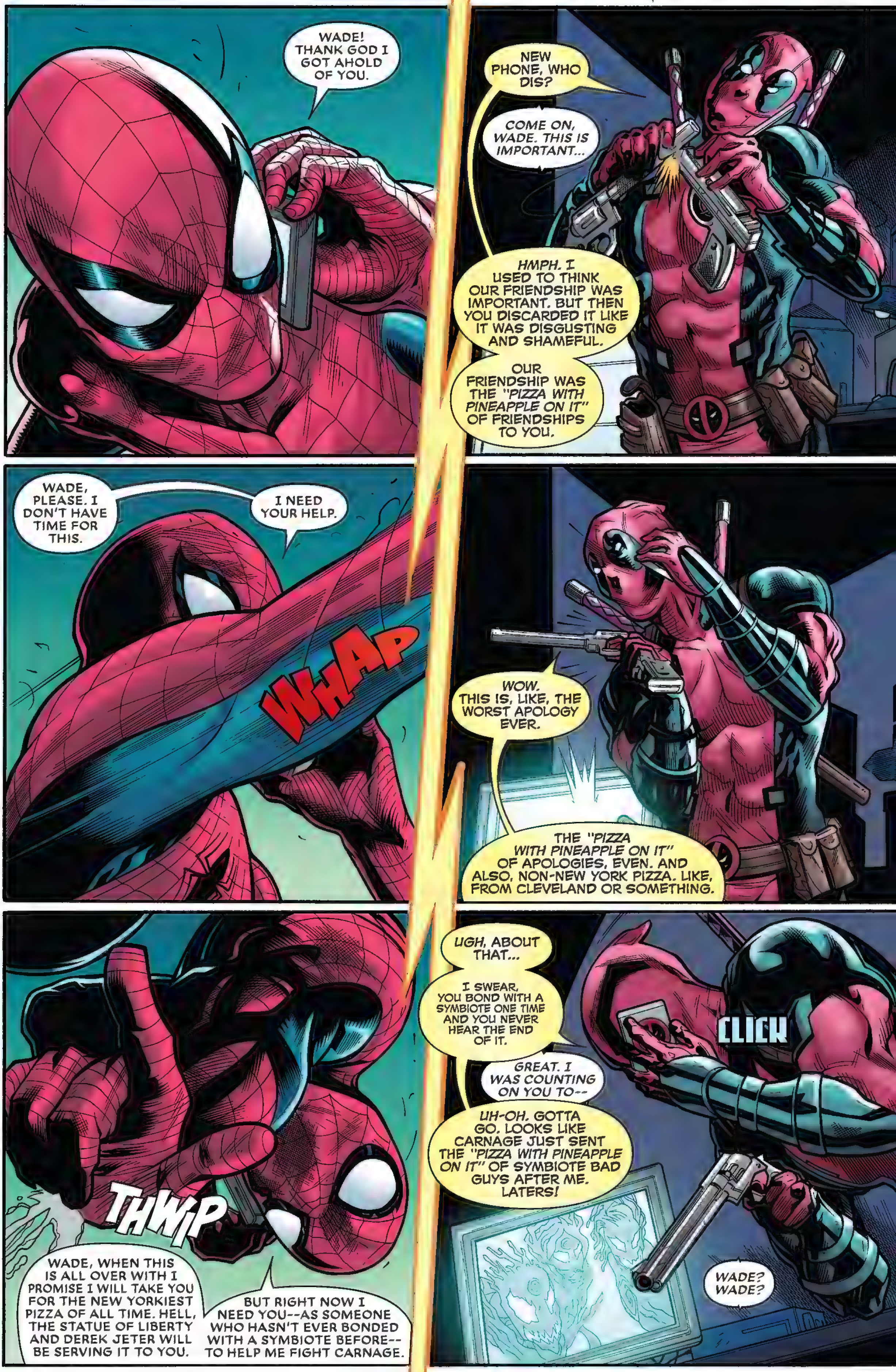

I WELCOME YOU.

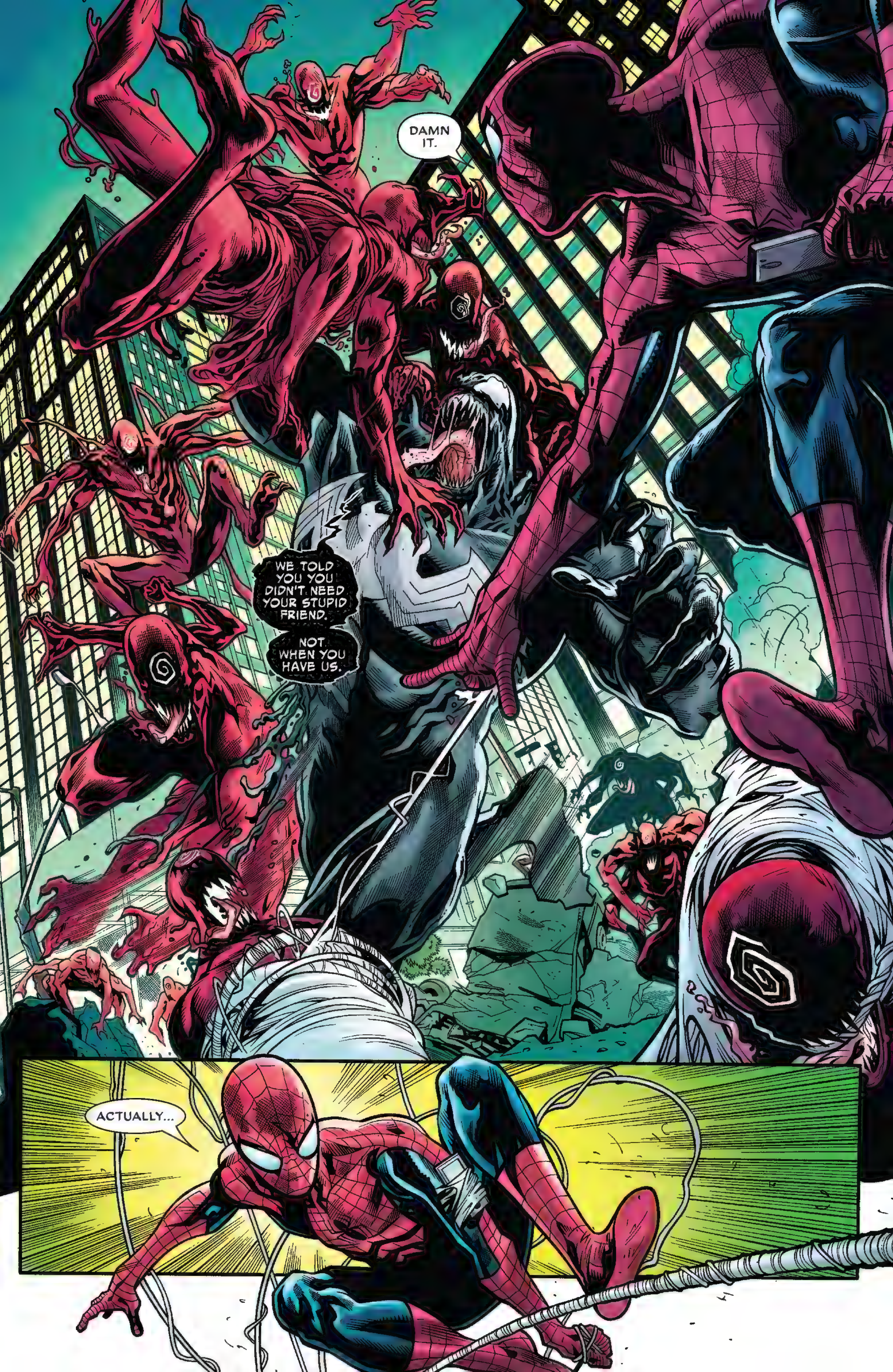

'COURSE, WE'RE TALKING "FAMILY," NOT FAMILY, HERE. THE CAPITAL "F" VARIETY, IF YA SEE WHAT I'M SAYING.
MEANING YA ACTUALLY GOTTA EARN YOUR BONES IN THIS CASE...
FOR THE
TO CLETUS ♡ MISS ME?
XOXO DP
...BY OFFING THIS BONEHEAD.
"SEE, AFTER DEADPOOL WENT ALL 'FLAME ON' ON RAVENCROFT, IT OCCURRED TO ME...
"...THAT IDIOT IS ACTUALLY A #@$ UNICORN."
HE MERGED WITH FOUR DIFFERENT SYMBIOTES...*
*FIVE IF YOU COUNT DEADPOOL: BACK IN BLACK! --JAKE T.**
WE DON'T. --DEVIN*
***GET OUT OF MY BOOK, DEVIN! --JAKE T.

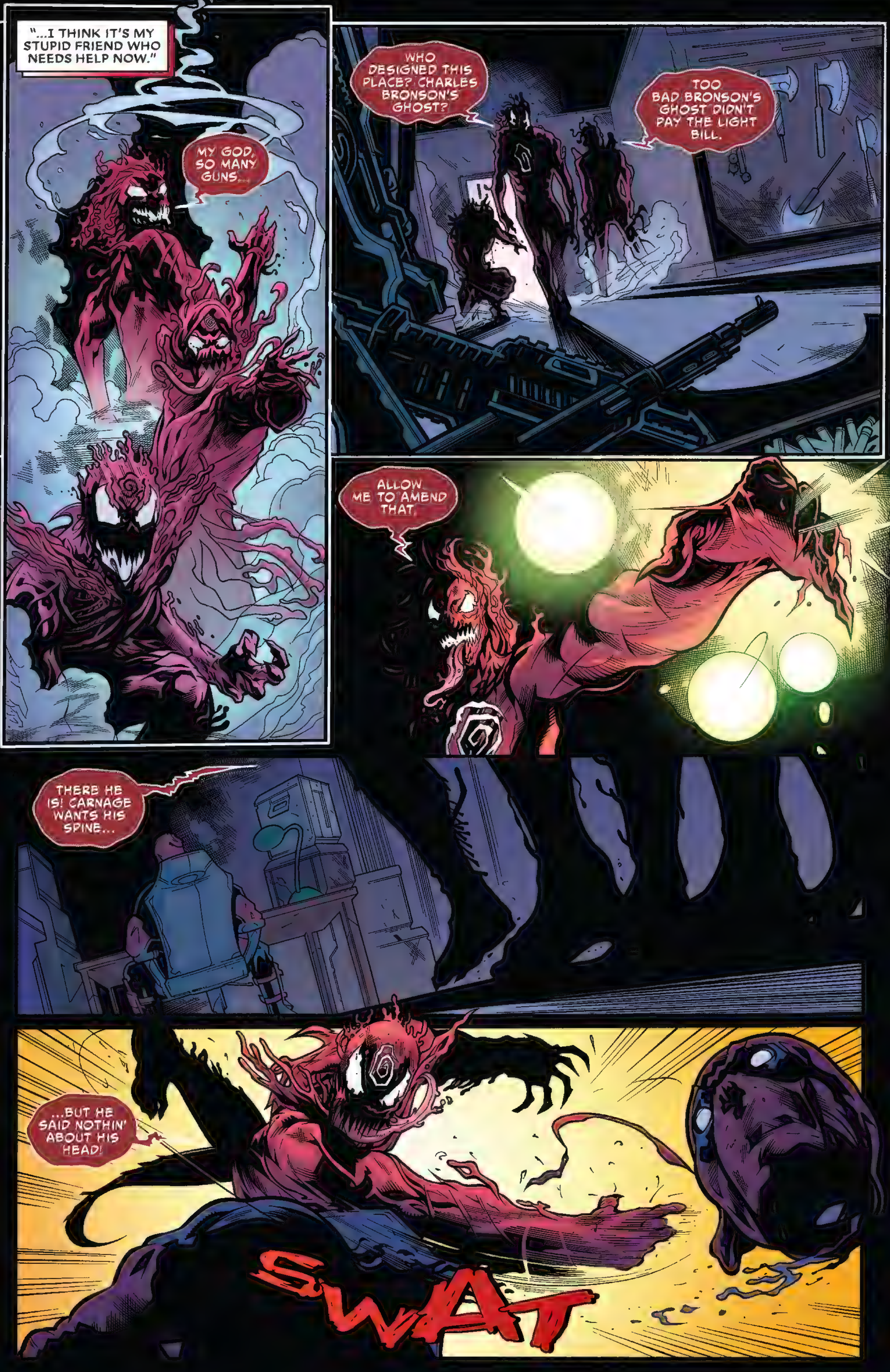

...MAKING HIS SPINE THE CODEX VERSION OF FRIGGIN' WHEEL OF FORTUNE.
SHUNK
AND I WANNA TURN OVER SOME LETTERS, VANNA!
RRRRRIIIIIIIIIPPPP
HEY... WHERE'D MY DEADPOOL PIC GO?
UM... FREAK SORT OF ATE IT.
URP!
I GOT EXCITED. I EAT STUFF WHEN I GET EXCITED.
HA! HA! HA! NOW *THAT'S* THE KIND OF INITIATIVE I LIKE! JUST REMEMBER, THOUGH...

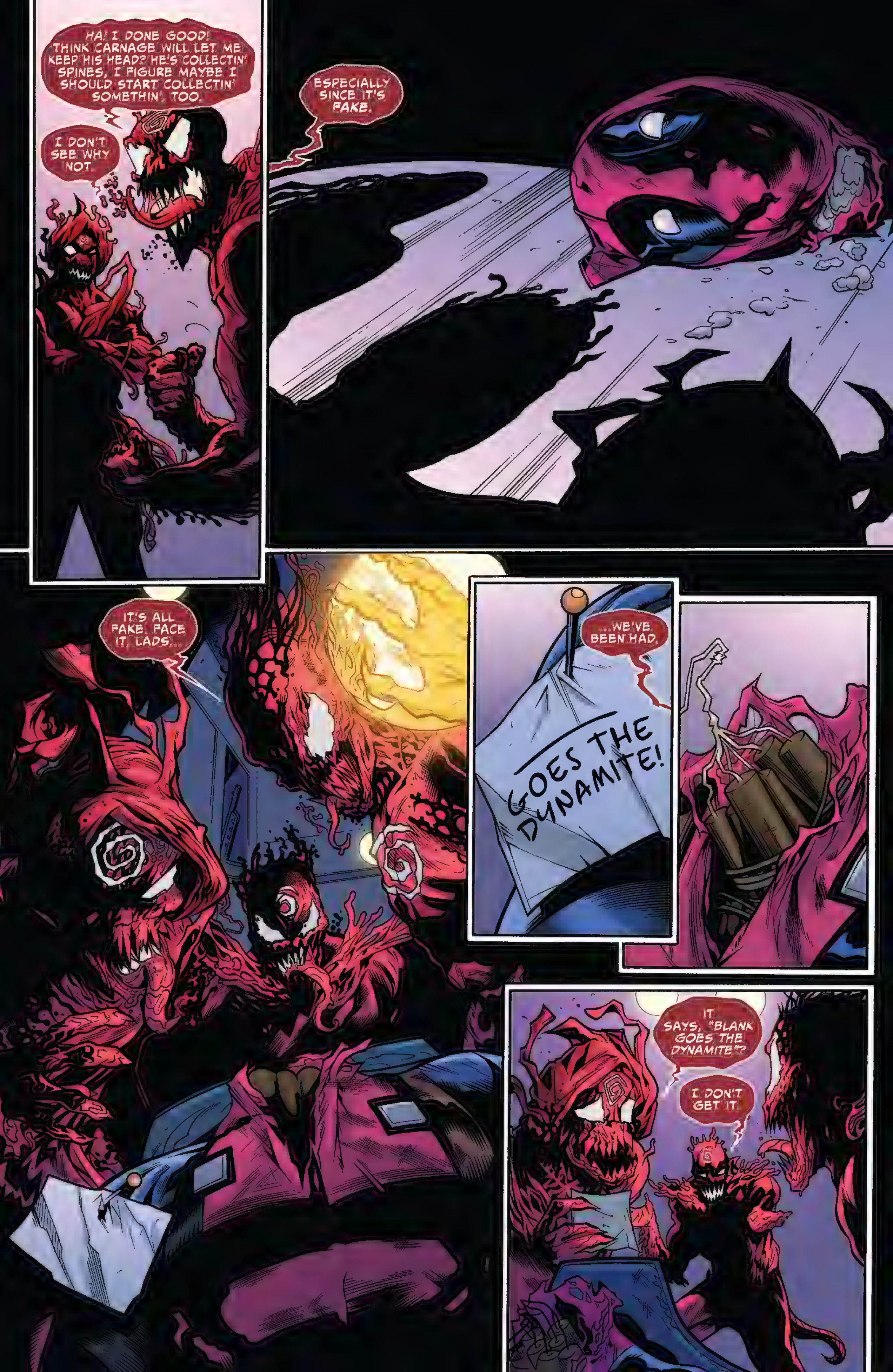

DEADPOOL'S SAFE & HOUSE COMIC STORE
"...IF YA EAT THE REAL THING, JUST MAKE SURE YA COUGH UP THAT SPINE!"
I LOVE YOU.
AND I LOVE YOU. AND YOU. AND ESPECIALLY YOU.
YOU? I THINK WE SHOULD JUST BE FRIENDS. BUT THE REST OF YOU?
WOLVERINE SUCKS! #1
DEADPOOL'S SECRET BACK ROOM!
MAY OR MAY NOT CONTAIN WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION.

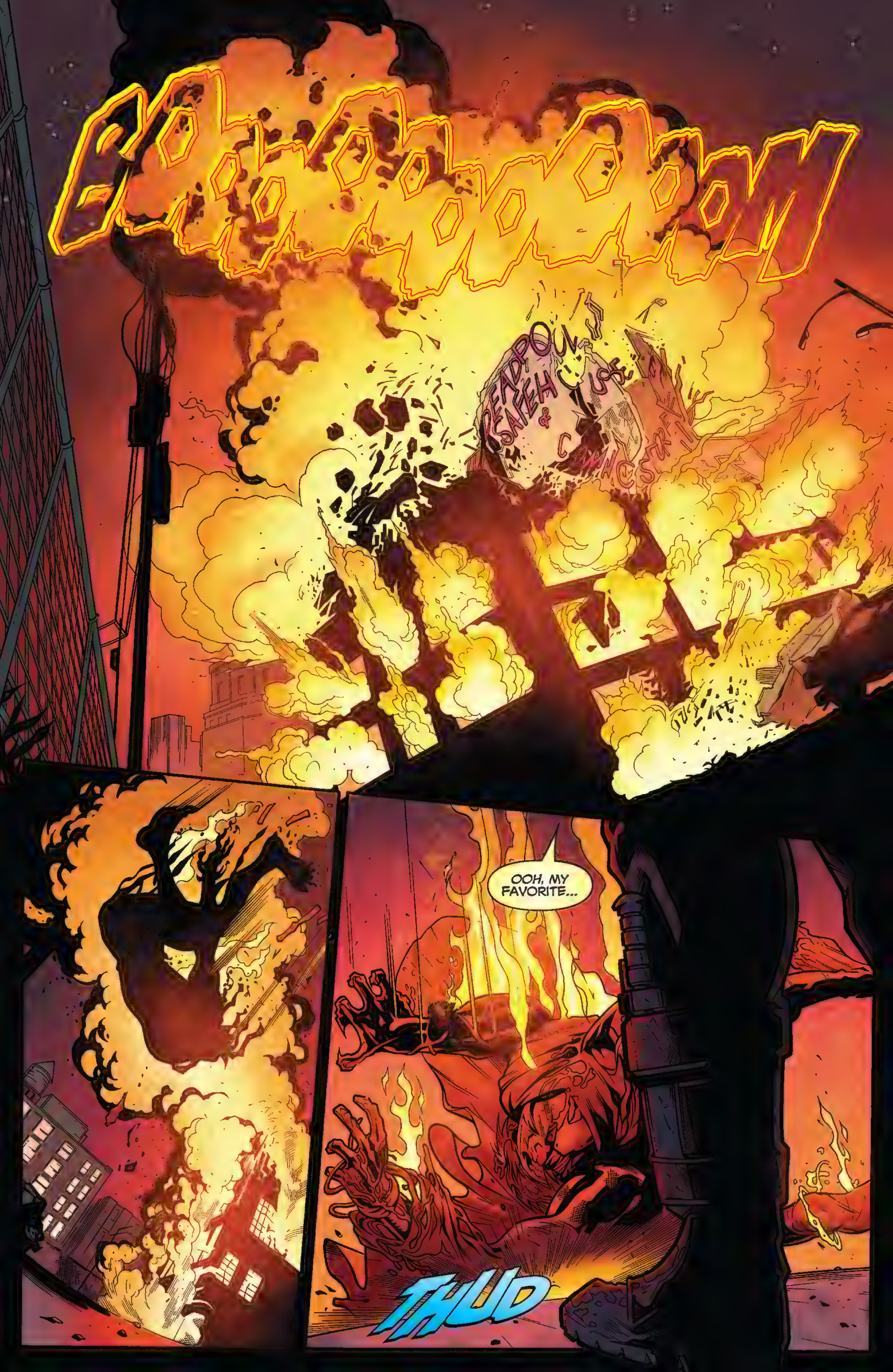

I LOVE YOU ALL!
LET'S NEVER BE APART AGAIN. I MEAN, WHAT WAS I THINKING? LEAVING THE HOUSE WITHOUT ONE OF YOU GUYS.
I MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT ANY UNDERWEAR.
AGAIN.
BUT YOU, .44 MAGNUM. I THINK I MISSED YOU MOST OF ALL.
SMOOTC...
SMOOTCH
SMOOTCH
BRRRING
OH, FOR... CAN'T A GUY HAVE AN INAPPROPRIATELY INTIMATE MOMENT WITH HIS GUN IN PEACE? THIS BETTER BE GOOD, WHOEVER THIS IS...

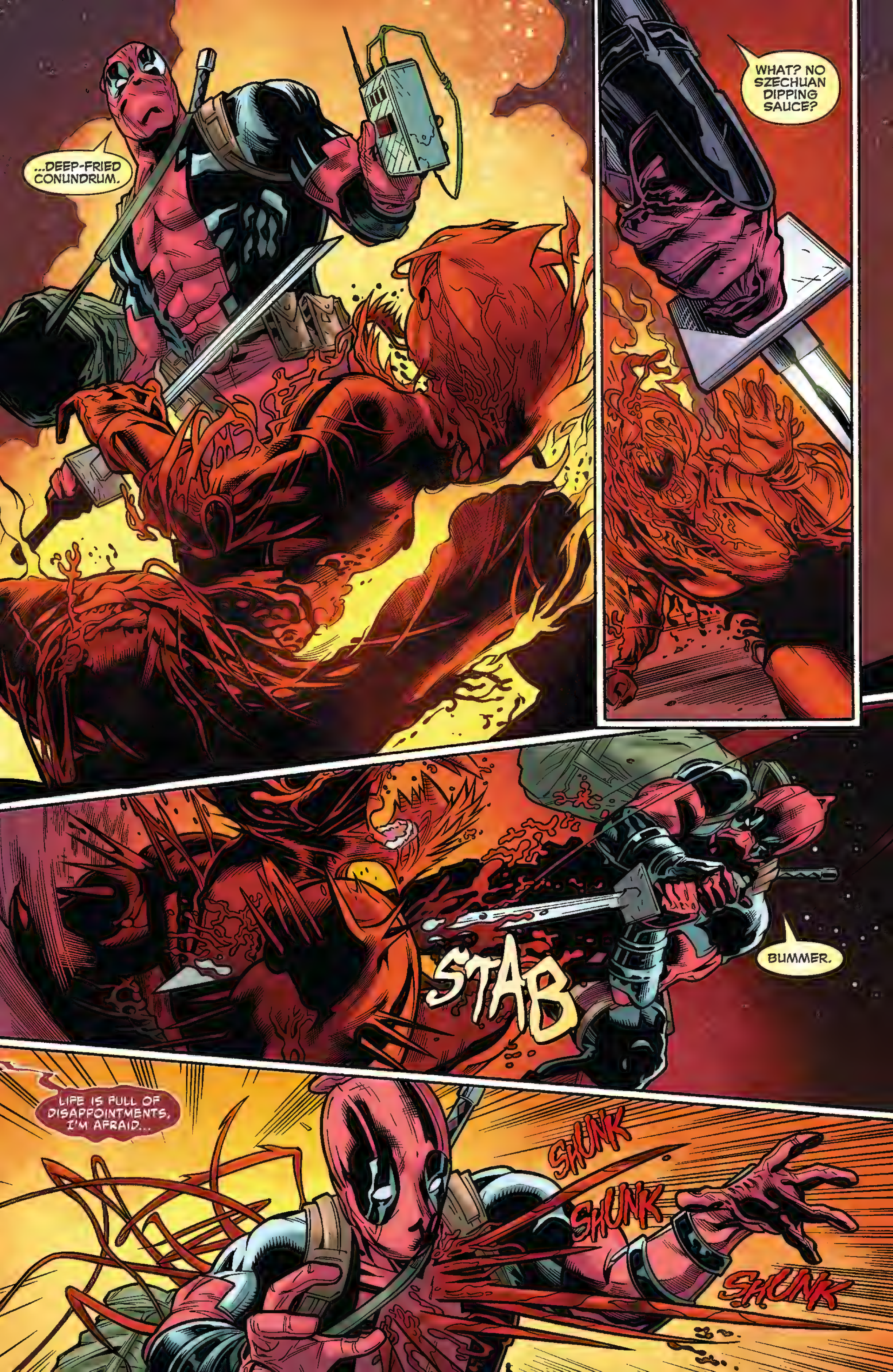

WADE! THANK GOD I GOT AHOLD OF YOU.
NEW PHONE, WHO DIS?
COME ON, WADE. THIS IS IMPORTANT...
HMPH. I USED TO THINK OUR FRIENDSHIP WAS IMPORTANT. BUT THEN YOU DISCARDED IT LIKE IT WAS DISGUSTING AND SHAMEFUL.
OUR FRIENDSHIP WAS THE "PIZZA WITH PINEAPPLE ON IT" OF FRIENDSHIPS TO YOU.
WADE, PLEASE. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.
I NEED YOUR HELP.
WHAP
WOW. THIS IS, LIKE, THE WORST APOLOGY EVER.
THE "PIZZA WITH PINEAPPLE ON IT" OF APOLOGIES, EVEN. AND ALSO, NON-NEW YORK PIZZA. LIKE, FROM CLEVELAND OR SOMETHING.
THWIP
WADE, WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER WITH I PROMISE I WILL TAKE YOU FOR THE NEW YORKIEST PIZZA OF ALL TIME. HELL, THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AND DEREK JETER WILL BE SERVING IT TO YOU.
BUT RIGHT NOW I NEED YOU--AS SOMEONE WHO HASN'T EVER BONDED WITH A SYMBIOTE BEFORE--TO HELP ME FIGHT CARNAGE.
UGH, ABOUT THAT...
I SWEAR, YOU BOND WITH A SYMBIOTE ONE TIME AND YOU NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT.
GREAT. I WAS COUNTING ON YOU TO--
UH-OH. GOTTA GO. LOOKS LIKE CARNAGE JUST SENT THE "PIZZA WITH PINEAPPLE ON IT" OF SYMBIOTE BAD GUYS AFTER ME. LATERS!
CLICK
WADE? WADE?

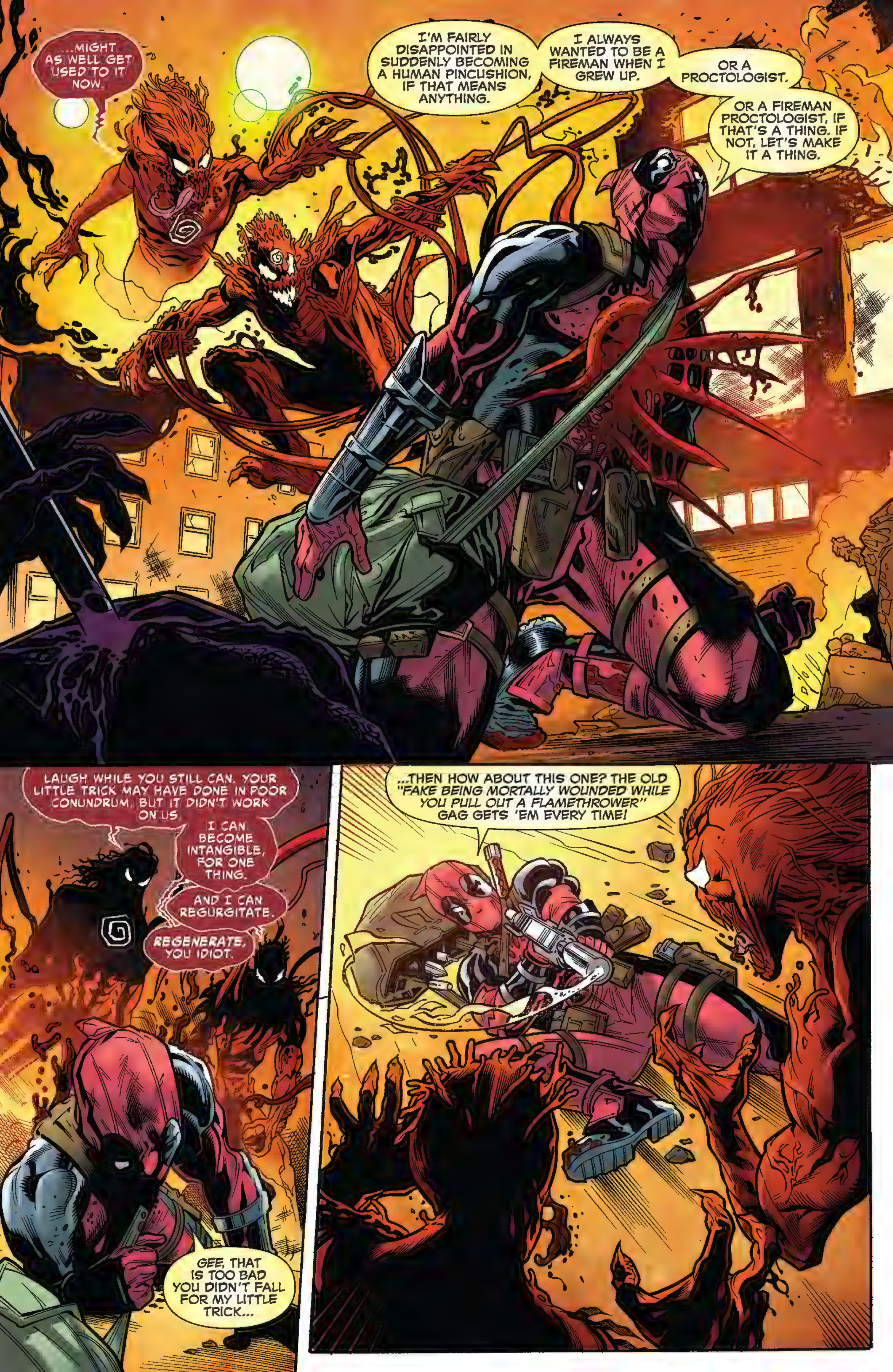

DAMN IT.
WE TOLD YOU YOU DIDN'T NEED YOUR STUPID FRIEND.
NOT WHEN YOU HAVE US.
ACTUALLY...

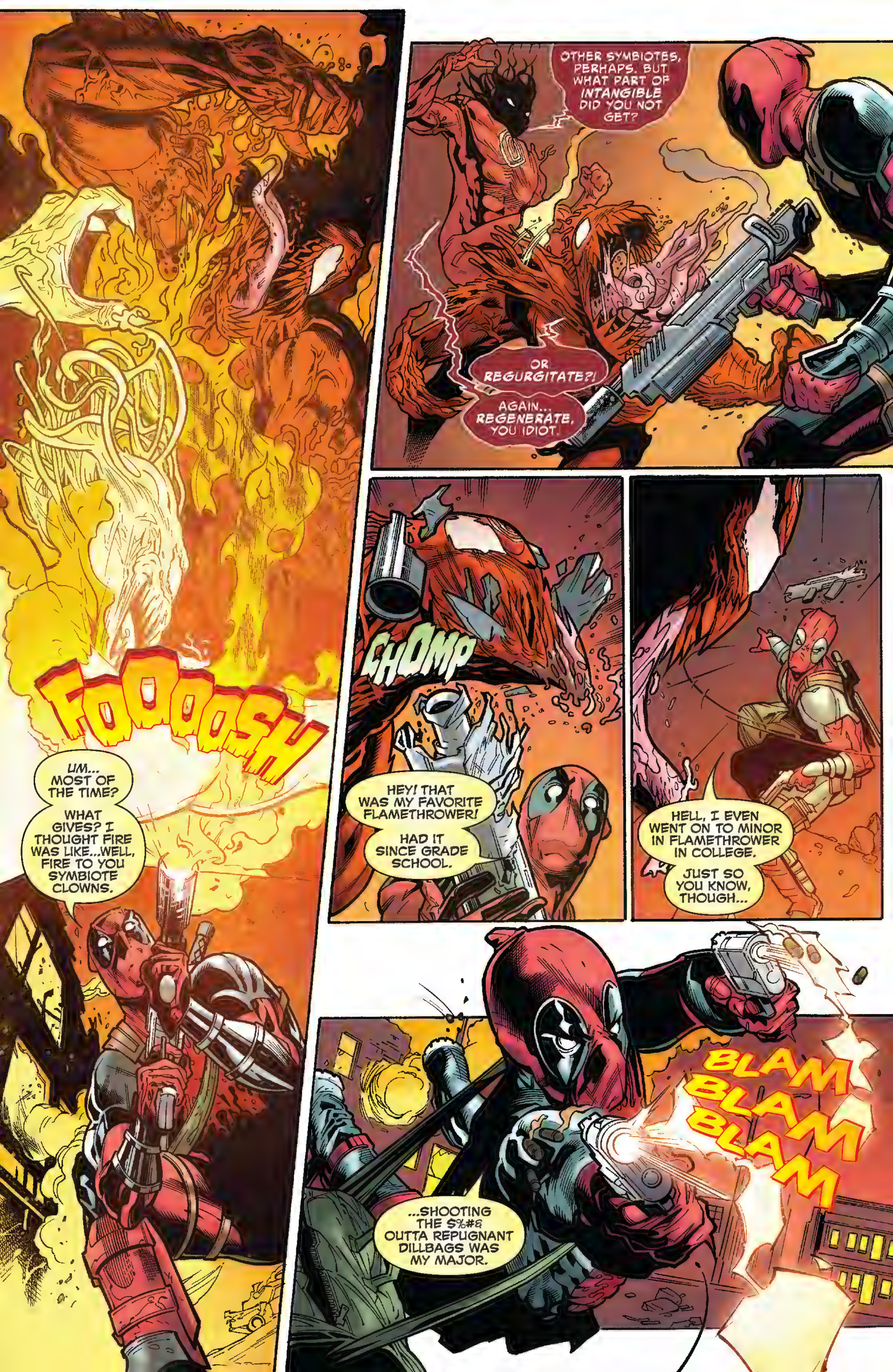

"...I THINK IT'S MY STUPID FRIEND WHO NEEDS HELP NOW."
MY GOD, SO MANY GUNS...
WHO DESIGNED THIS PLACE? CHARLES BRONSON'S GHOST?
TOO BAD BRONSON'S GHOST DIDN'T PAY THE LIGHT BILL.
ALLOW ME TO AMEND THAT.
THERE HE IS! CARNAGE WANTS HIS SPINE...
...BUT HE SAID NOTHIN' ABOUT HIS HEAD!
SWAT

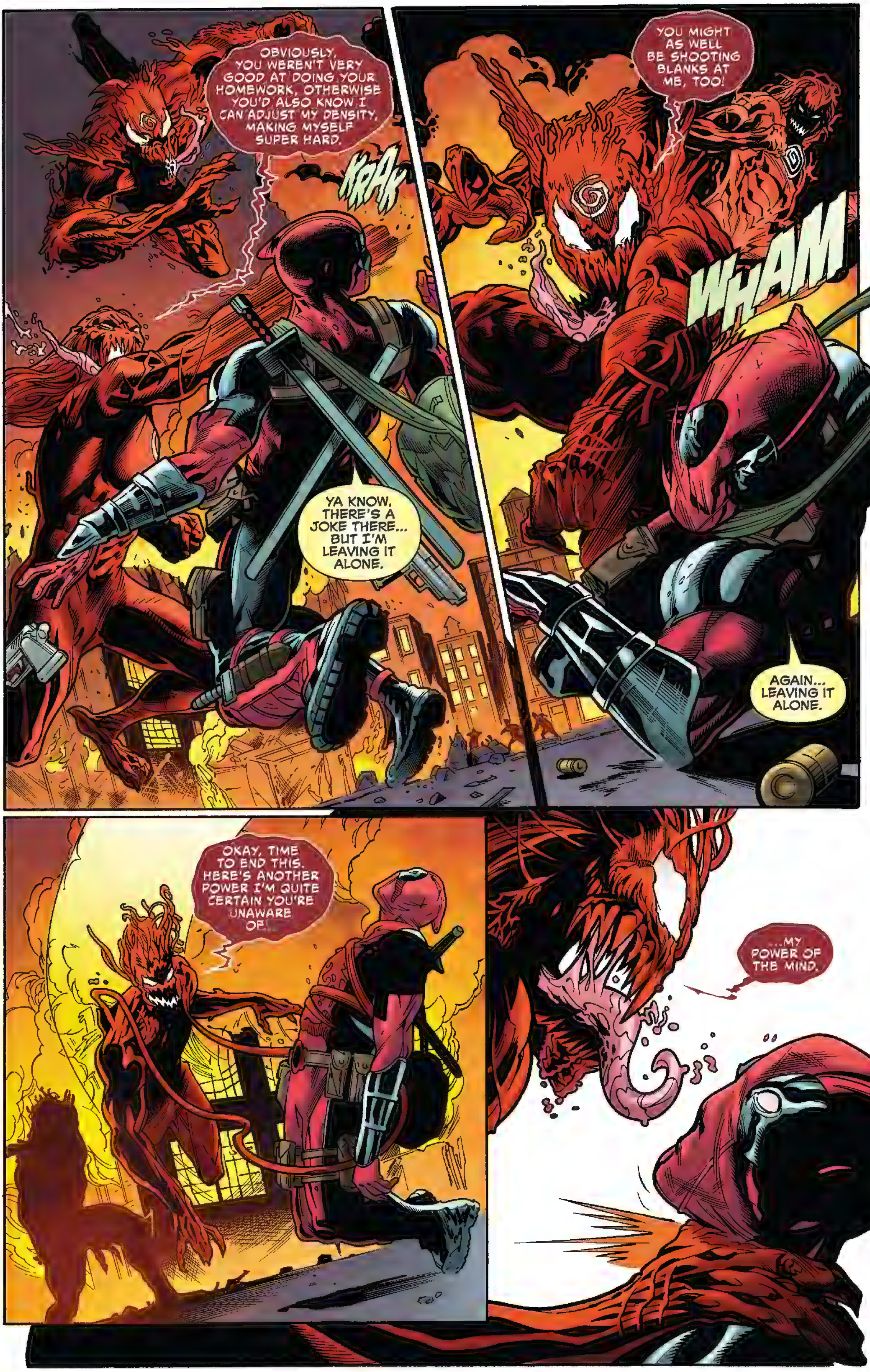

HA! I DONE GOOD! THINK CARNAGE WILL LET ME KEEP HIS HEAD? HE'S COLLECTIN' SPINES, I FIGURE MAYBE I SHOULD START COLLECTIN' SOMETHIN', TOO.
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT.
ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S FAKE.
IT'S ALL FAKE. FACE IT, LADS...
...WE'VE BEEN HAD.
GOES THE DYNAMITE!
IT SAYS, "BLANK GOES THE DYNAMITE"?
I DON'T GET IT.

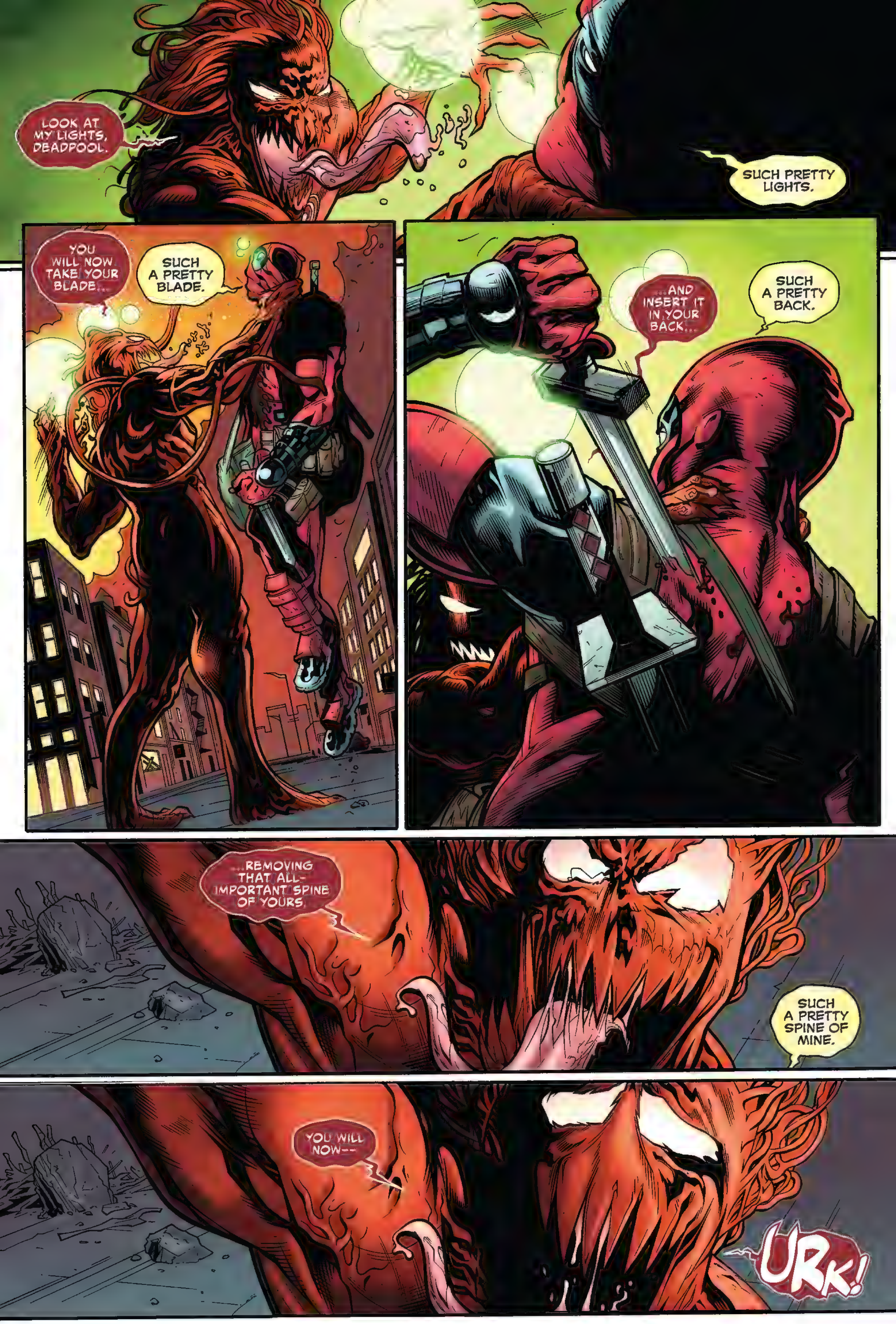

BOOOOOOOOOOOM
DEADPOOL'S SAFEHOUSE & COMICS
OOH, MY FAVORITE...
THUD

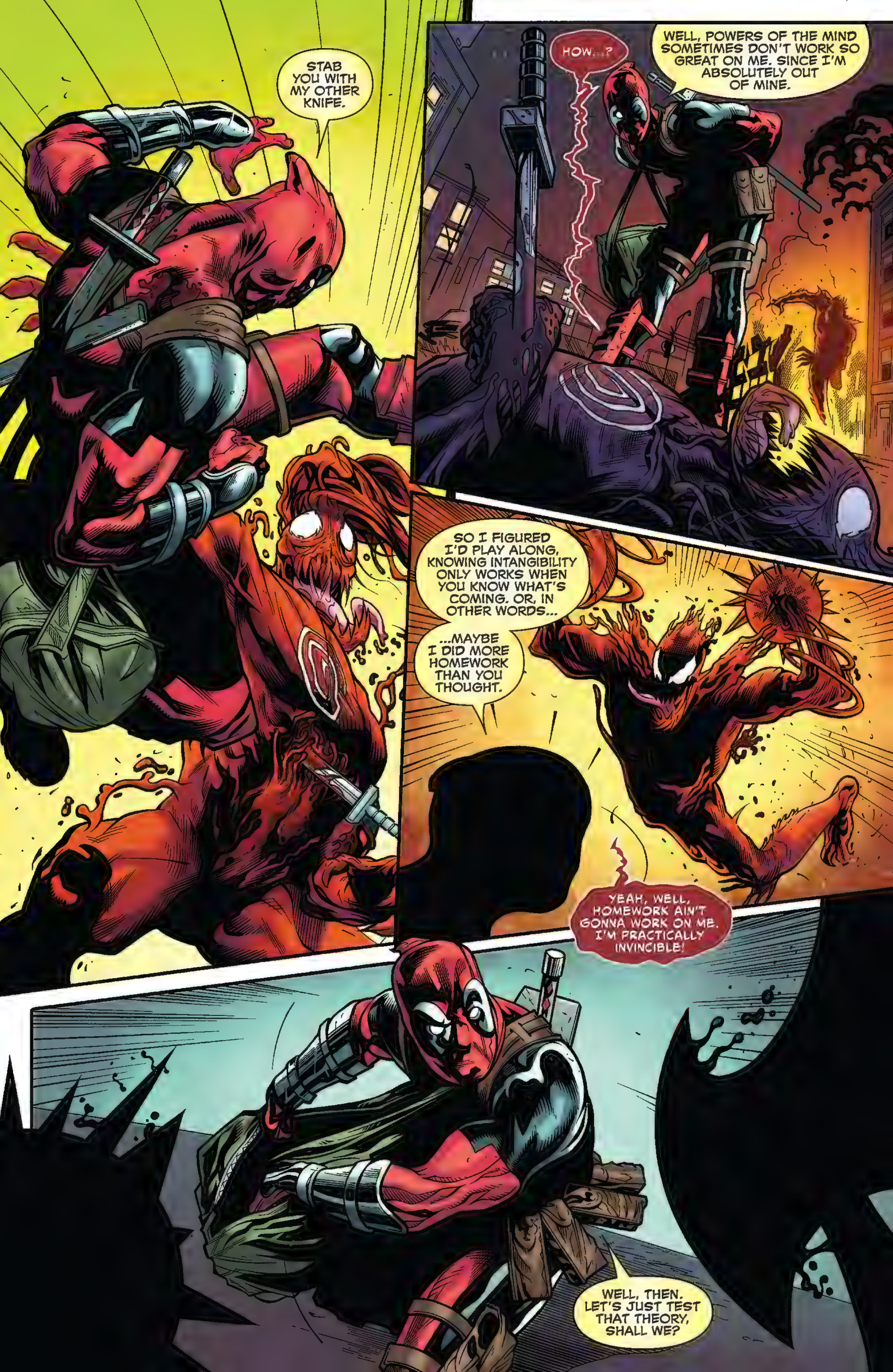

...DEEP-FRIED CONUNDRUM.
WHAT? NO SZECHUAN DIPPING SAUCE?
STAB
BUMMER.
LIFE IS FULL OF DISAPPOINTMENTS, I'M AFRAID...
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK

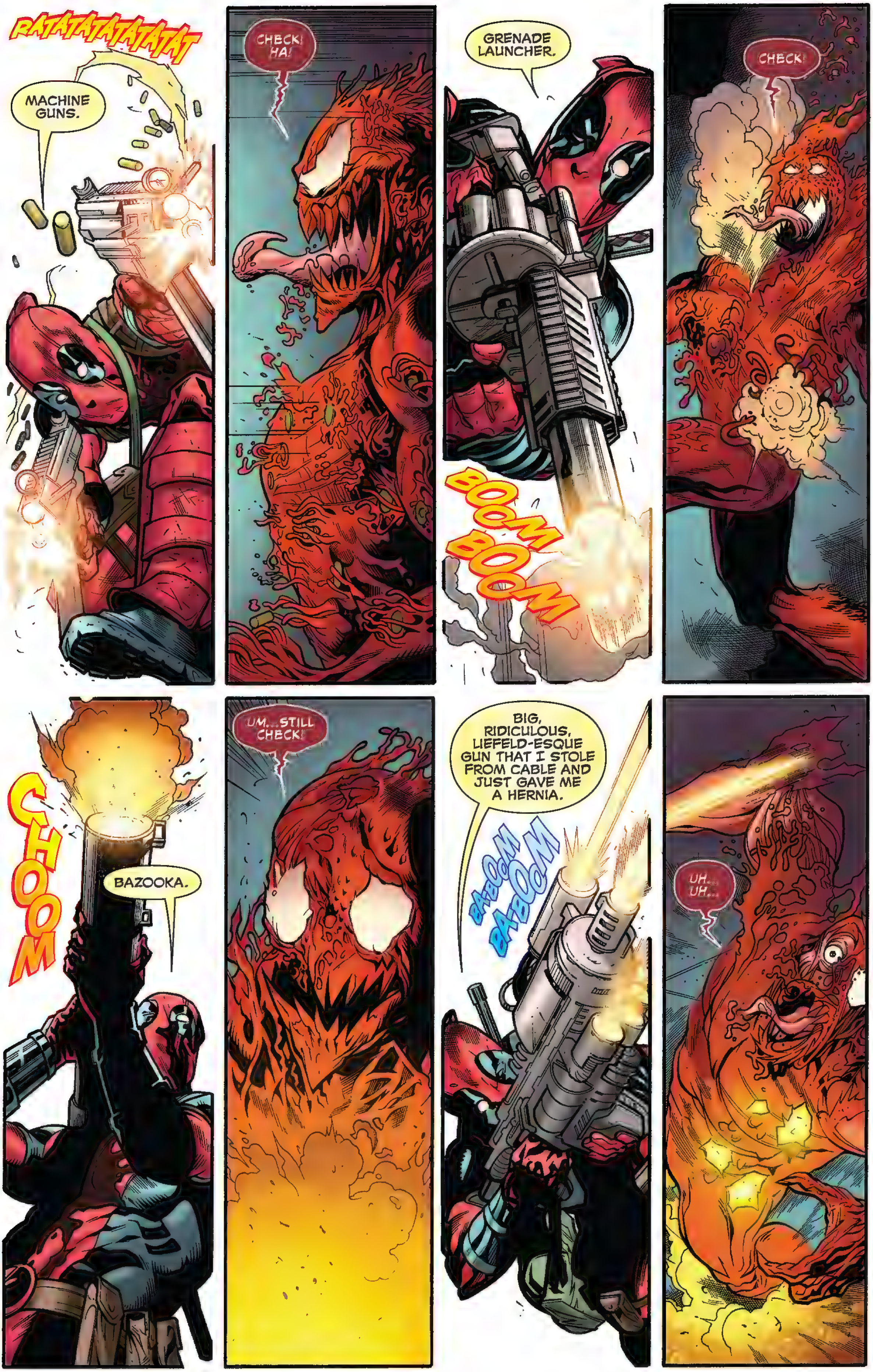

...MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT NOW.
I'M FAIRLY DISAPPOINTED IN SUDDENLY BECOMING A HUMAN PINCUSHION, IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING.
I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A FIREMAN WHEN I GREW UP.
OR A PROCTOLOGIST.
OR A FIREMAN PROCTOLOGIST, IF THAT'S A THING. IF NOT, LET'S MAKE IT A THING.
LAUGH WHILE YOU STILL CAN. YOUR LITTLE TRICK MAY HAVE DONE IN POOR CONUNDRUM, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK ON US.
I CAN BECOME INTANGIBLE, FOR ONE THING.
AND I CAN REGURGITATE.
REGENERATE, YOU IDIOT.
GEE, THAT IS TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T FALL FOR MY LITTLE TRICK...
...THEN HOW ABOUT THIS ONE? THE OLD "FAKE BEING MORTALLY WOUNDED WHILE YOU PULL OUT A FLAMETHROWER" GAG GETS 'EM EVERY TIME!

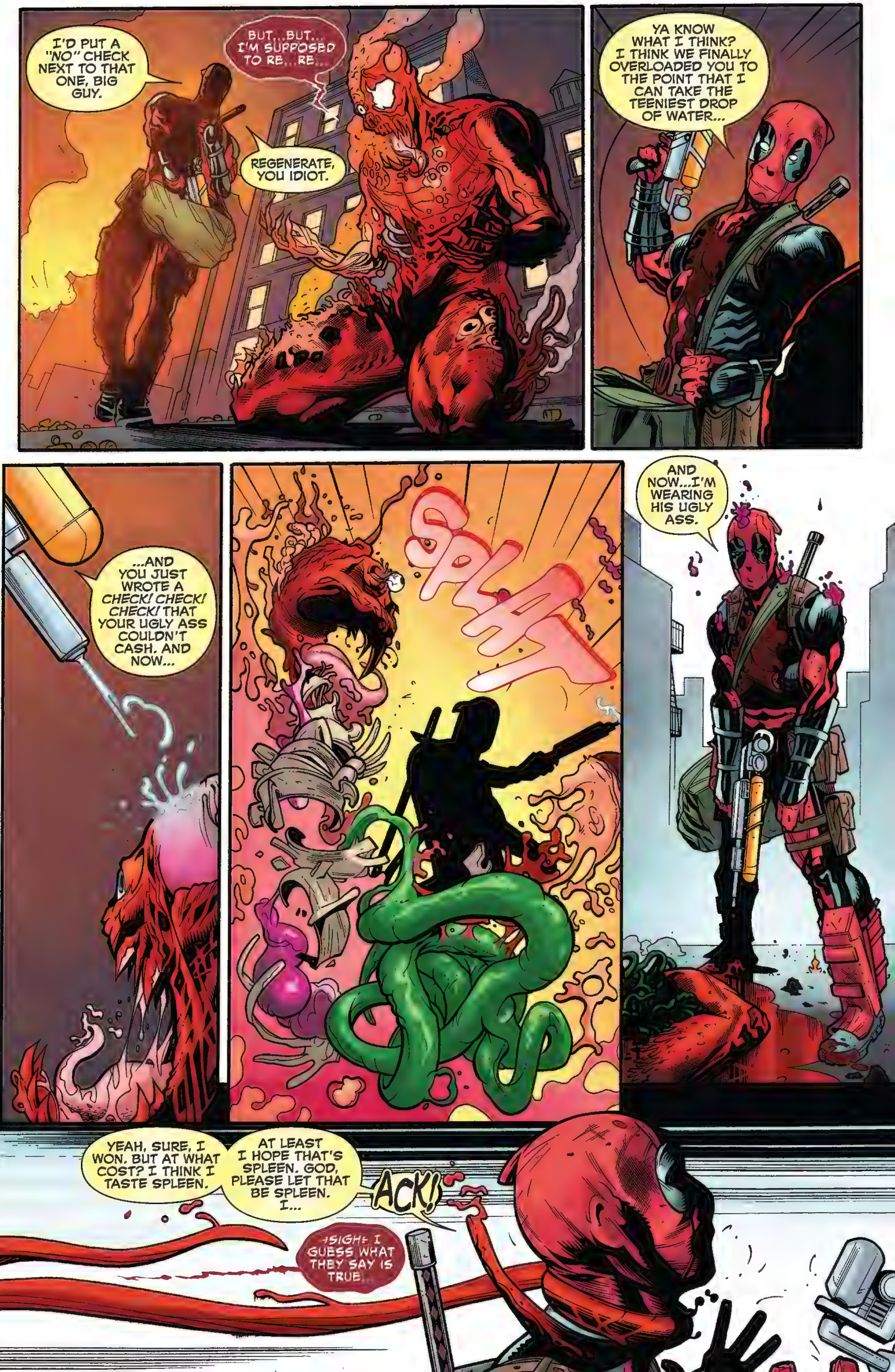

FOOOOOSH
UM... MOST OF THE TIME?
WHAT GIVES? I THOUGHT FIRE WAS LIKE...WELL, FIRE TO YOU SYMBIOTE CLOWNS.
OTHER SYMBIOTES, PERHAPS. BUT WHAT PART OF *INTANGIBLE* DID YOU NOT GET?
OR *REGURGITATE?!*
AGAIN... *REGENERATE,* YOU IDIOT.
CHOMP
HEY! THAT WAS MY FAVORITE FLAMETHROWER!
HAD IT SINCE GRADE SCHOOL.
HELL, I EVEN WENT ON TO MINOR IN FLAMETHROWER IN COLLEGE.
JUST SO YOU KNOW, THOUGH...
...SHOOTING THE $%#& OUTTA REPUGNANT DILLBAGS WAS MY MAJOR.
BLAM BLAM BLAM

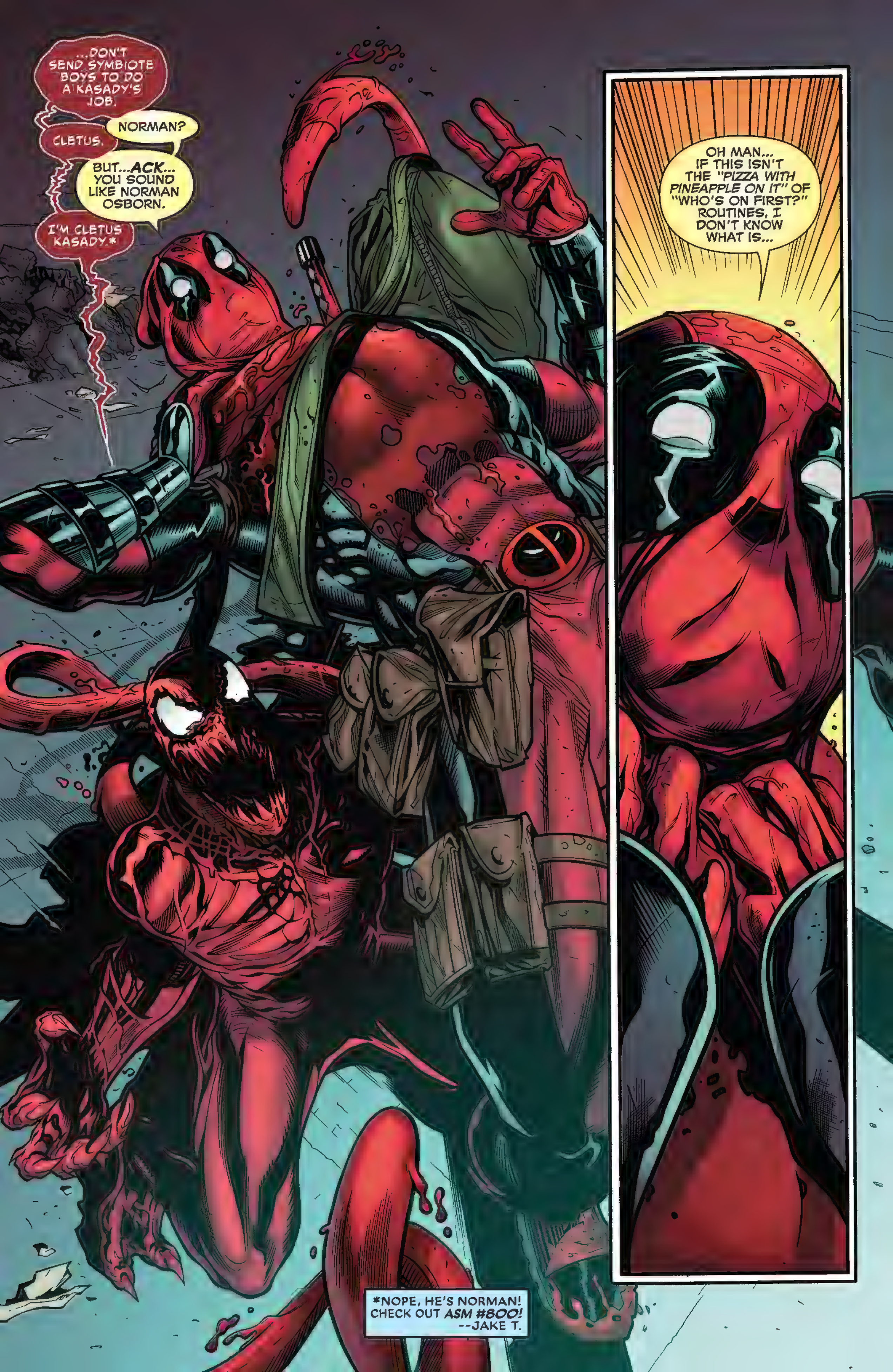

OBVIOUSLY, YOU WEREN'T VERY GOOD AT DOING YOUR HOMEWORK, OTHERWISE YOU'D ALSO KNOW I CAN ADJUST MY DENSITY, MAKING MYSELF SUPER HARD.
KRAK
YA KNOW, THERE'S A JOKE THERE... BUT I'M LEAVING IT ALONE.
YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE SHOOTING BLANKS AT ME, TOO!
WHAM
AGAIN... LEAVING IT ALONE.
OKAY, TIME TO END THIS. HERE'S ANOTHER POWER I'M QUITE CERTAIN YOU'RE UNAWARE OF...
...MY POWER OF THE MIND.

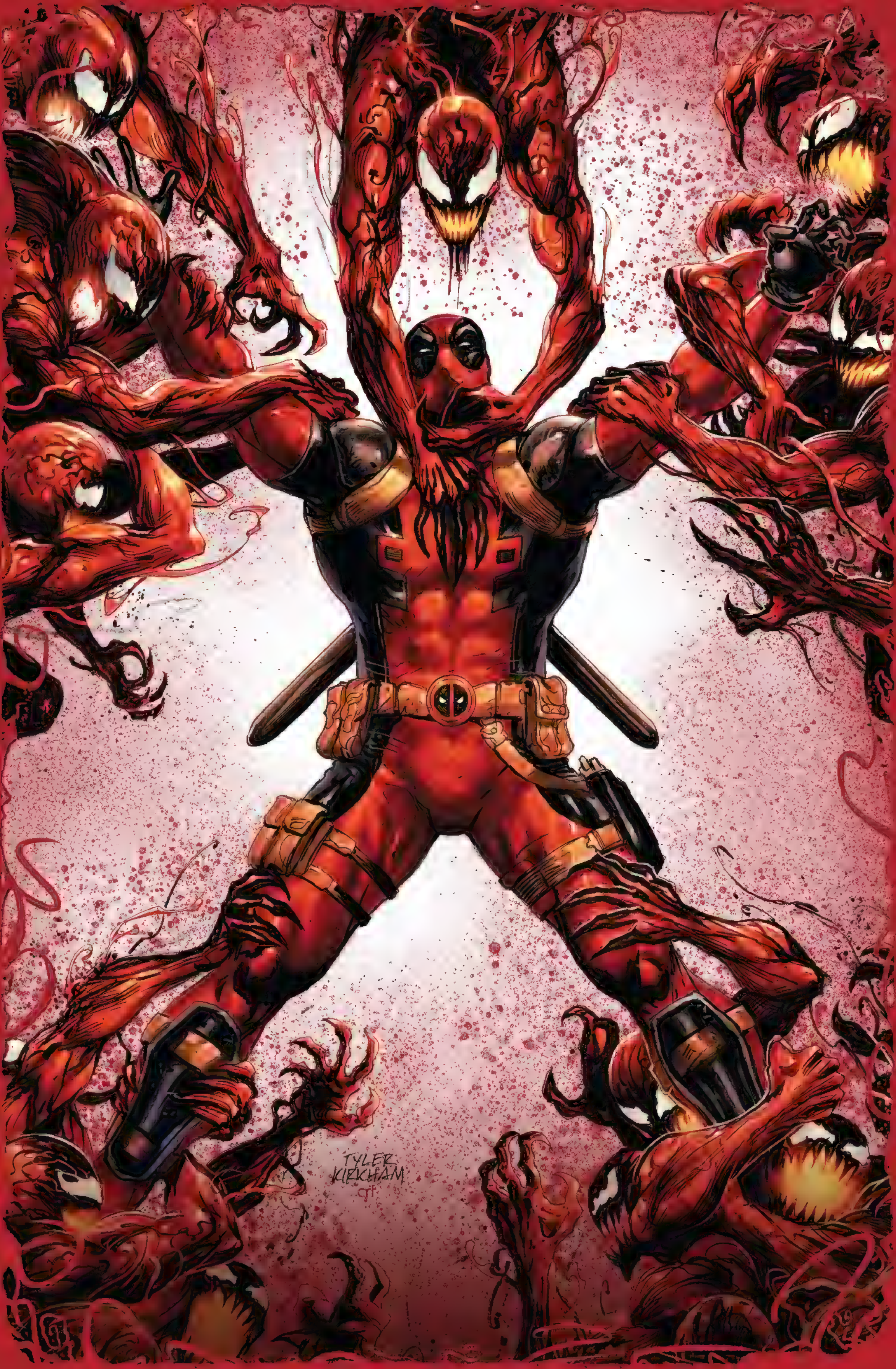

LOOK AT MY LIGHTS, DEADPOOL.
SUCH PRETTY LIGHTS.
YOU WILL NOW TAKE YOUR BLADE...
SUCH A PRETTY BLADE.
...AND INSERT IT IN YOUR BACK...
SUCH A PRETTY BACK.
...REMOVING THAT ALL-IMPORTANT SPINE OF YOURS.
SUCH A PRETTY SPINE OF MINE.
YOU WILL NOW--
URK!


STAB YOU WITH MY OTHER KNIFE.
HOW...?
WELL, POWERS OF THE MIND SOMETIMES DON'T WORK SO GREAT ON ME. SINCE I'M ABSOLUTELY OUT OF MINE.
SO I FIGURED I'D PLAY ALONG, KNOWING INTANGIBILITY ONLY WORKS WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMING. OR, IN OTHER WORDS...
...MAYBE I DID MORE HOMEWORK THAN YOU THOUGHT.
YEAH, WELL, HOMEWORK AIN'T GONNA WORK ON ME. I'M PRACTICALLY INVINCIBLE!
WELL, THEN. LET'S JUST TEST THAT THEORY, SHALL WE?

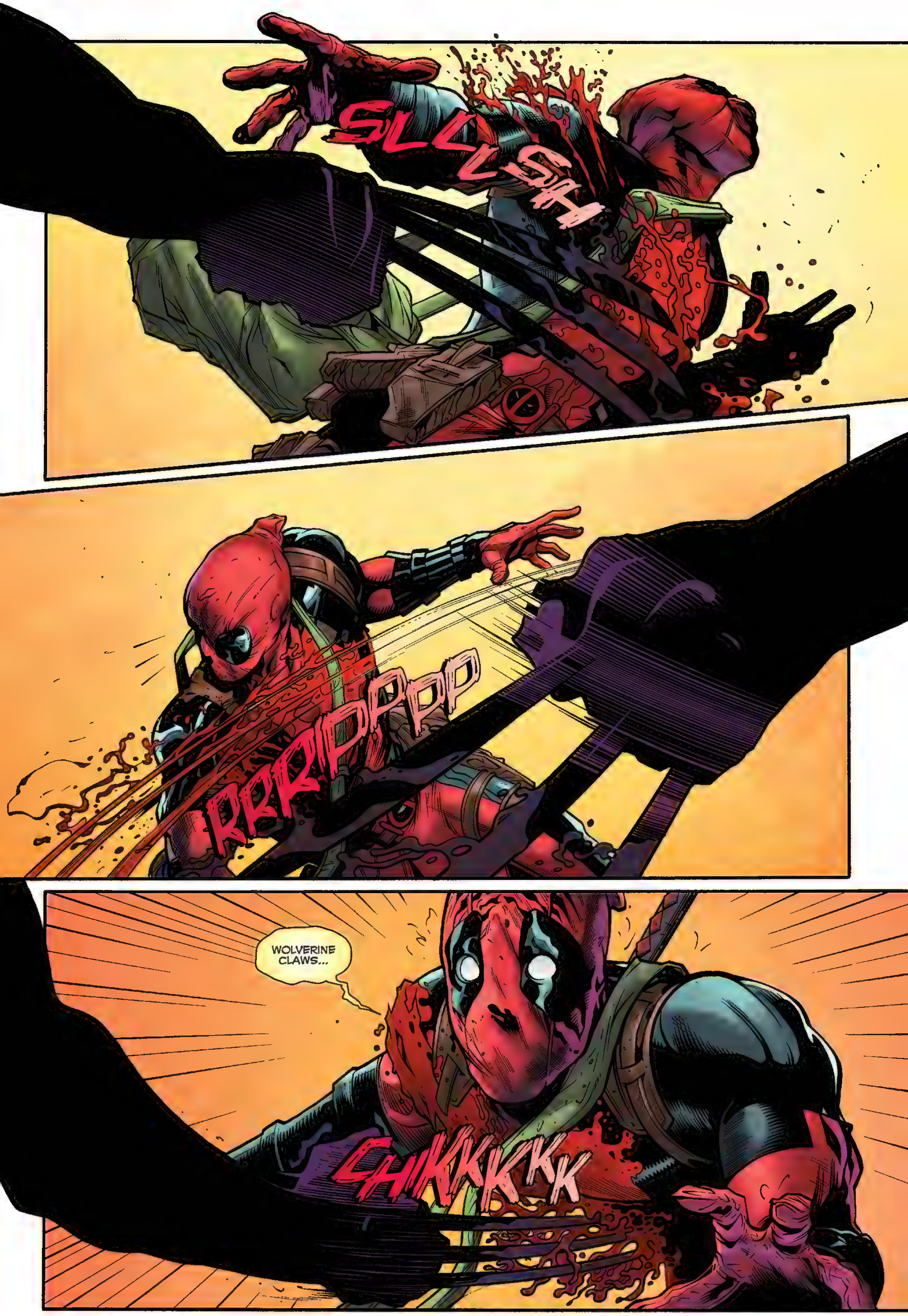

RATATATATATATAT
MACHINE GUNS.
CHECK! HA!
GRENADE LAUNCHER.
BOOM BOOM
CHECK!
CHOOM
BAZOOKA.
UM...STILL CHECK!
BIG, RIDICULOUS, LIEFELD-ESQUE GUN THAT I STOLE FROM CABLE AND JUST GAVE ME A HERNIA.
BA-BOOM BA-BOOM
UH... UH...

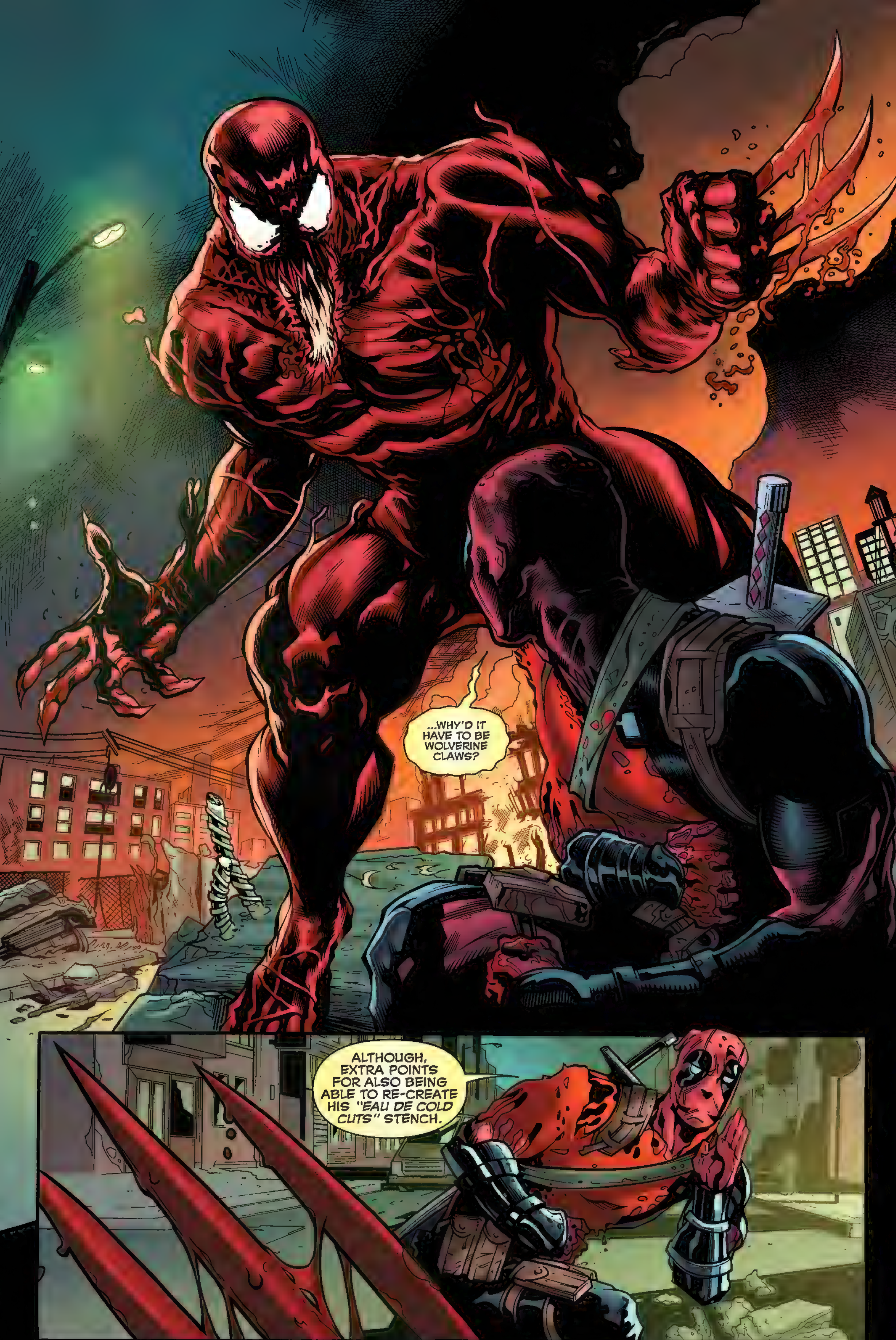

I'D PUT A "NO" CHECK NEXT TO THAT ONE, BIG GUY.
BUT...BUT... I'M SUPPOSED TO RE...RE...
REGENERATE, YOU IDIOT.
YA KNOW WHAT I THINK? I THINK WE FINALLY OVERLOADED YOU TO THE POINT THAT I CAN TAKE THE TEENIEST DROP OF WATER...
...AND YOU JUST WROTE A *CHECK! CHECK! CHECK!* THAT YOUR UGLY ASS COULDN'T CASH. AND NOW...
SPLAT
AND NOW...I'M WEARING HIS UGLY ASS.
YEAH, SURE, I WON. BUT AT WHAT COST? I THINK I TASTE SPLEEN.
AT LEAST I HOPE THAT'S SPLEEN. GOD, PLEASE LET THAT BE SPLEEN. I...
ACK!
SIGH I GUESS WHAT THEY SAY IS TRUE...

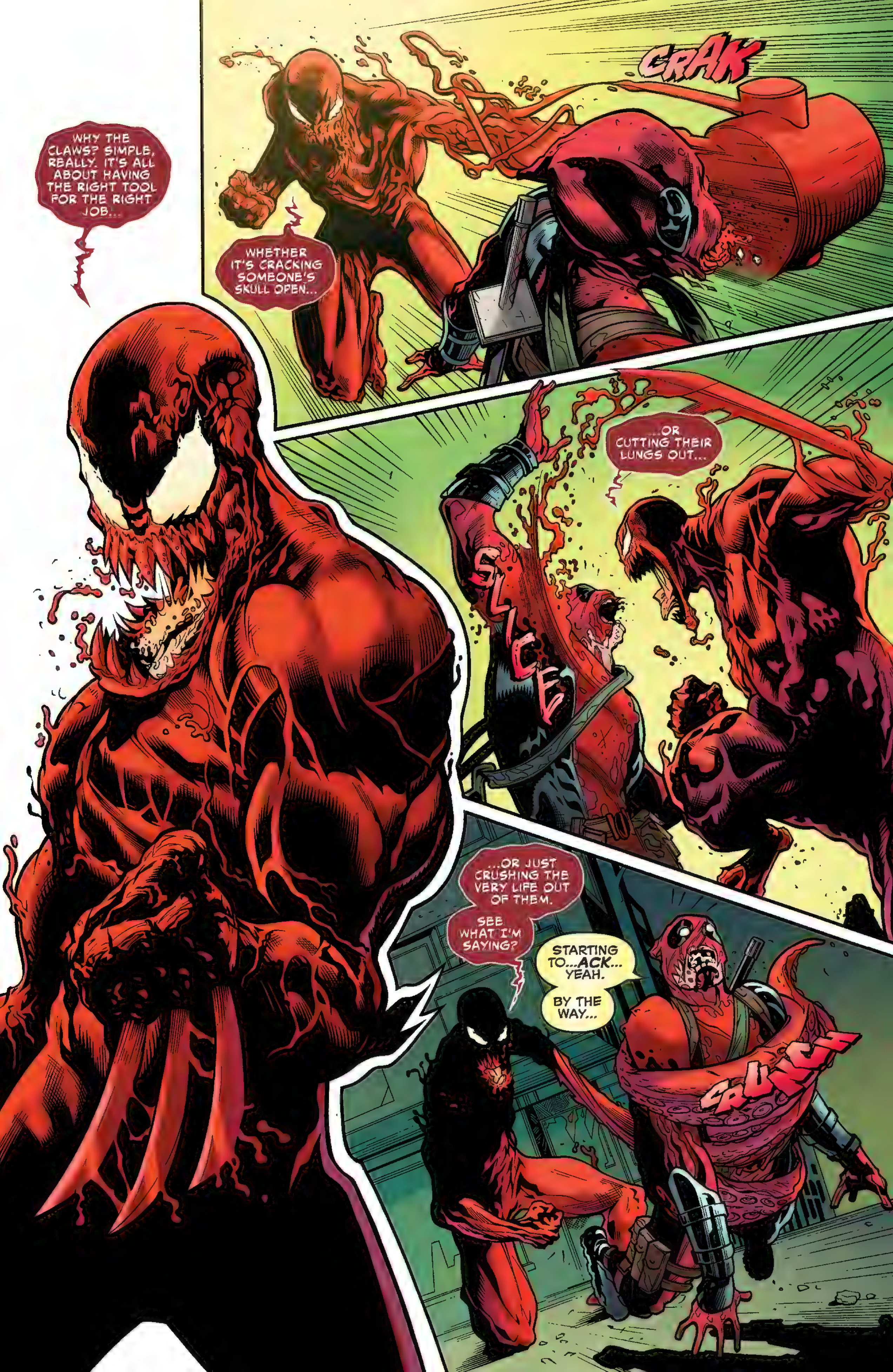

...DON'T SEND SYMBIOTE BOYS TO DO A KASADY'S JOB.
CLETUS.
NORMAN?
BUT...ACK... YOU SOUND LIKE NORMAN OSBORN.
I'M CLETUS KASADY.*
OH MAN... IF THIS ISN'T THE "PIZZA WITH PINEAPPLE ON IT" OF "WHO'S ON FIRST?" ROUTINES, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS...
*NOPE, HE'S NORMAN! CHECK OUT ASM #800! --JAKE T.

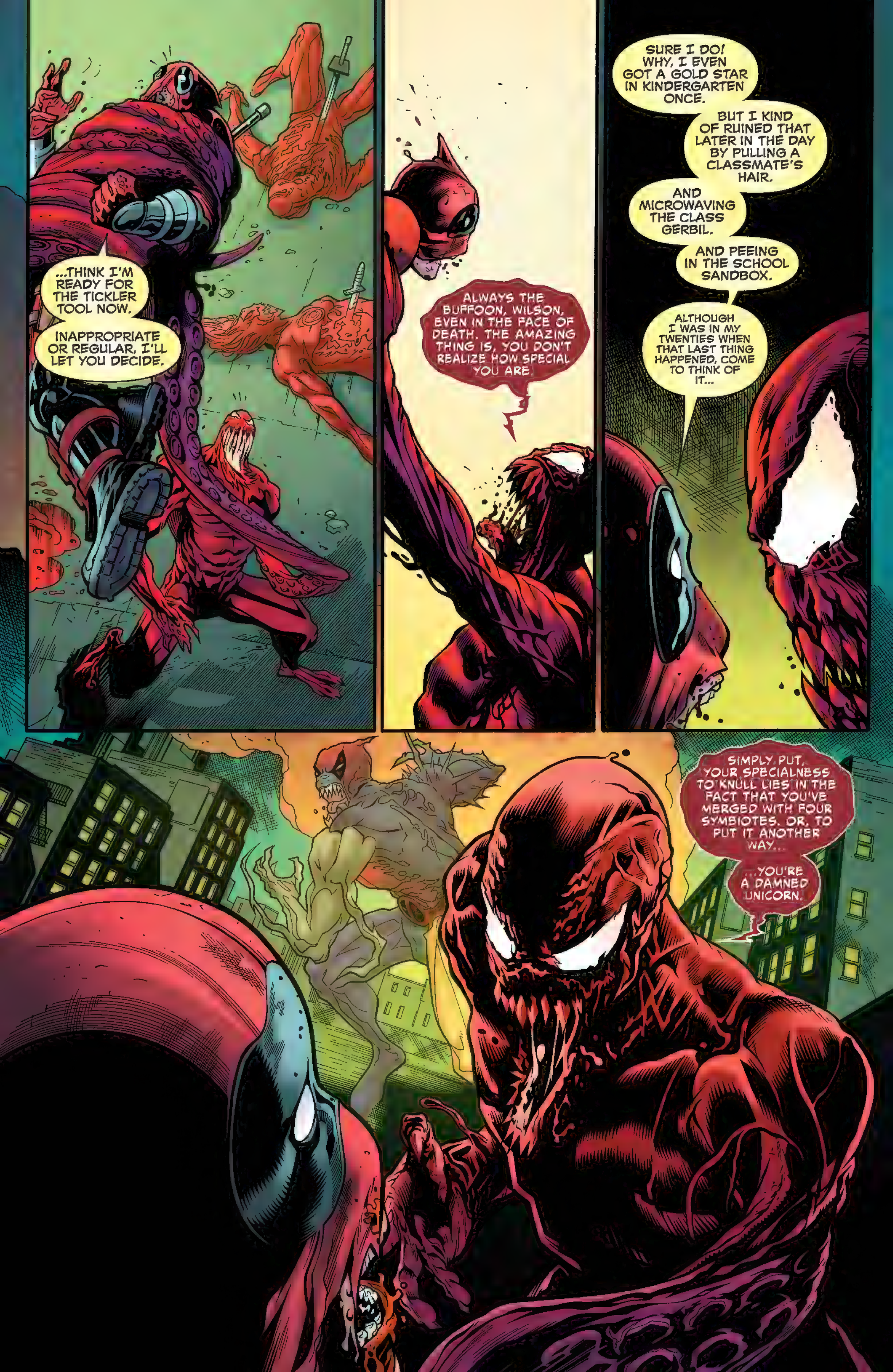

TYLER KIRKHAM art

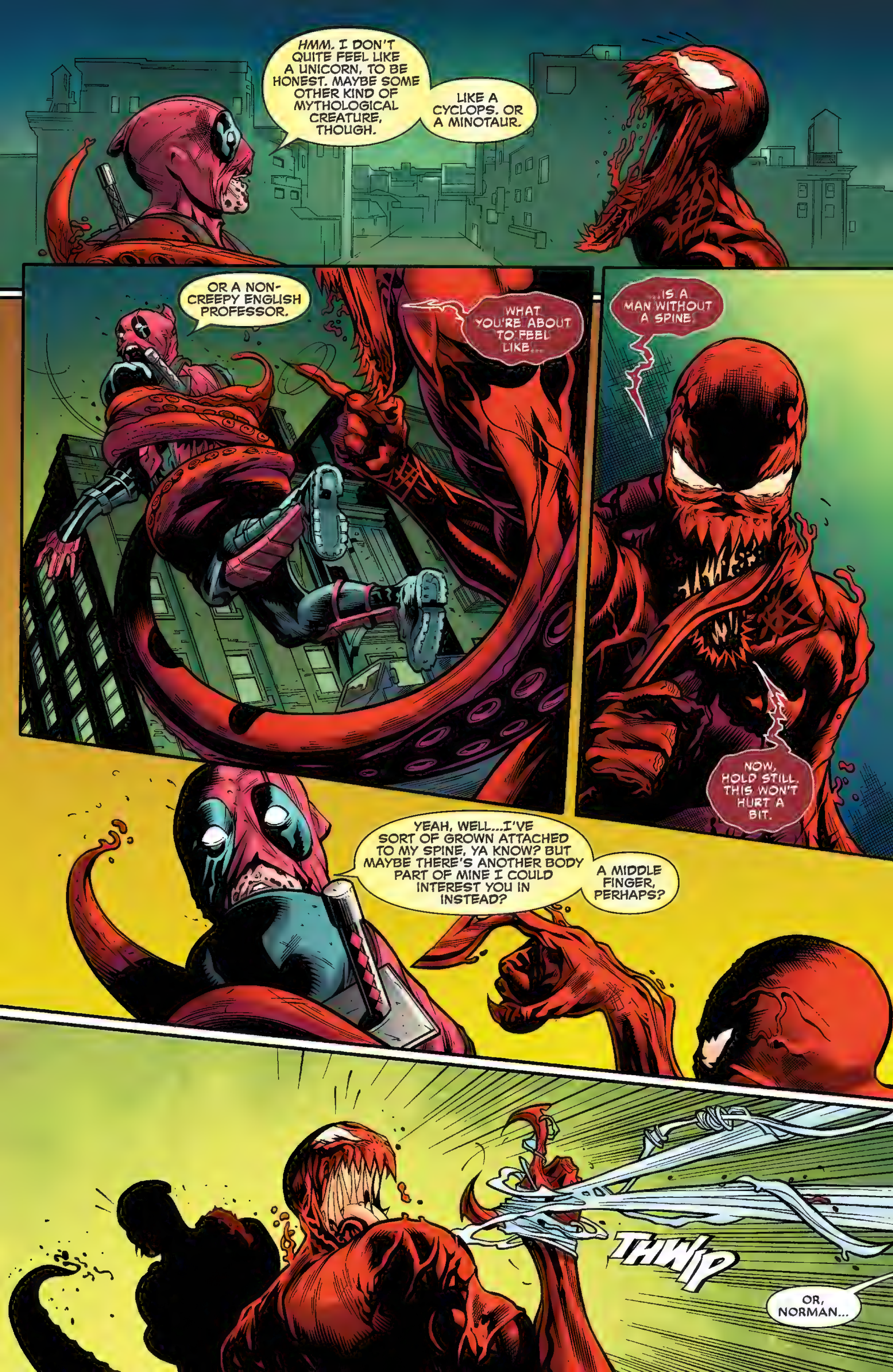
ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL 3

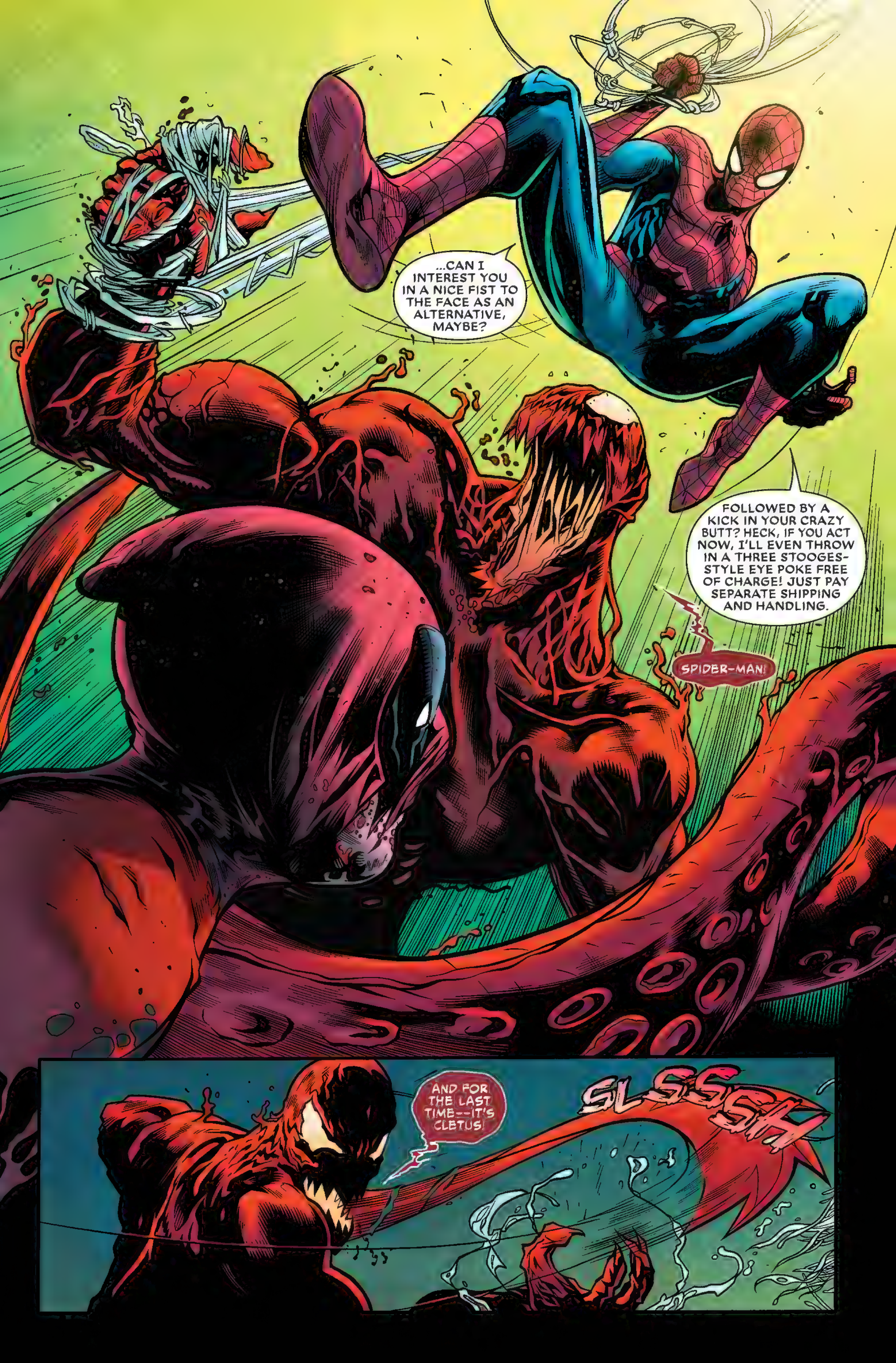

SLUSH
RRRIPPPP
WOLVERINE CLAWS...
CHIKKKKK

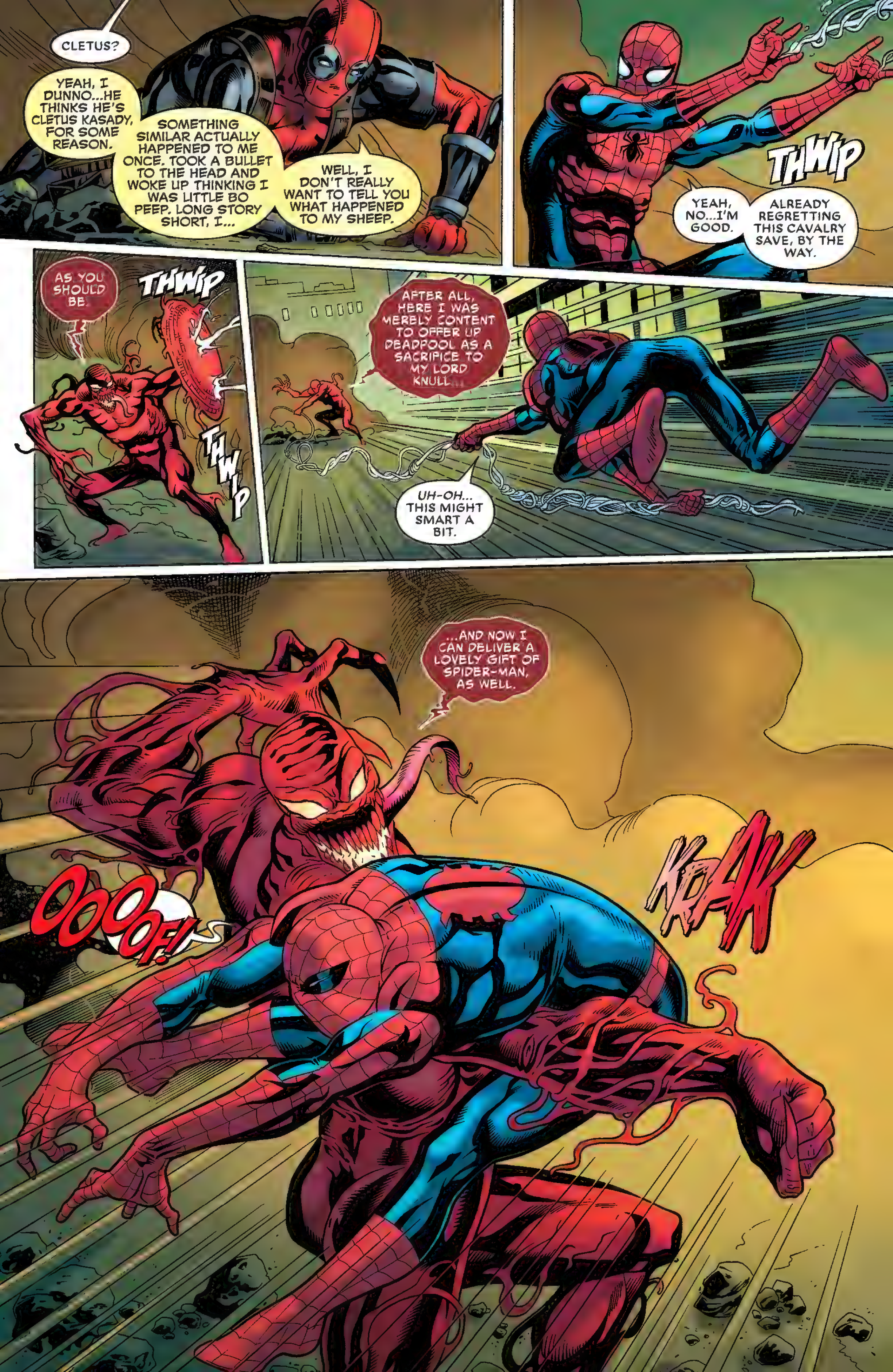

...WHY'D IT HAVE TO BE WOLVERINE CLAWS?
ALTHOUGH, EXTRA POINTS FOR ALSO BEING ABLE TO RE-CREATE HIS "EAU DE COLD CUTS" STENCH.

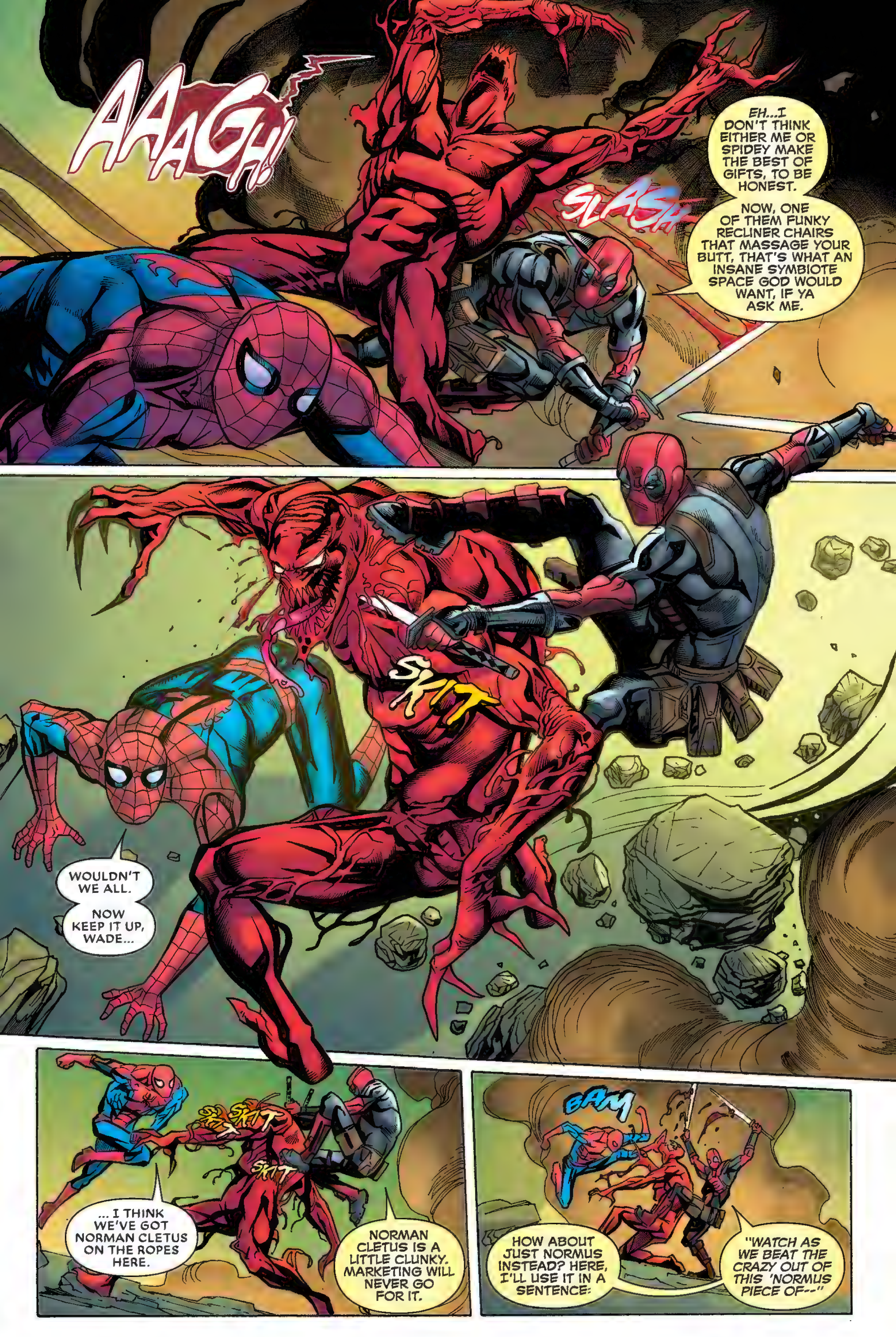

WHY THE CLAWS? SIMPLE, REALLY. IT'S ALL ABOUT HAVING THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE RIGHT JOB...
WHETHER IT'S CRACKING SOMBONE'S SKULL OPEN...
CRAK
...OR CUTTING THEIR LUNGS OUT...
SLICE
...OR JUST CRUSHING THE VERY LIFE OUT OF THEM.
SEE WHAT I'M SAYING?
STARTING TO...ACK... YEAH.
BY THE WAY...
CRUNCH

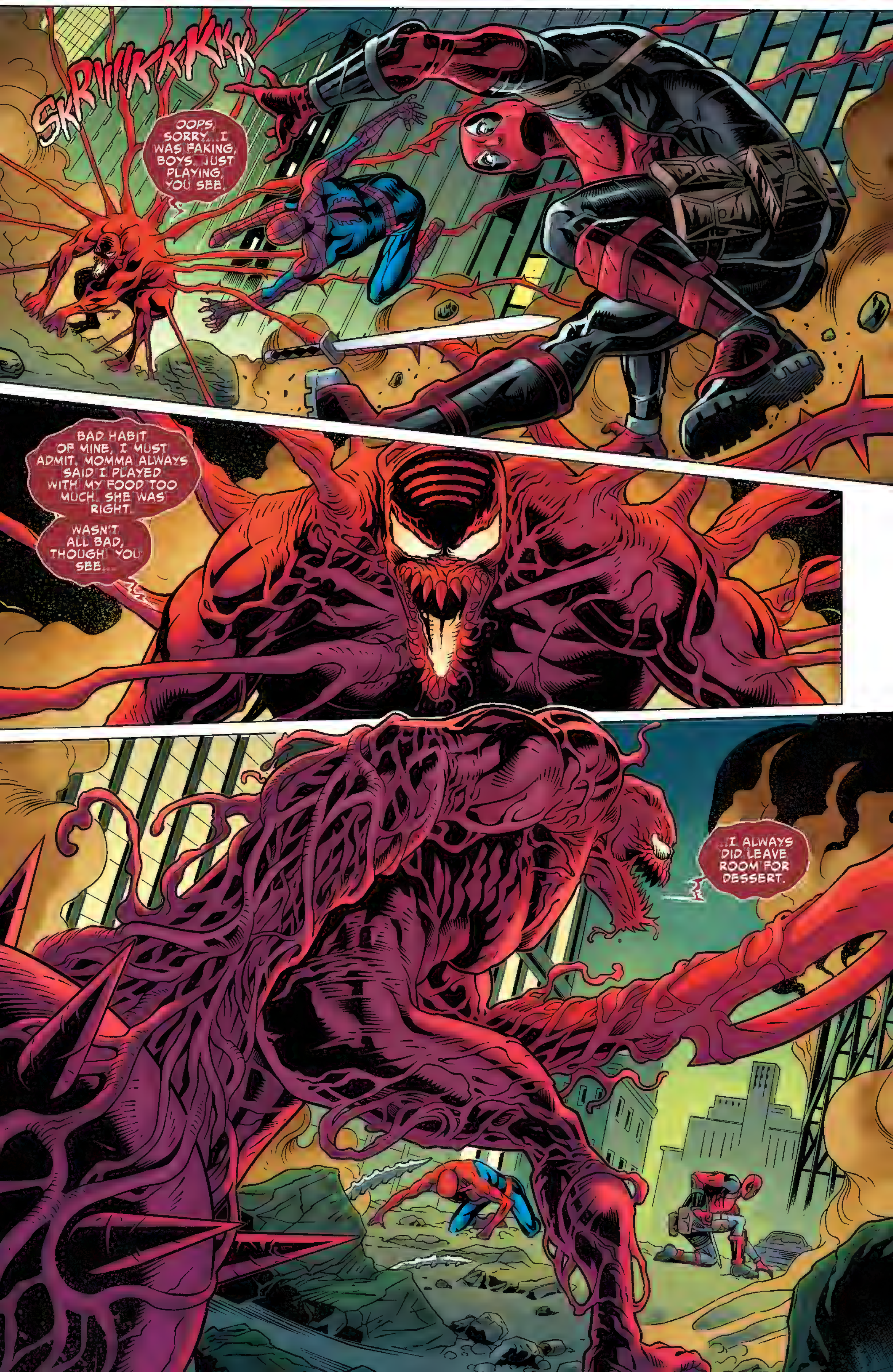

...THINK I'M READY FOR THE TICKLER TOOL NOW.
INAPPROPRIATE OR REGULAR, I'LL LET YOU DECIDE.
ALWAYS THE BUFFOON, WILSON, EVEN IN THE FACE OF DEATH. THE AMAZING THING IS, YOU DON'T REALIZE HOW SPECIAL YOU ARE.
SURE I DO! WHY, I EVEN GOT A GOLD STAR IN KINDERGARTEN ONCE.
BUT I KIND OF RUINED THAT LATER IN THE DAY BY PULLING A CLASSMATE'S HAIR.
AND MICROWAVING THE CLASS GERBIL.
AND PEEING IN THE SCHOOL SANDBOX.
ALTHOUGH I WAS IN MY TWENTIES WHEN THAT LAST THING HAPPENED, COME TO THINK OF IT...
SIMPLY PUT, YOUR SPECIALNESS TO KNULL LIES IN THE FACT THAT YOU'VE MERGED WITH FOUR SYMBIOTES. OR, TO PUT IT ANOTHER WAY...
...YOU'RE A DAMNED UNICORN.

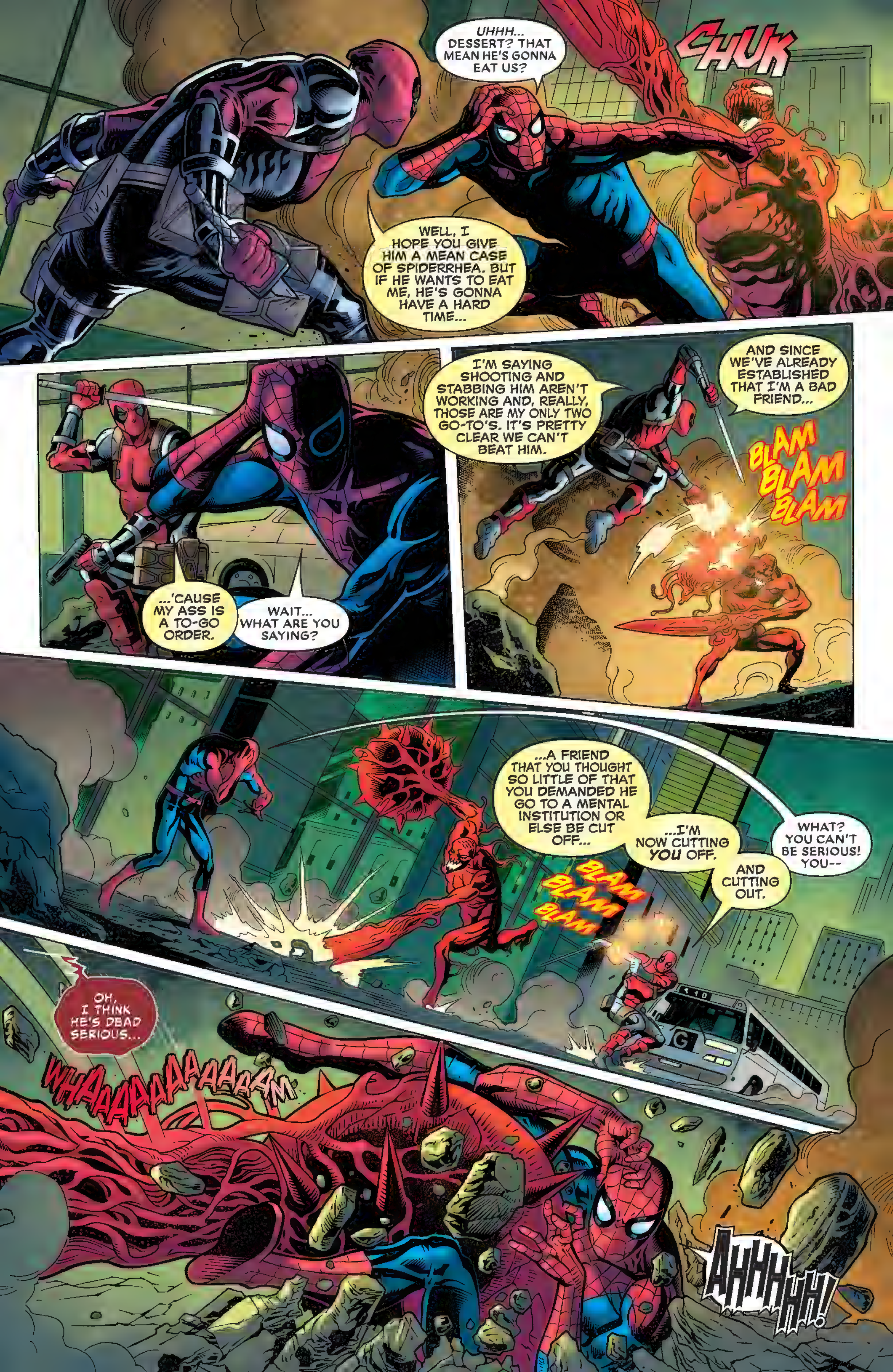

HMM. I DON'T QUITE FEEL LIKE A UNICORN, TO BE HONEST. MAYBE SOME OTHER KIND OF MYTHOLOGICAL CREATURE, THOUGH.
LIKE A CYCLOPS. OR A MINOTAUR.
OR A NON-CREEPY ENGLISH PROFESSOR.
WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO FEEL LIKE...
...IS A MAN WITHOUT A SPINE!
NOW, HOLD STILL. THIS WON'T HURT A BIT.
YEAH, WELL...I'VE SORT OF GROWN ATTACHED TO MY SPINE, YA KNOW? BUT MAYBE THERE'S ANOTHER BODY PART OF MINE I COULD INTEREST YOU IN INSTEAD?
A MIDDLE FINGER, PERHAPS?
THWIP
OR, NORMAN...

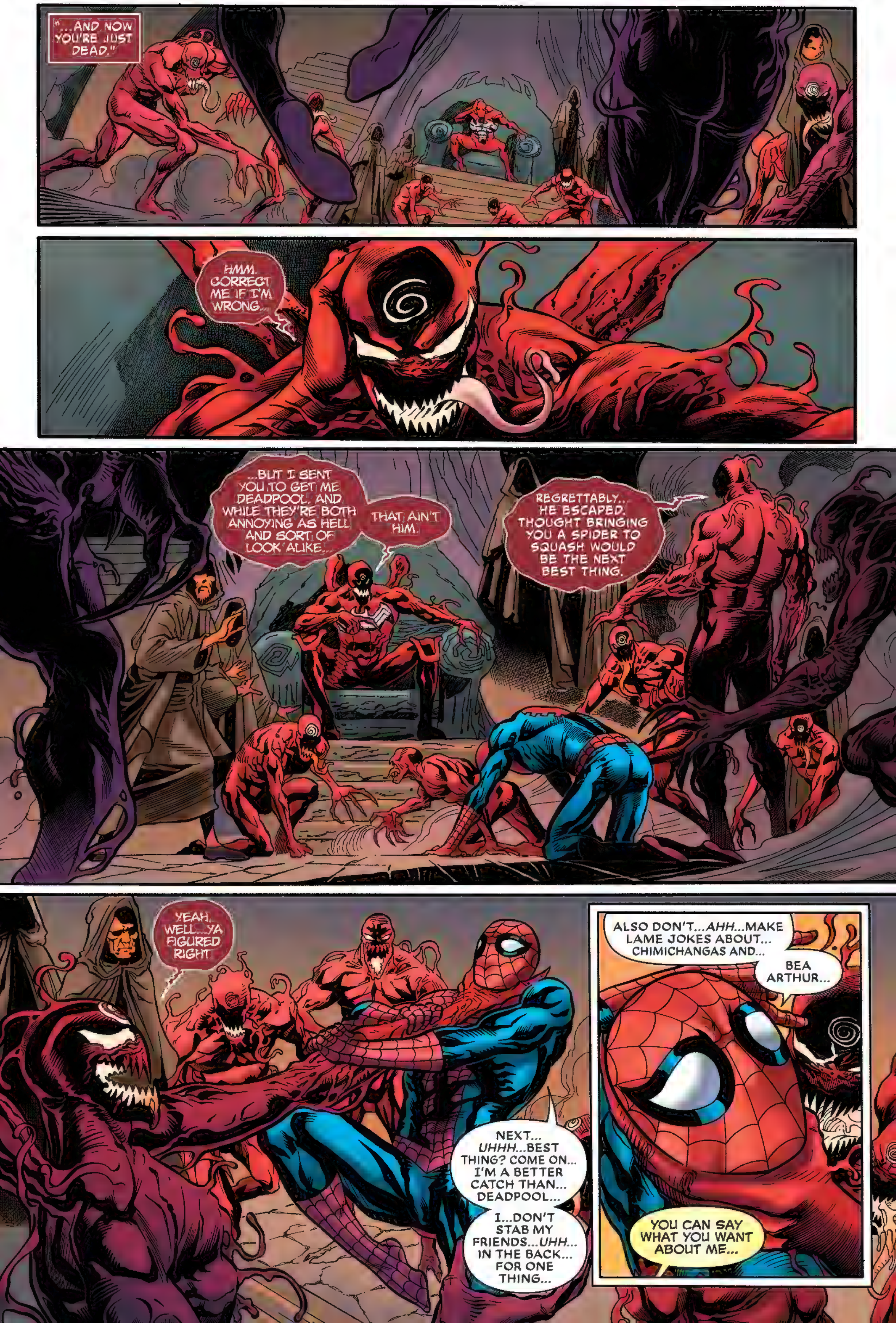

...CAN I INTEREST YOU IN A NICE FIST TO THE FACE AS AN ALTERNATIVE, MAYBE?
FOLLOWED BY A KICK IN YOUR CRAZY BUTT? HECK, IF YOU ACT NOW, I'LL EVEN THROW IN A THREE STOOGES-STYLE EYE POKE FREE OF CHARGE! JUST PAY SEPARATE SHIPPING AND HANDLING.
SPIDER-MAN!
AND FOR THE LAST TIME--IT'S CLETUS!
SLSSSH

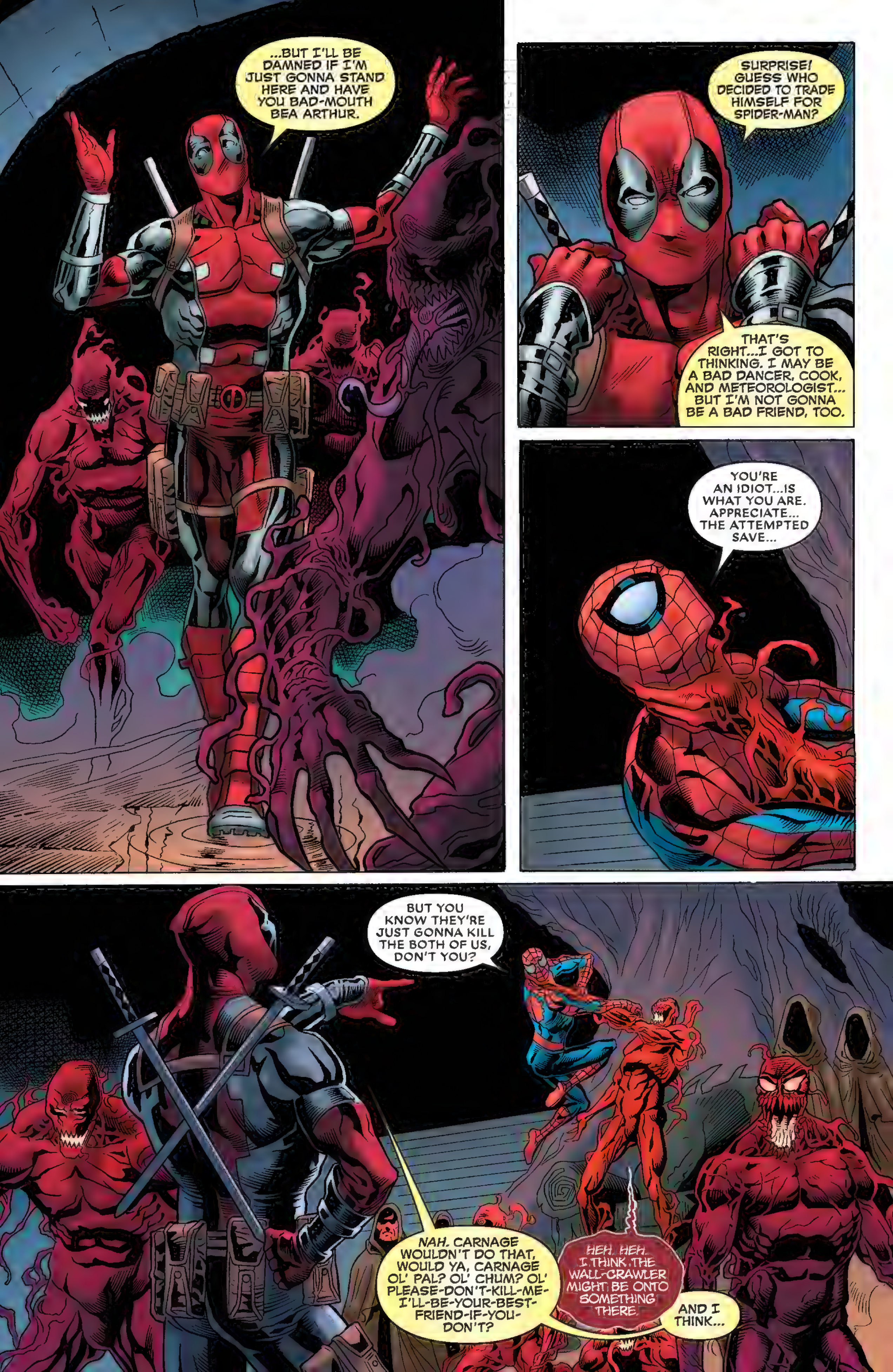

CLETUS?
YEAH, I DUNNO...HE THINKS HE'S CLETUS KASADY, FOR SOME REASON.
SOMETHING SIMILAR ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO ME ONCE. TOOK A BULLET TO THE HEAD AND WOKE UP THINKING I WAS LITTLE BO PEEP. LONG STORY SHORT, I...
WELL, I DON'T REALLY WANT TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO MY SHEEP.
THWIP
YEAH, NO...I'M GOOD.
ALREADY REGRETTING THIS CAVALRY SAVE, BY THE WAY.
AS YOU SHOULD BE.
THWIP
THWIP
AFTER ALL, HERE I WAS MERELY CONTENT TO OFFER UP DEADPOOL AS A SACRIFICE TO MY LORD KNULL...
UH-OH... THIS MIGHT SMART A BIT.
...AND NOW I CAN DELIVER A LOVELY GIFT OF SPIDER-MAN, AS WELL.
OOOOF!
KRAAK

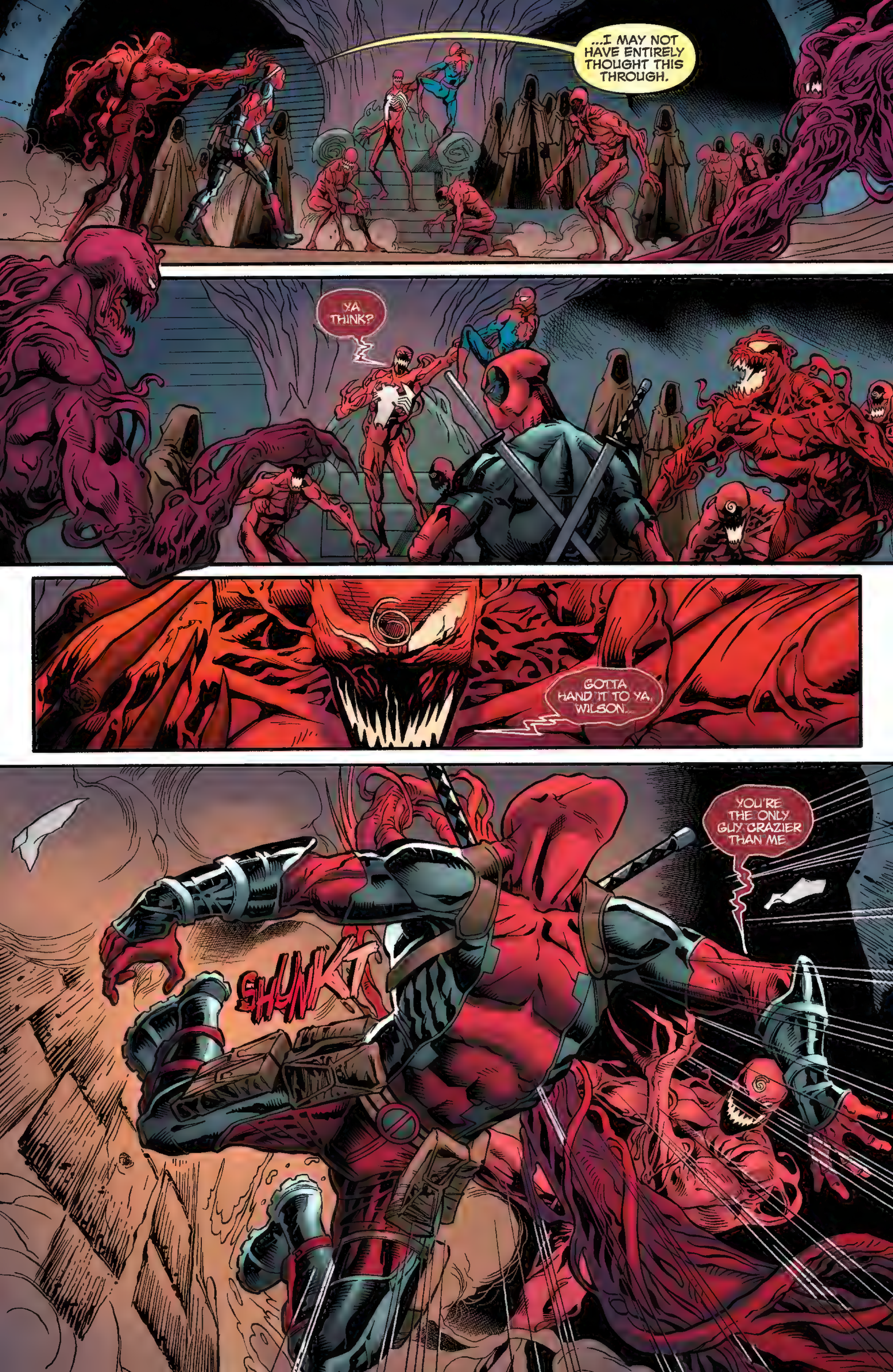

AAAAGH!
SLASH
EH...I DON'T THINK EITHER ME OR SPIDEY MAKE THE BEST OF GIFTS, TO BE HONEST.
NOW, ONE OF THEM FUNKY RECLINER CHAIRS THAT MASSAGE YOUR BUTT, THAT'S WHAT AN INSANE SYMBIOTE SPACE GOD WOULD WANT, IF YA ASK ME.
SKIT
WOULDN'T WE ALL.
NOW KEEP IT UP, WADE...
SKIT SKIT
SKIT
... I THINK WE'VE GOT NORMAN CLETUS ON THE ROPES HERE.
NORMAN CLETUS IS A LITTLE CLUNKY. MARKETING WILL NEVER GO FOR IT.
BAM
HOW ABOUT JUST NORMUS INSTEAD? HERE, I'LL USE IT IN A SENTENCE:
"WATCH AS WE BEAT THE CRAZY OUT OF THIS 'NORMUS PIECE OF--"

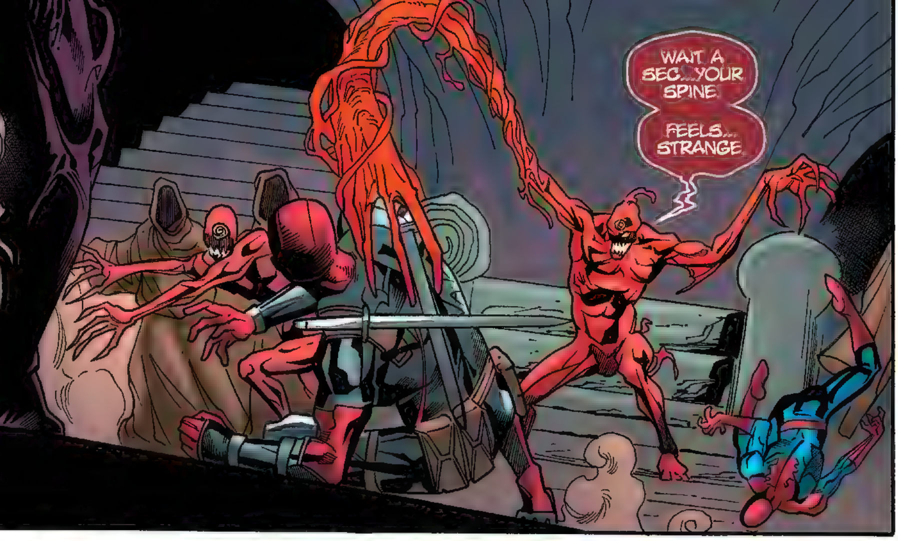

SKRIIIKKKKK
OOPS, SORRY... I WAS FAKING, BOYS... JUST PLAYING, YOU SEE.
BAD HABIT OF MINE, I MUST ADMIT. MOMMA ALWAYS SAID I PLAYED WITH MY FOOD TOO MUCH. SHE WAS RIGHT.
WASN'T ALL BAD, THOUGH, YOU SEE...
...I ALWAYS DID LEAVE ROOM FOR DESSERT.

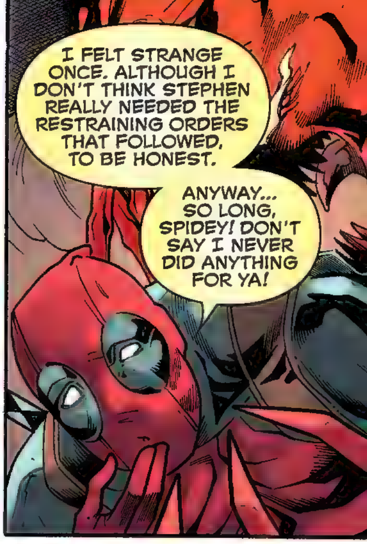

UHHH... DESSERT? THAT MEAN HE'S GONNA EAT US?
CHUK
WELL, I HOPE YOU GIVE HIM A MEAN CASE OF SPIDERRHEA. BUT IF HE WANTS TO EAT ME, HE'S GONNA HAVE A HARD TIME...
...'CAUSE MY ASS IS A TO-GO ORDER.
WAIT... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
I'M SAYING SHOOTING AND STABBING HIM AREN'T WORKING AND, REALLY, THOSE ARE MY ONLY TWO GO-TO'S. IT'S PRETTY CLEAR WE CAN'T BEAT HIM.
AND SINCE WE'VE ALREADY ESTABLISHED THAT I'M A BAD FRIEND...
BLAM BLAM BLAM
...A FRIEND THAT YOU THOUGHT SO LITTLE OF THAT YOU DEMANDED HE GO TO A MENTAL INSTITUTION OR ELSE BE CUT OFF...
...I'M NOW CUTTING YOU OFF.
AND CUTTING OUT.
WHAT? YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! YOU--
BLAM BLAM BLAM
OH, I THINK HE'S DEAD SERIOUS...
WHAAAAAAAAAAAM
AHHHHH!

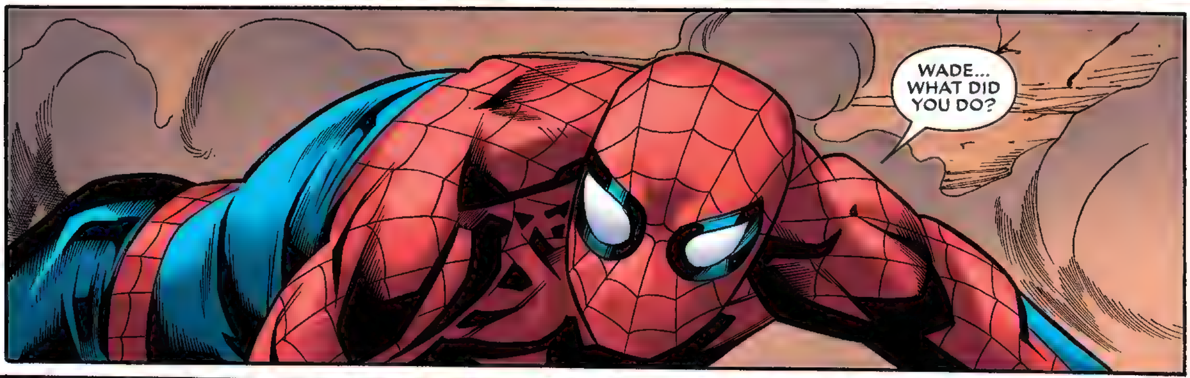

"...AND NOW YOU'RE JUST DEAD."
HMM. CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG...
...BUT I SENT YOU TO GET ME DEADPOOL. AND WHILE THEY'RE BOTH ANNOYING AS HELL AND SORT OF LOOK ALIKE...
THAT AIN'T HIM.
REGRETTABLY... HE ESCAPED. THOUGHT BRINGING YOU A SPIDER TO SQUASH WOULD BE THE NEXT BEST THING.
YEAH. WELL...YA FIGURED RIGHT.
NEXT... *UHHH*...BEST THING? COME ON... I'M A BETTER CATCH THAN... DEADPOOL...
I...DON'T STAB MY FRIENDS...*UHH*... IN THE BACK... FOR ONE THING...
ALSO DON'T...*AHH*...MAKE LAME JOKES ABOUT... CHIMICHANGAS AND...
BEA ARTHUR...
YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT ME...

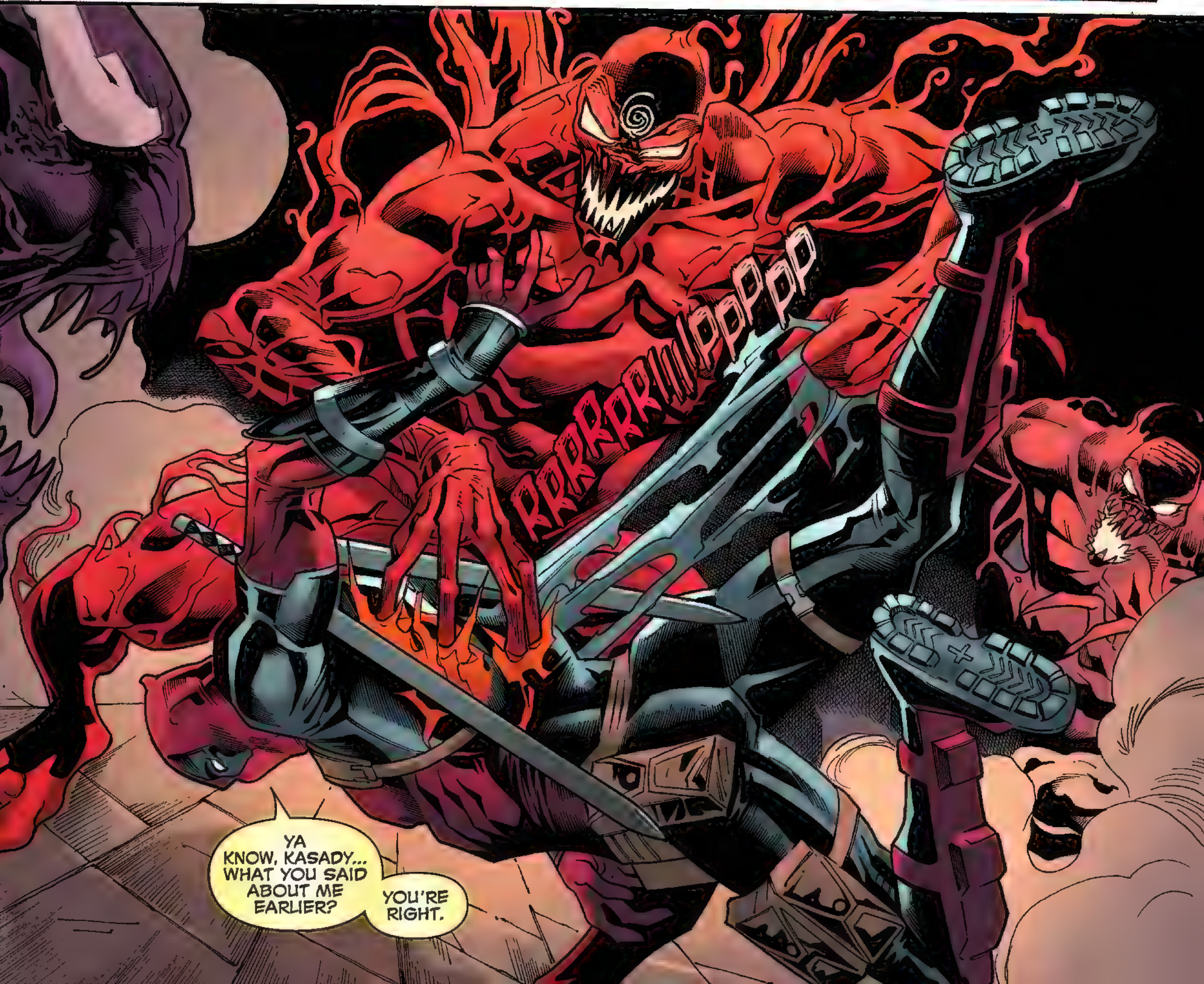

...BUT I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M JUST GONNA STAND HERE AND HAVE YOU BAD-MOUTH BEA ARTHUR.
SURPRISE! GUESS WHO DECIDED TO TRADE HIMSELF FOR SPIDER-MAN?
THAT'S RIGHT...I GOT TO THINKING. I MAY BE A BAD DANCER, COOK, AND METEOROLOGIST... BUT I'M NOT GONNA BE A BAD FRIEND, TOO.
YOU'RE AN IDIOT...IS WHAT YOU ARE. APPRECIATE... THE ATTEMPTED SAVE...
BUT YOU KNOW THEY'RE JUST GONNA KILL THE BOTH OF US, DON'T YOU?
NAH. CARNAGE WOULDN'T DO THAT, WOULD YA, CARNAGE OL' PAL? OL' CHUM? OL' PLEASE-DON'T-KILL-ME-I'LL-BE-YOUR-BEST-FRIEND-IF-YOU-DON'T?
HEH. HEH. I THINK THE WALL-CRAWLER MIGHT BE ONTO SOMETHING THERE.
AND I THINK...

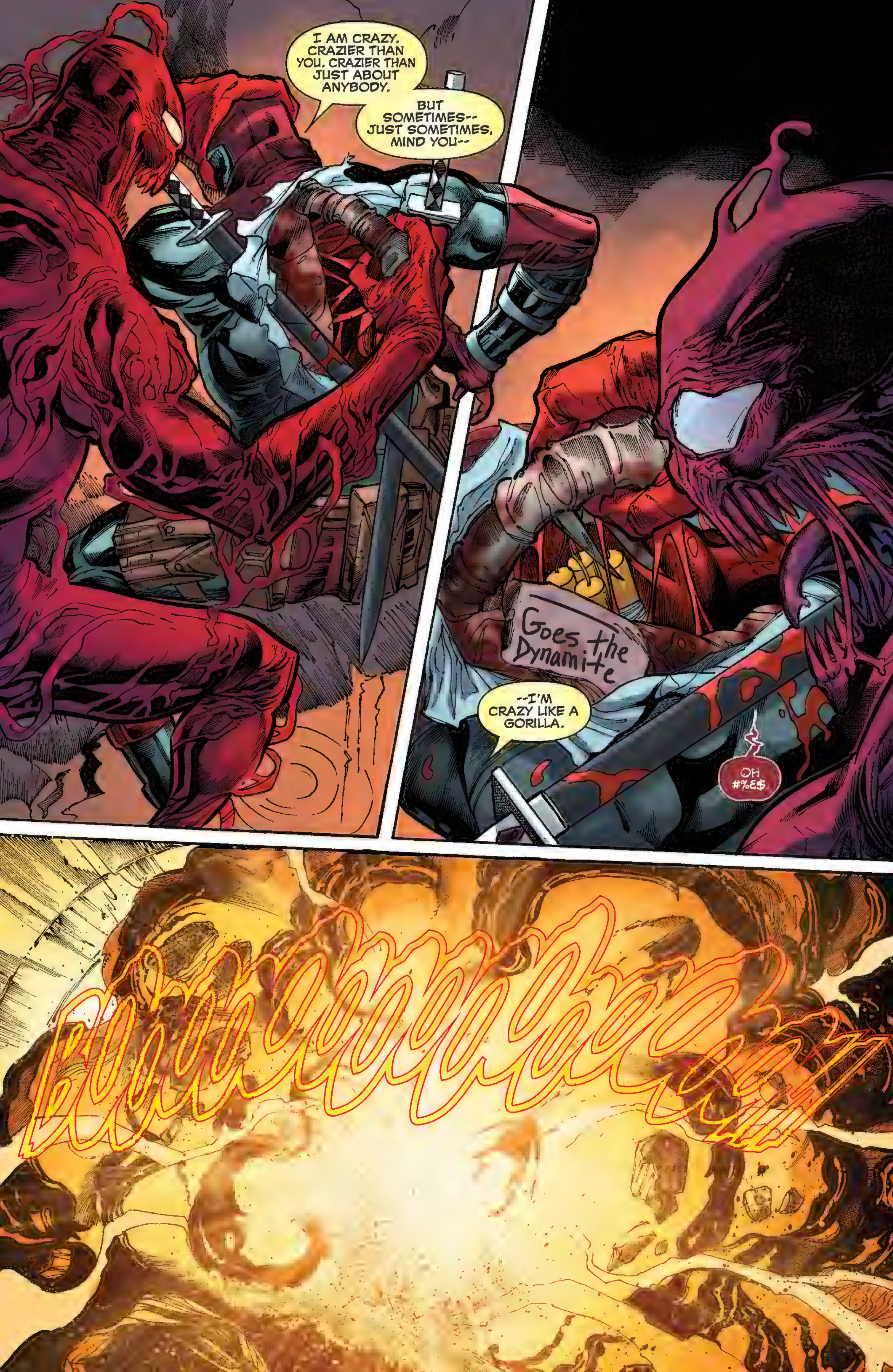

...I MAY NOT HAVE ENTIRELY THOUGHT THIS THROUGH.
YA THINK?
GOTTA HAND IT TO YA, WILSON...
YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY CRAZIER THAN ME
SHUNKT

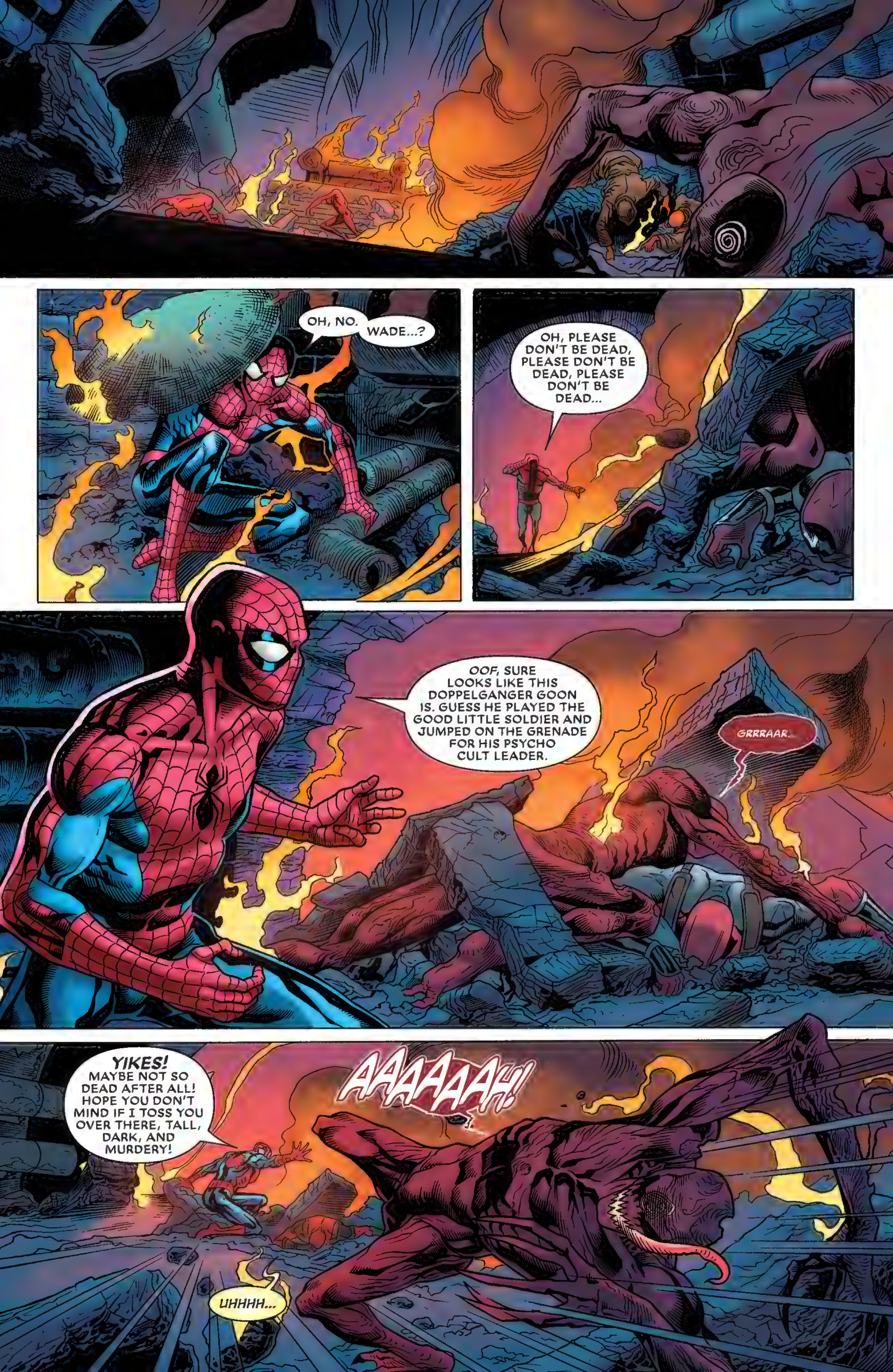

WAIT A SEC... YOUR SPINE
FEELS... STRANGE

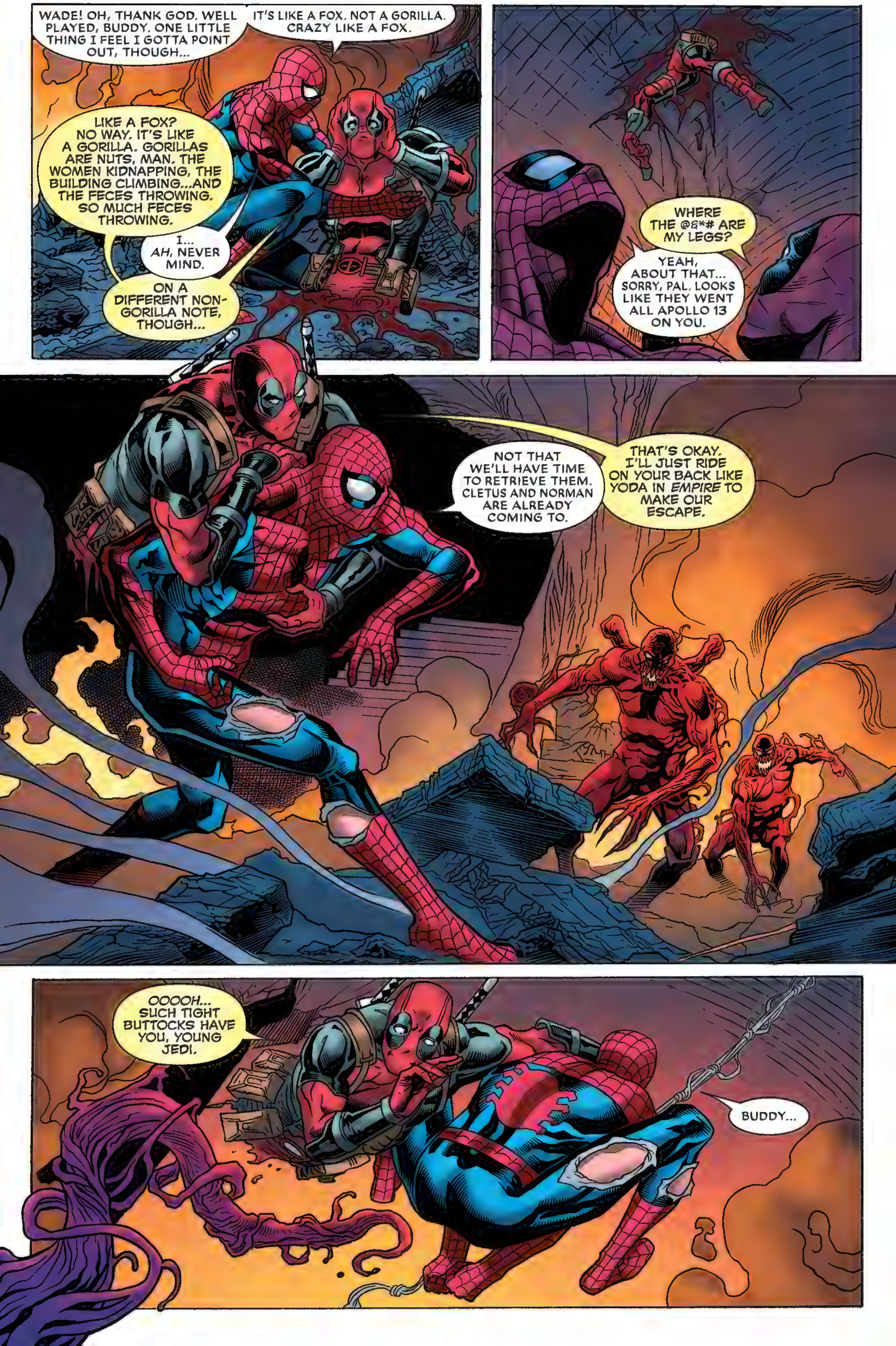

I FELT STRANGE ONCE. ALTHOUGH I DON'T THINK STEPHEN REALLY NEEDED THE RESTRAINING ORDERS THAT FOLLOWED, TO BE HONEST.
ANYWAY... SO LONG, SPIDEY! DON'T SAY I NEVER DID ANYTHING FOR YA!

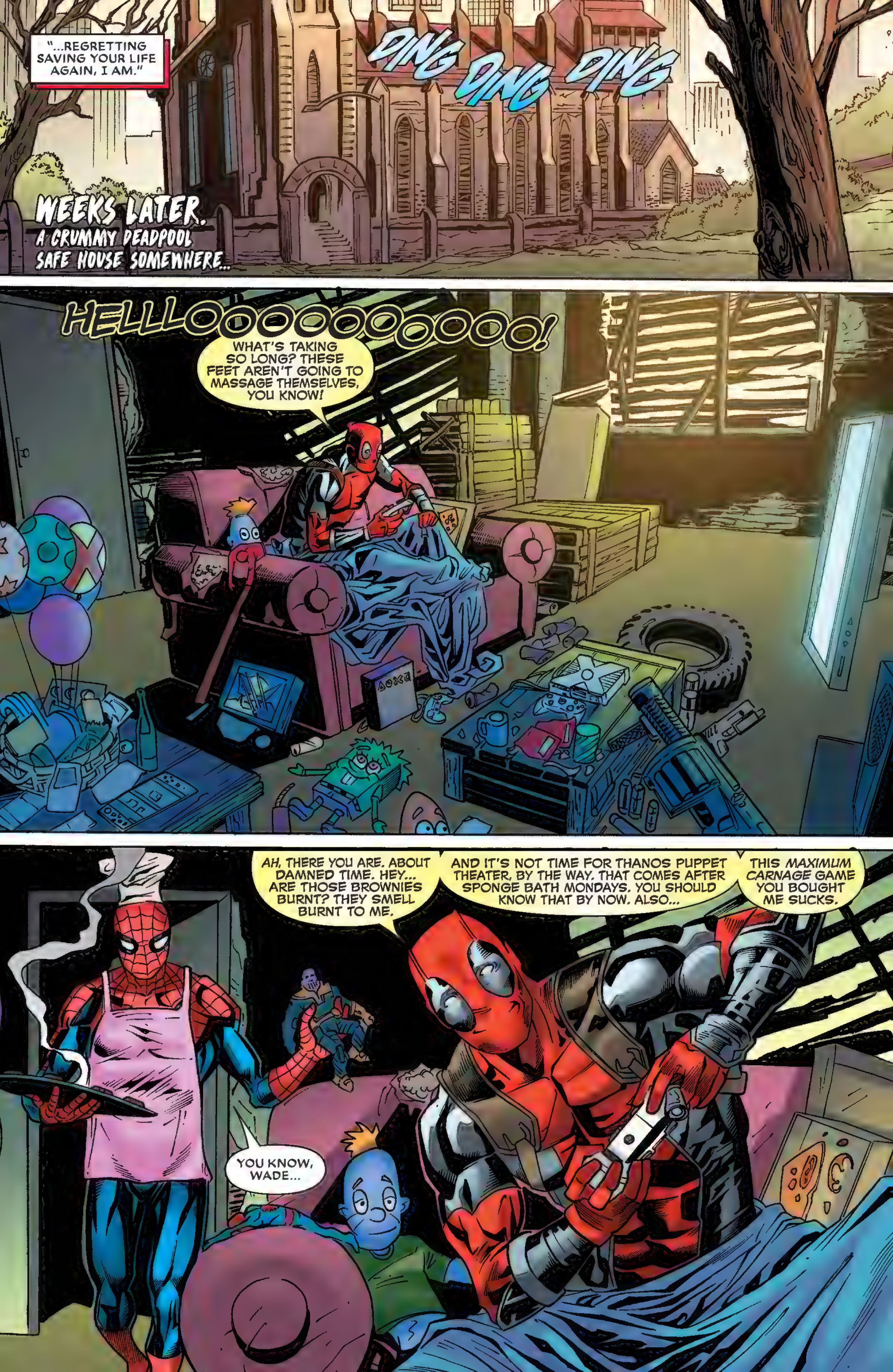

WADE... WHAT DID YOU DO?

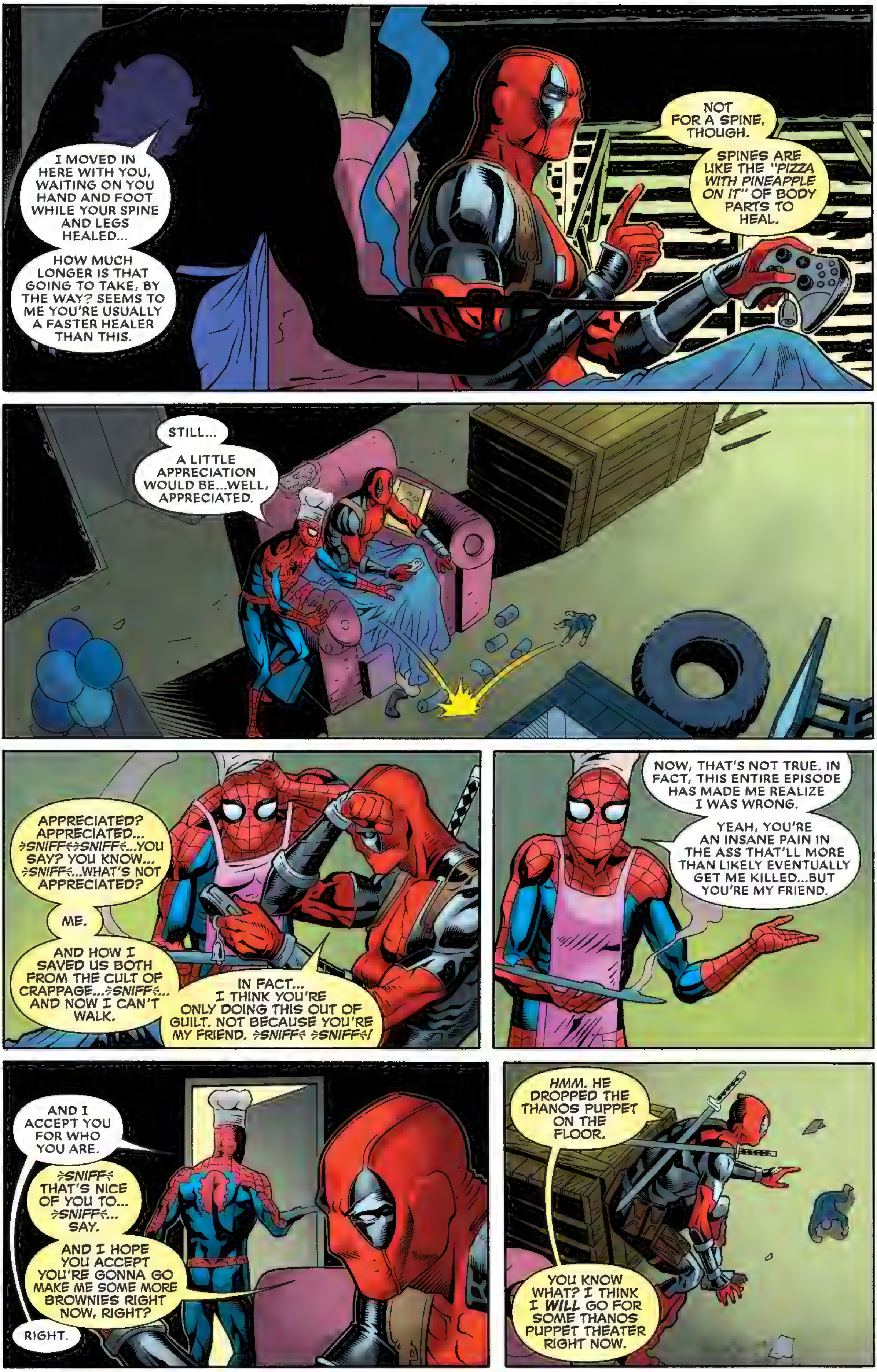

RRRRRRRIIIPPPPPP
YA KNOW, KASADY... WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT ME EARLIER?
YOU'RE RIGHT.

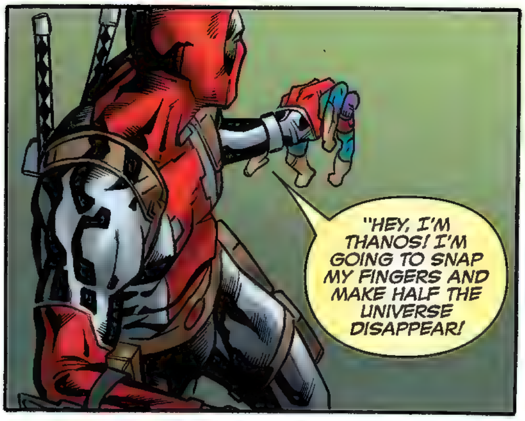

I AM CRAZY. CRAZIER THAN YOU. CRAZIER THAN JUST ABOUT ANYBODY.
BUT SOMETIMES-- JUST SOMETIMES, MIND YOU--
Goes the Dynamite
--I'M CRAZY LIKE A GORILLA.
OH #%£$

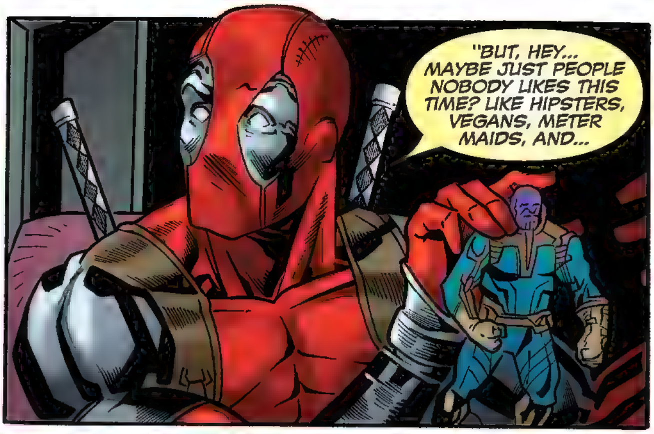

OH, NO.
WADE...?
OH, PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD, PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD, PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD...
OOF, SURE LOOKS LIKE THIS DOPPELGANGER GOON IS. GUESS HE PLAYED THE GOOD LITTLE SOLDIER AND JUMPED ON THE GRENADE FOR HIS PSYCHO CULT LEADER.
GRRRAAR...
YIKES! MAYBE NOT SO DEAD AFTER ALL! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I TOSS YOU OVER THERE, TALL, DARK, AND MURDERY!
AAAAAAH!
UHHHH...

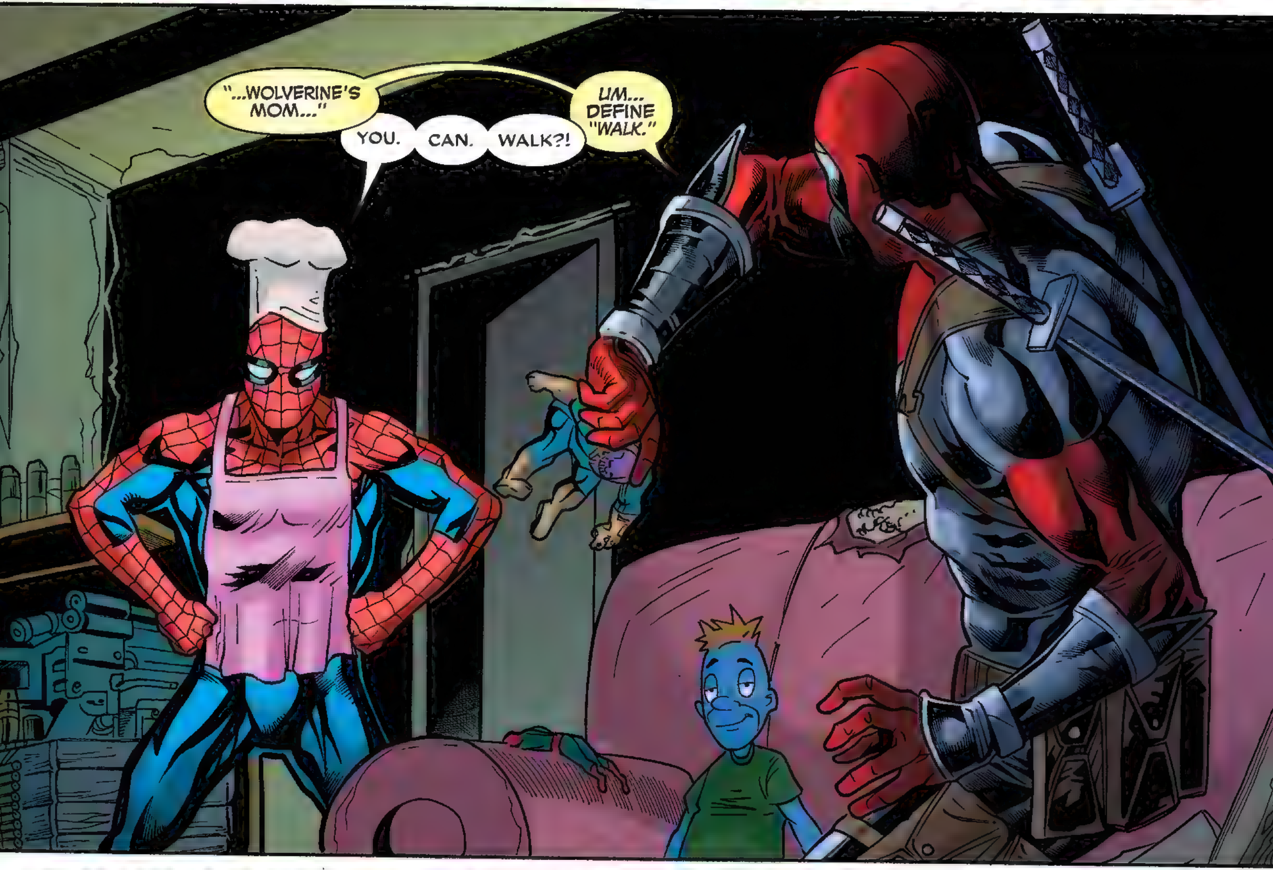

WADE! OH, THANK GOD. WELL PLAYED, BUDDY. ONE LITTLE THING I FEEL I GOTTA POINT OUT, THOUGH...
IT'S LIKE A FOX. NOT A GORILLA. CRAZY LIKE A FOX.
LIKE A FOX? NO WAY. IT'S LIKE A GORILLA. GORILLAS ARE NUTS, MAN. THE WOMEN KIDNAPPING, THE BUILDING CLIMBING...AND THE FECES THROWING. SO MUCH FECES THROWING.
I... *AH*, NEVER MIND.
ON A DIFFERENT NON-GORILLA NOTE, THOUGH...
WHERE THE @&*# ARE MY LEGS?
YEAH, ABOUT THAT... SORRY, PAL. LOOKS LIKE THEY WENT ALL APOLLO 13 ON YOU.
NOT THAT WE'LL HAVE TIME TO RETRIEVE THEM. CLETUS AND NORMAN ARE ALREADY COMING TO.
THAT'S OKAY. I'LL JUST RIDE ON YOUR BACK LIKE YODA IN *EMPIRE* TO MAKE OUR ESCAPE.
OOOOH... SUCH TIGHT BUTTOCKS HAVE YOU, YOUNG JEDI.
BUDDY...

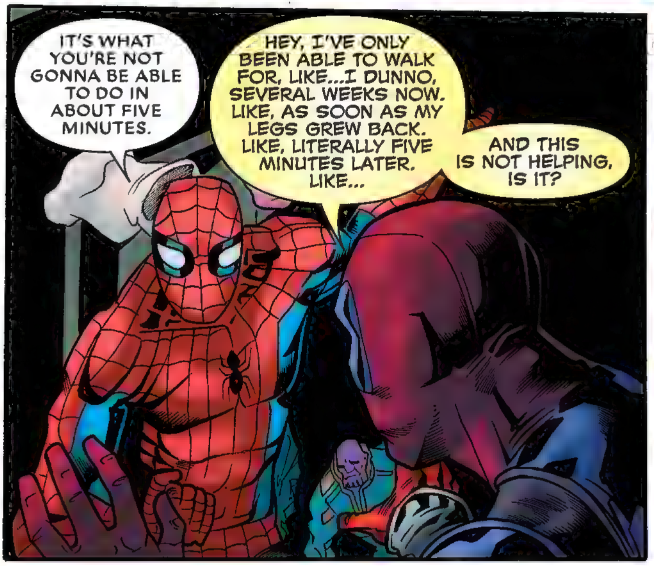

"...REGRETTING SAVING YOUR LIFE AGAIN, I AM."
DING DING DING
WEEKS LATER. A CRUMMY DEADPOOL SAFE HOUSE SOMEWHERE...
HELLLOOOOOOOOOOO!
WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG? THESE FEET AREN'T GOING TO MASSAGE THEMSELVES, YOU KNOW!
AH, THERE YOU ARE. ABOUT DAMNED TIME. HEY... ARE THOSE BROWNIES BURNT? THEY SMELL BURNT TO ME.
AND IT'S NOT TIME FOR THANOS PUPPET THEATER, BY THE WAY. THAT COMES AFTER SPONGE BATH MONDAYS. YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BY NOW. ALSO...
THIS MAXIMUM CARNAGE GAME YOU BOUGHT ME SUCKS.
YOU KNOW, WADE...

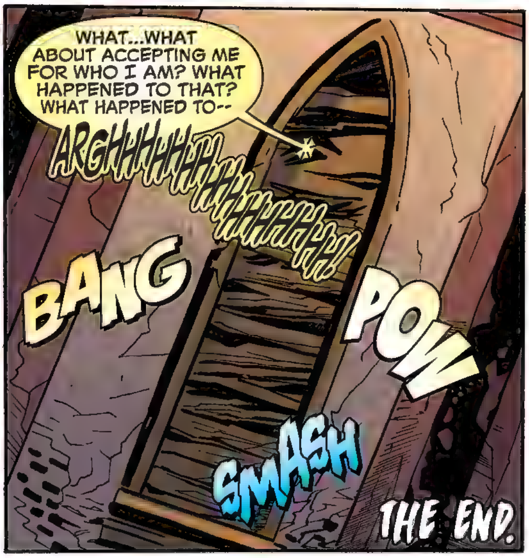

I MOVED IN HERE WITH YOU, WAITING ON YOU HAND AND FOOT WHILE YOUR SPINE AND LEGS HEALED...
HOW MUCH LONGER IS THAT GOING TO TAKE, BY THE WAY? SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE USUALLY A FASTER HEALER THAN THIS.
NOT FOR A SPINE, THOUGH.
SPINES ARE LIKE THE *"PIZZA WITH PINEAPPLE ON IT"* OF BODY PARTS TO HEAL.
STILL...
A LITTLE APPRECIATION WOULD BE...WELL, APPRECIATED.
APPRECIATED... APPRECIATED... >SNIFF<>SNIFF<...YOU SAY? YOU KNOW... >SNIFF<...WHAT'S NOT APPRECIATED?
ME.
AND HOW I SAVED US BOTH FROM THE CULT OF CRAPPAGE...>SNIFF<... AND NOW I CAN'T WALK.
IN FACT... I THINK YOU'RE ONLY DOING THIS OUT OF GUILT. NOT BECAUSE YOU'RE MY FRIEND. >SNIFF< >SNIFF<!
NOW, THAT'S NOT TRUE. IN FACT, THIS ENTIRE EPISODE HAS MADE ME REALIZE I WAS WRONG.
YEAH, YOU'RE AN INSANE PAIN IN THE ASS THAT'LL MORE THAN LIKELY EVENTUALLY GET ME KILLED...BUT YOU'RE MY FRIEND.
AND I ACCEPT YOU FOR WHO YOU ARE.
>SNIFF< THAT'S NICE OF YOU TO... >SNIFF<... SAY.
AND I HOPE YOU ACCEPT YOU'RE GONNA GO MAKE ME SOME MORE BROWNIES RIGHT NOW, RIGHT?
RIGHT.
HMM. HE DROPPED THE THANOS PUPPET ON THE FLOOR.
YOU KNOW WHAT? I THINK I ***WILL*** GO FOR SOME THANOS PUPPET THEATER RIGHT NOW.


"HEY, I'M THANOS! I'M GOING TO SNAP MY FINGERS AND MAKE HALF THE UNIVERSE DISAPPEAR!


"BUT, HEY... MAYBE JUST PEOPLE NOBODY LIKES THIS TIME? LIKE HIPSTERS, VEGANS, METER MAIDS, AND...


"...WOLVERINE'S MOM..."
YOU.
CAN.
WALK?!
UM... DEFINE "WALK."


IT'S WHAT YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE ABLE TO DO IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.
HEY, I'VE ONLY BEEN ABLE TO WALK FOR, LIKE...I DUNNO, SEVERAL WEEKS NOW. LIKE, AS SOON AS MY LEGS GREW BACK. LIKE, LITERALLY FIVE MINUTES LATER. LIKE...
AND THIS IS NOT HELPING, IS IT?


WHAT...WHAT ABOUT ACCEPTING ME FOR WHO I AM? WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT? WHAT HAPPENED TO--
ARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
BANG
POW
SMASH
THE END.

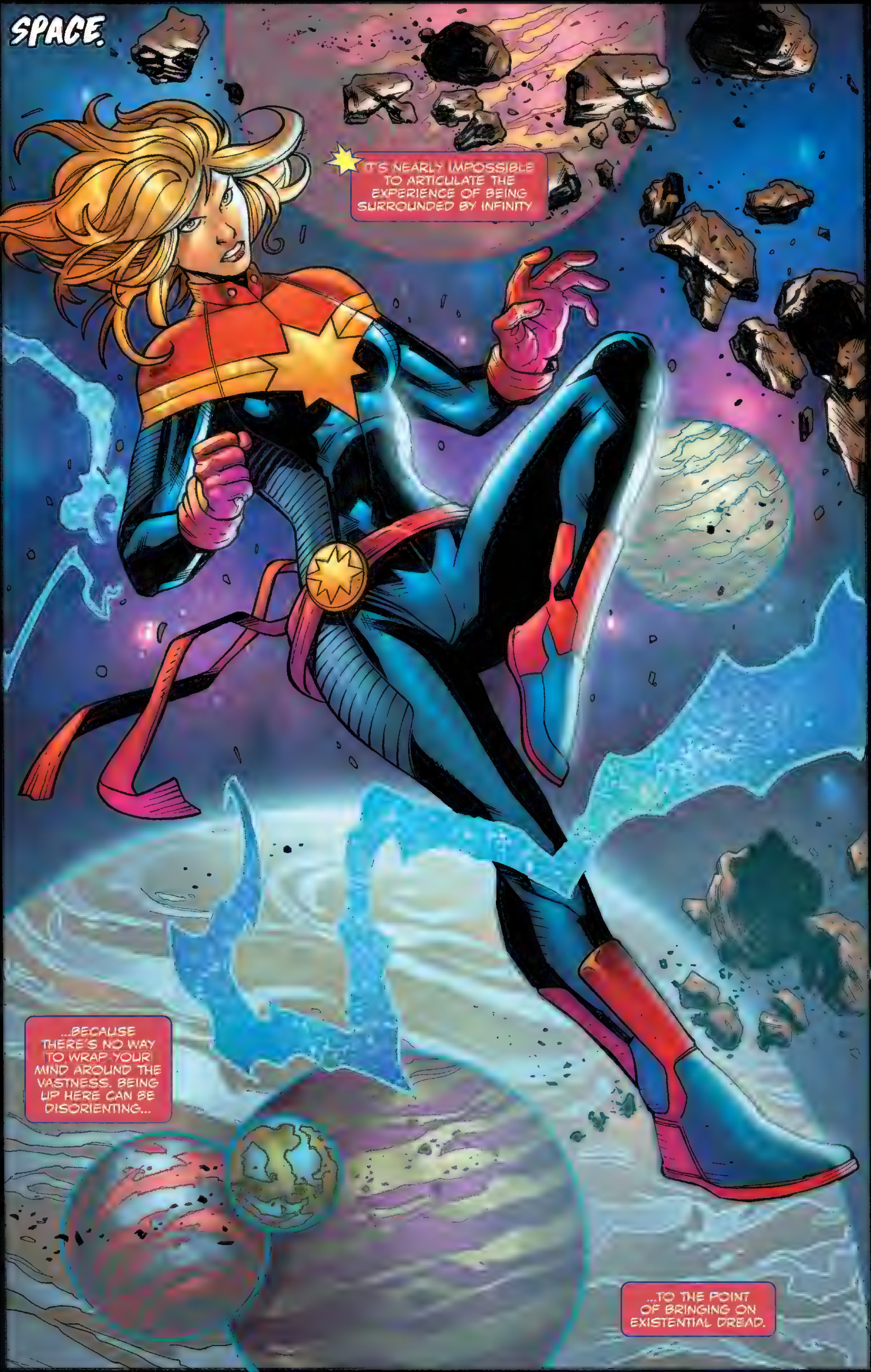
ABSOLUTE CARNAGE: CAPTAIN MARVEL

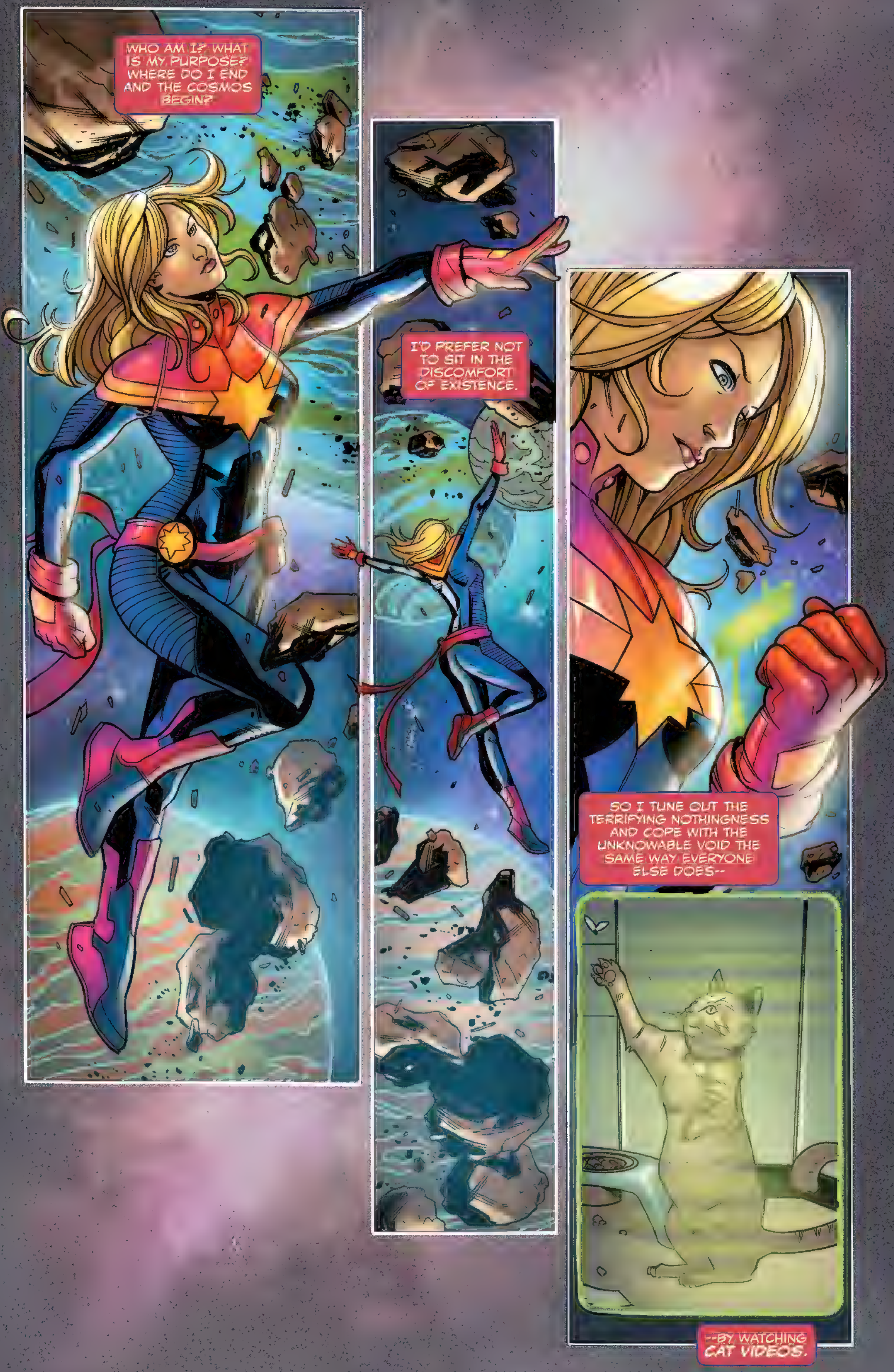
CAPTAIN MARVEL

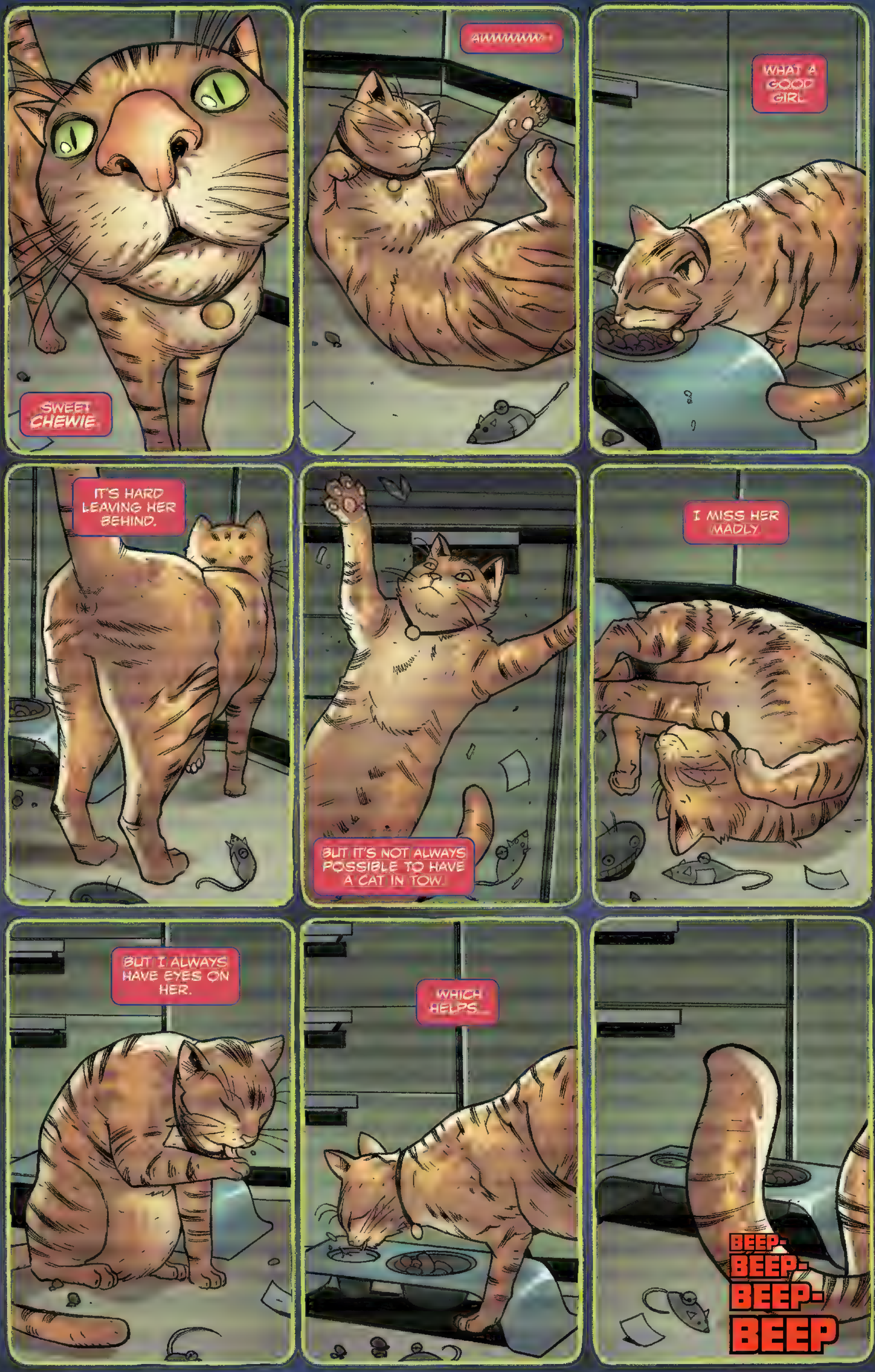
Cletus Kasady, A.K.A. the symbiotic serial killer called Carnage, has resurfaced, looking to extract the codices through bloody and brutal means, hoping to awaken Knull — God of the Symbiotes — and summon him to Earth.

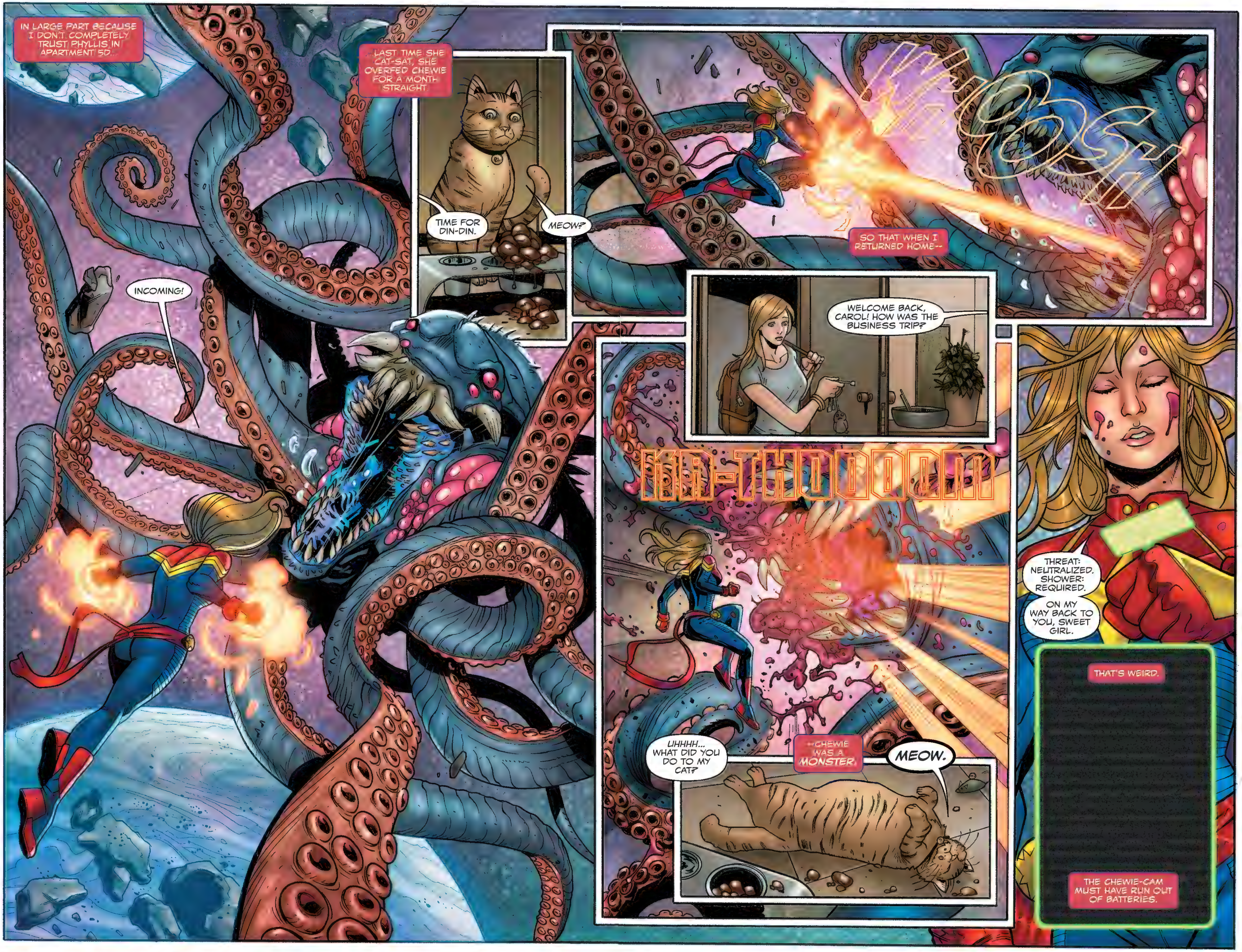
Carnage has been monitoring former hosts for weeks by **infecting small animals** close to them with his symbiote — including Captain Marvel's pet cat/alien flerkin, Chewie…

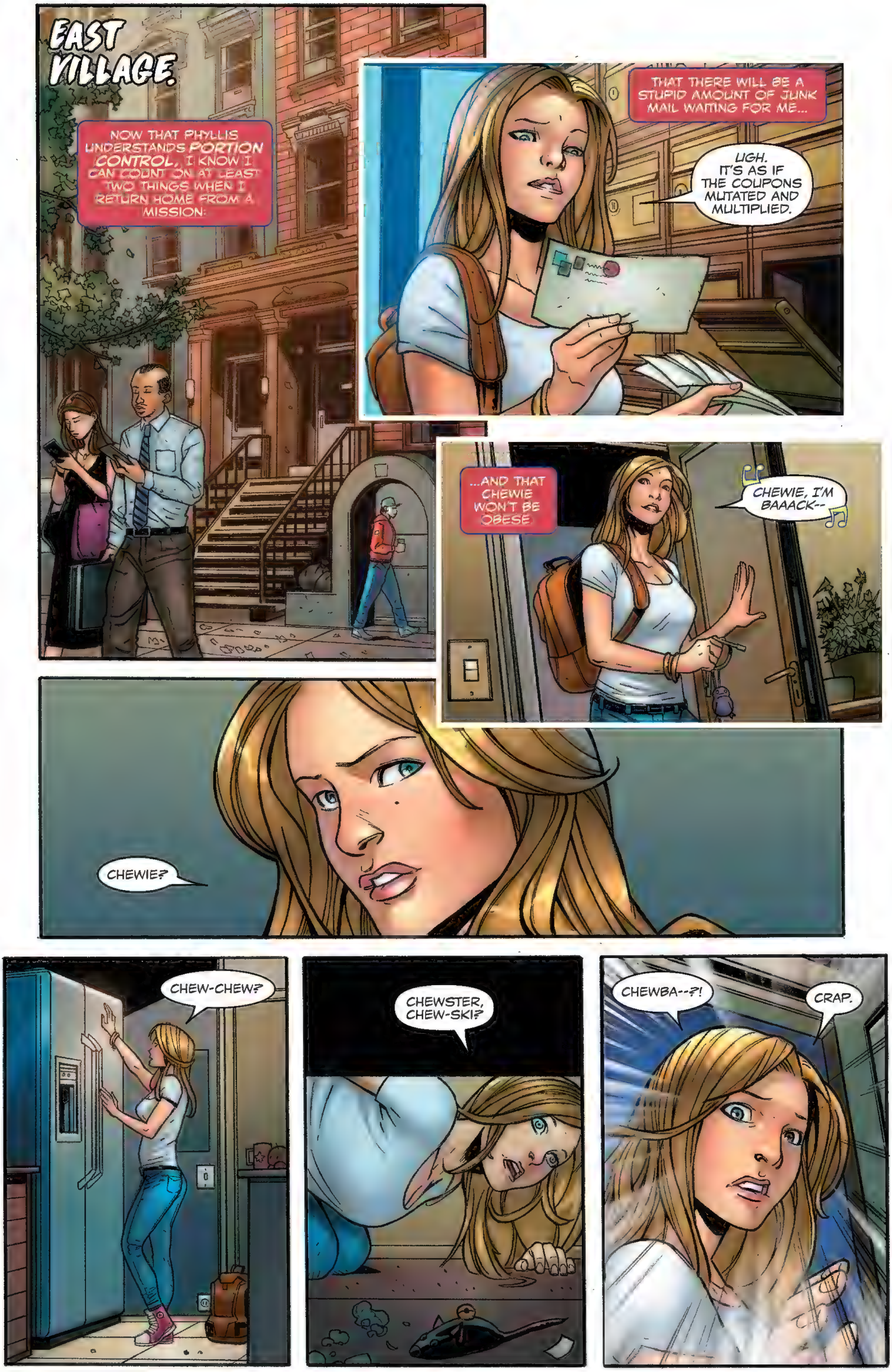
WARNING: The events of this story take place *before* ***ABSOLUTE CARNAGE #5***.

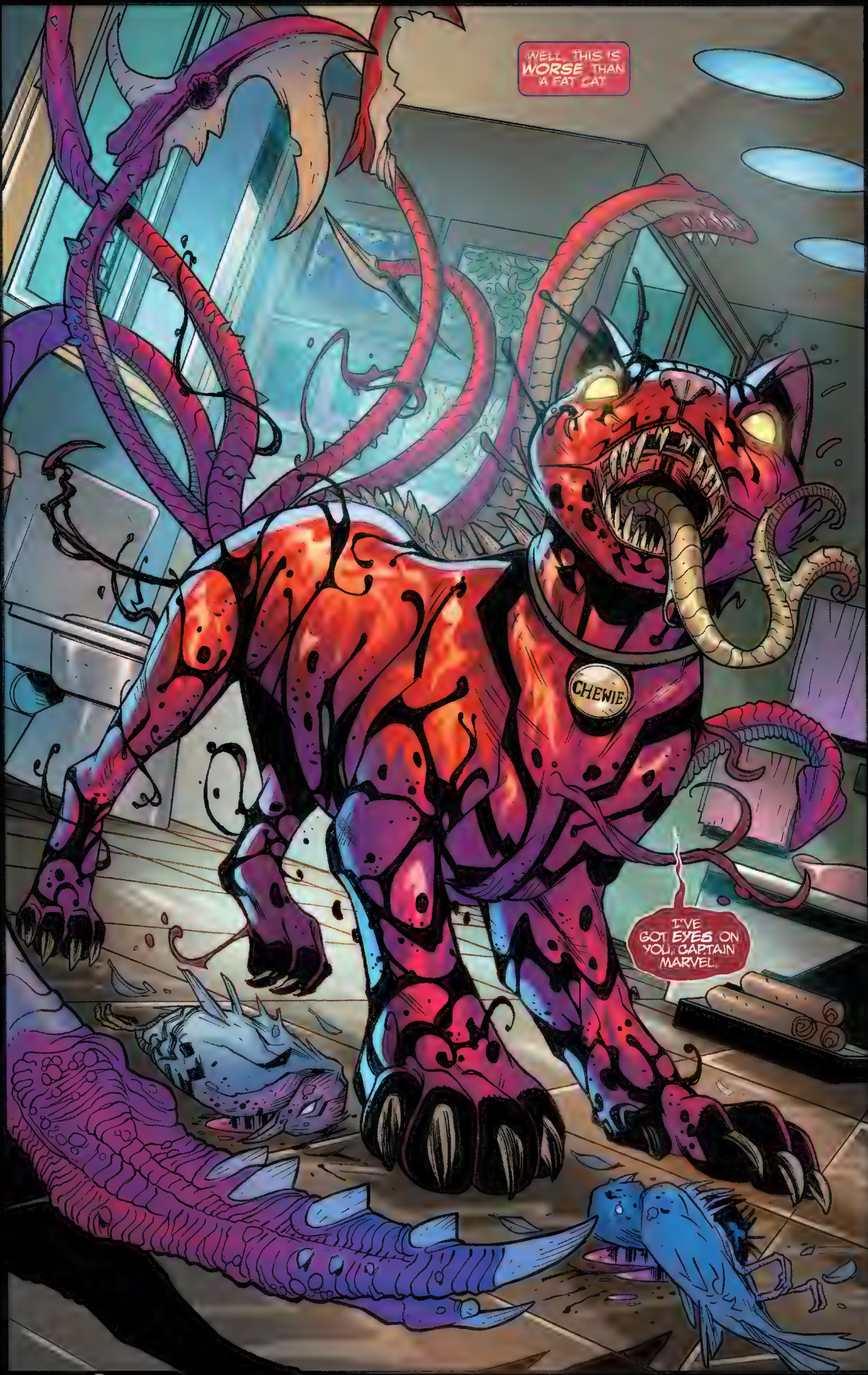

SPACE.
IT'S NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO ARTICULATE THE EXPERIENCE OF BEING SURROUNDED BY INFINITY.
...BECAUSE THERE'S NO WAY TO WRAP YOUR MIND AROUND THE VASTNESS. BEING UP HERE CAN BE DISORIENTING...
...TO THE POINT OF BRINGING ON EXISTENTIAL DREAD.

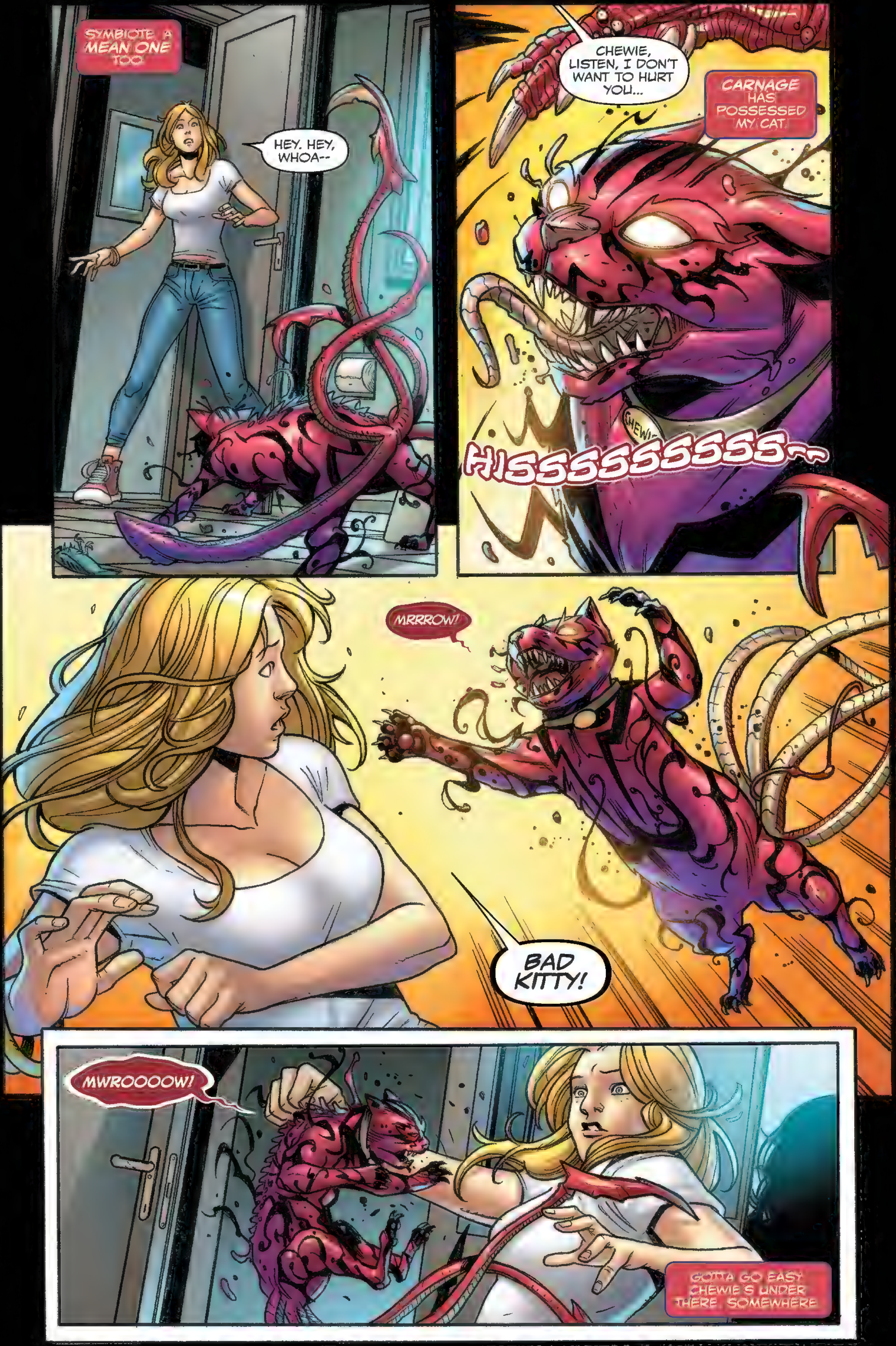

WHO AM I? WHAT IS MY PURPOSE? WHERE DO I END AND THE COSMOS BEGIN?
I'D PREFER NOT TO SIT IN THE DISCOMFORT OF EXISTENCE.
SO I TUNE OUT THE TERRIFYING NOTHINGNESS AND COPE WITH THE UNKNOWABLE VOID THE SAME WAY EVERYONE ELSE DOES--
--BY WATCHING *CAT VIDEOS.*

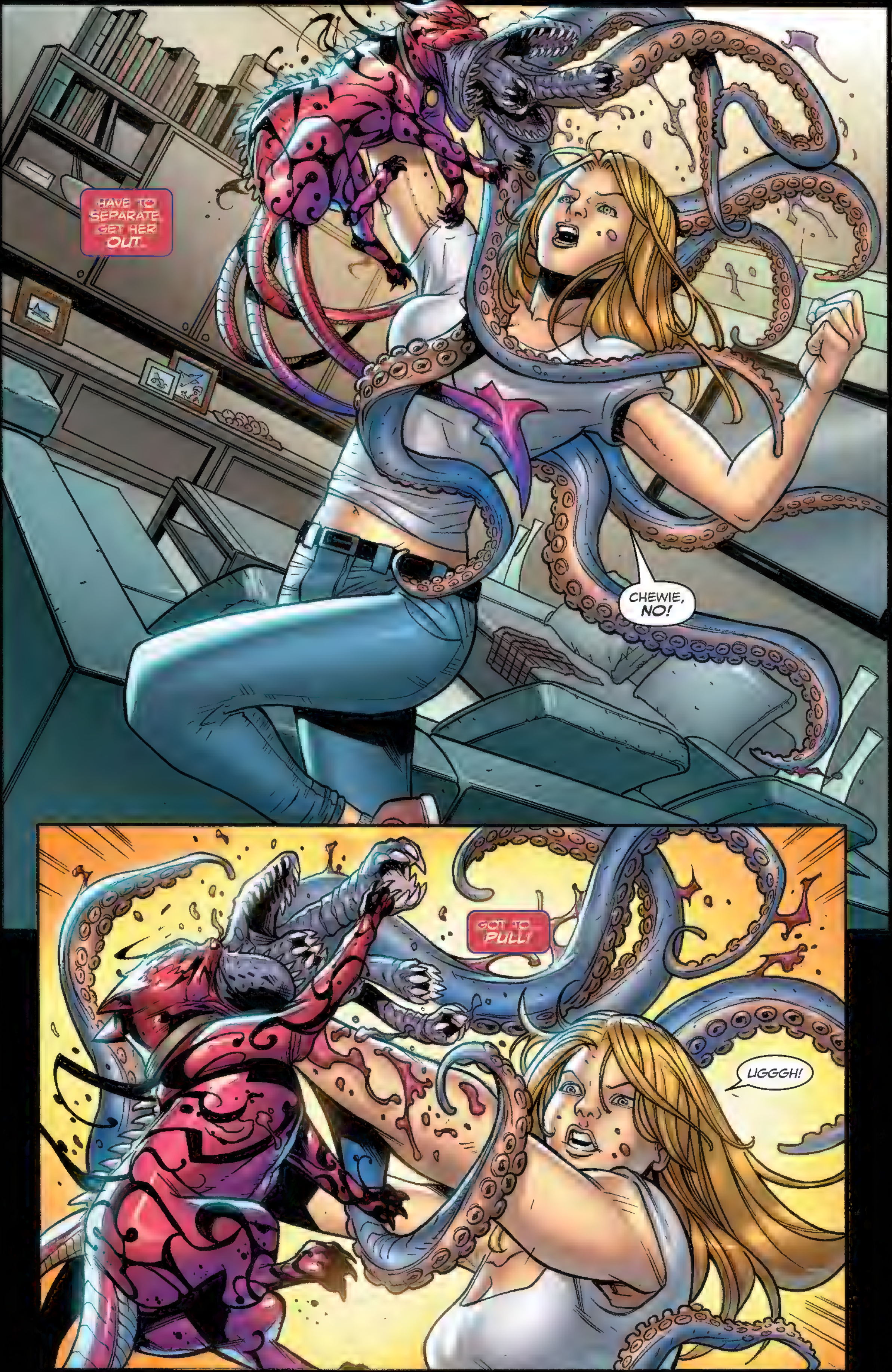

SWEET CHEWIE
AWWWWWW
WHAT A GOOD GIRL
IT'S HARD LEAVING HER BEHIND.
BUT IT'S NOT ALWAYS POSSIBLE TO HAVE A CAT IN TOW.
I MISS HER MADLY.
BUT I ALWAYS HAVE EYES ON HER.
WHICH HELPS...
BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

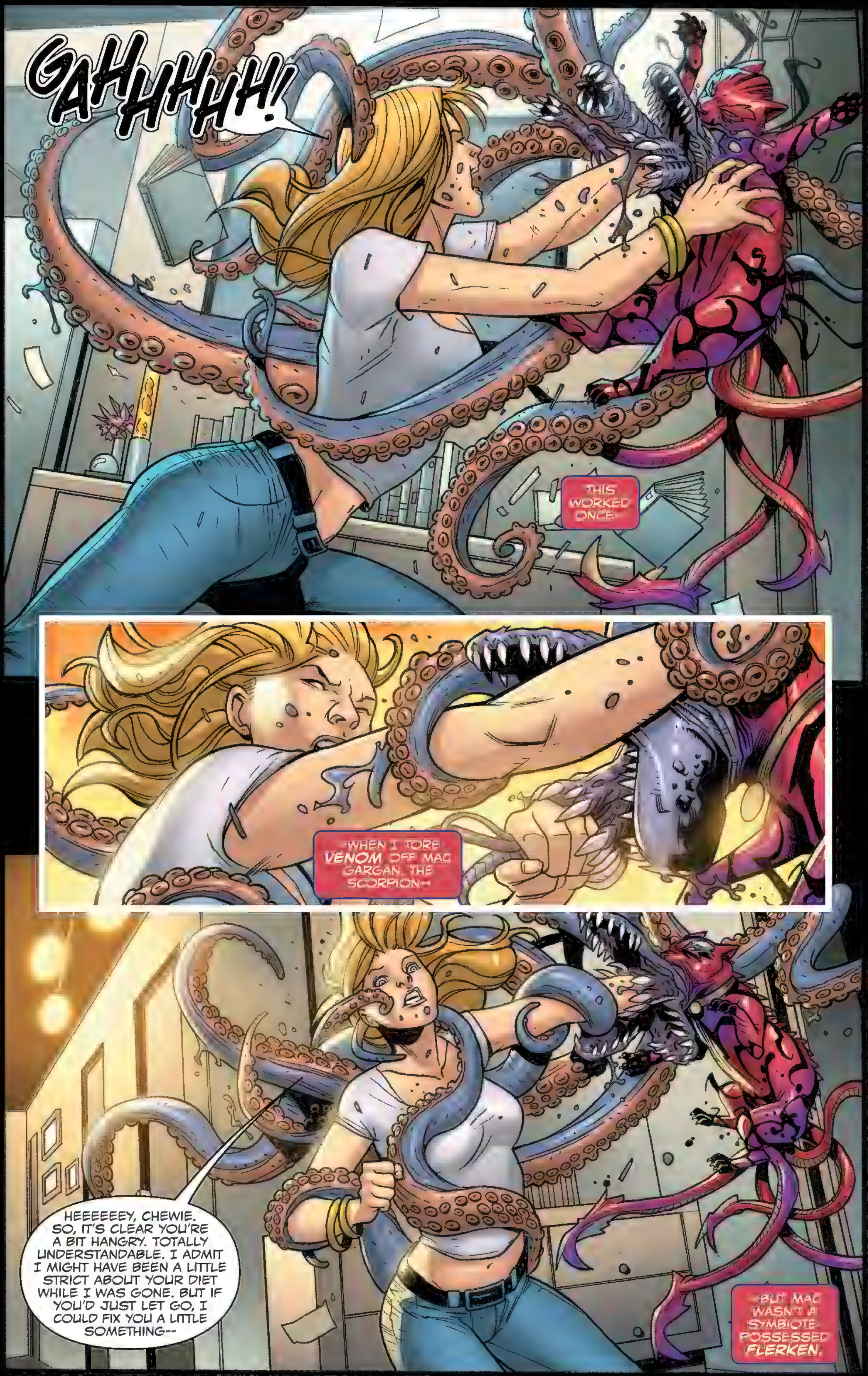

IN LARGE PART BECAUSE I DON'T COMPLETELY TRUST PHYLLIS IN APARTMENT 5D...
...LAST TIME SHE CAT-SAT, SHE OVERFED CHEWIE FOR A MONTH STRAIGHT.
TIME FOR DIN-DIN.
MEOW?
INCOMING!
WHOOSH!
SO THAT WHEN I RETURNED HOME--
WELCOME BACK, CAROL! HOW WAS THE BUSINESS TRIP?
KA-THOOOOM
UHHHH... WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY CAT?
--CHEWIE WAS A MONSTER.
MEOW.
THREAT: NEUTRALIZED. SHOWER: REQUIRED.
ON MY WAY BACK TO YOU, SWEET GIRL.
THAT'S WEIRD.
THE CHEWIE-CAM MUST HAVE RUN OUT OF BATTERIES.

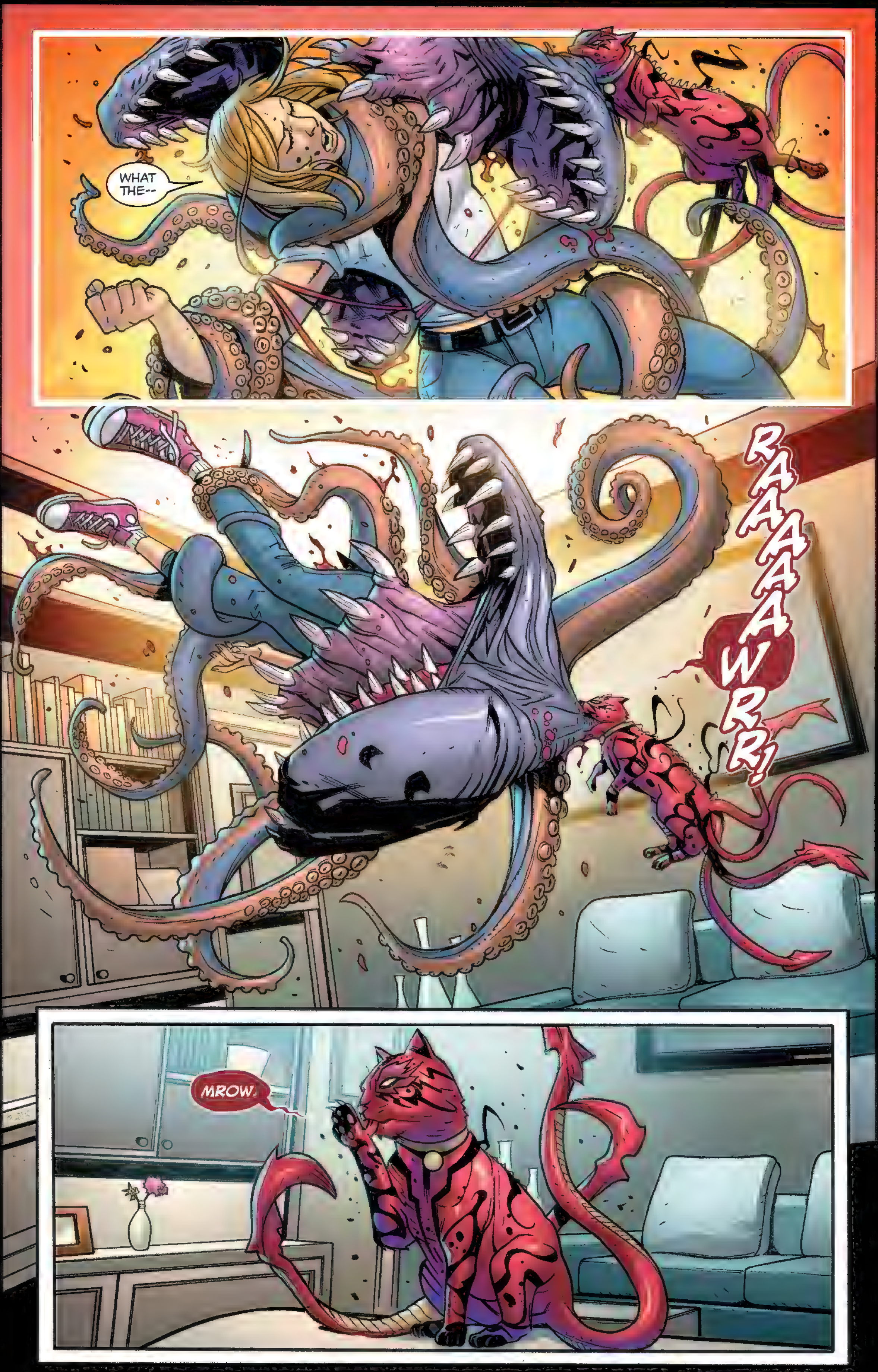

EAST VILLAGE.
NOW THAT PHYLLIS UNDERSTANDS PORTION CONTROL, I KNOW I CAN COUNT ON AT LEAST TWO THINGS WHEN I RETURN HOME FROM A MISSION:
THAT THERE WILL BE A STUPID AMOUNT OF JUNK MAIL WAITING FOR ME...
UGH. IT'S AS IF THE COUPONS MUTATED AND MULTIPLIED.
...AND THAT CHEWIE WON'T BE OBESE.
CHEWIE, I'M BAAACK--
CHEWIE?
CHEW-CHEW?
CHEWSTER, CHEW-SKI?
CHEWBA--?!
CRAP.

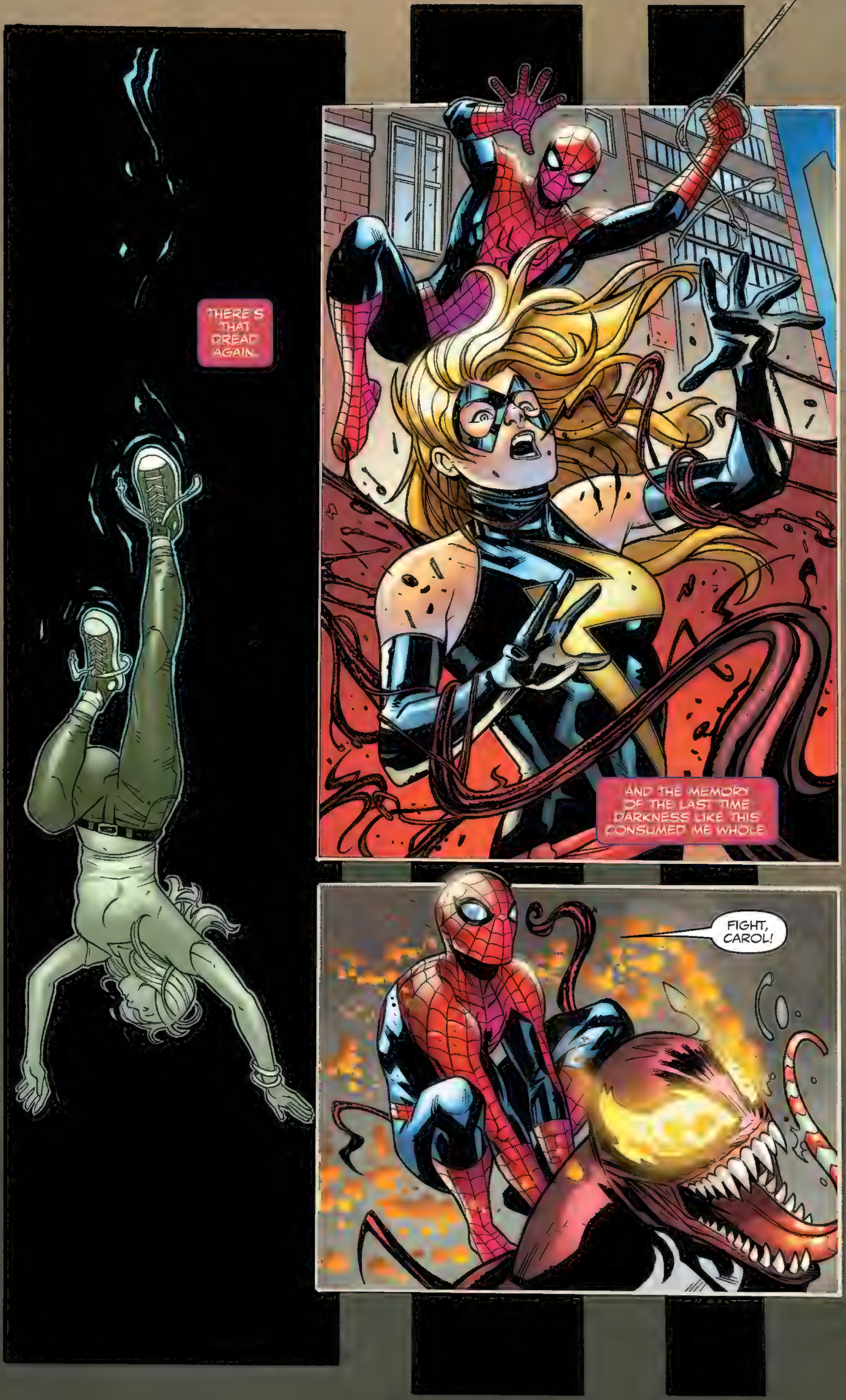

WELL, THIS IS *WORSE* THAN A FAT CAT
CHEWIE
I'VE GOT *EYES* ON YOU, CAPTAIN MARVEL

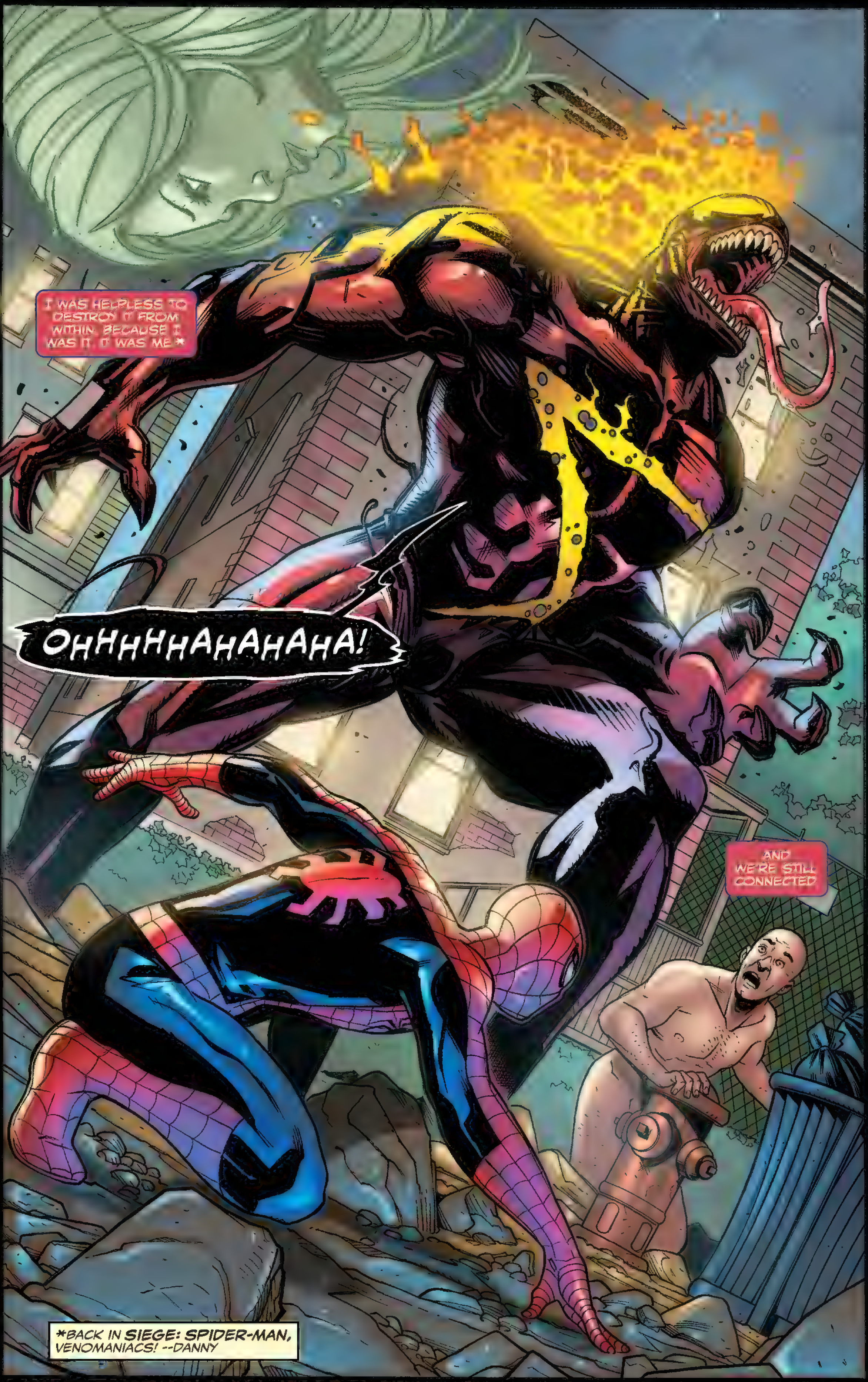

SYMBIOTE'S A MEAN ONE TOO.
HEY. HEY, WHOA--
CHEWIE, LISTEN, I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU...
CARNAGE HAS POSSESSED MY CAT.
CHEWIE
HISSSSSSSSS--
MRRROW!
BAD KITTY!
MWROOOOW!
GOTTA GO EASY. CHEWIE'S UNDER THERE, SOMEWHERE.

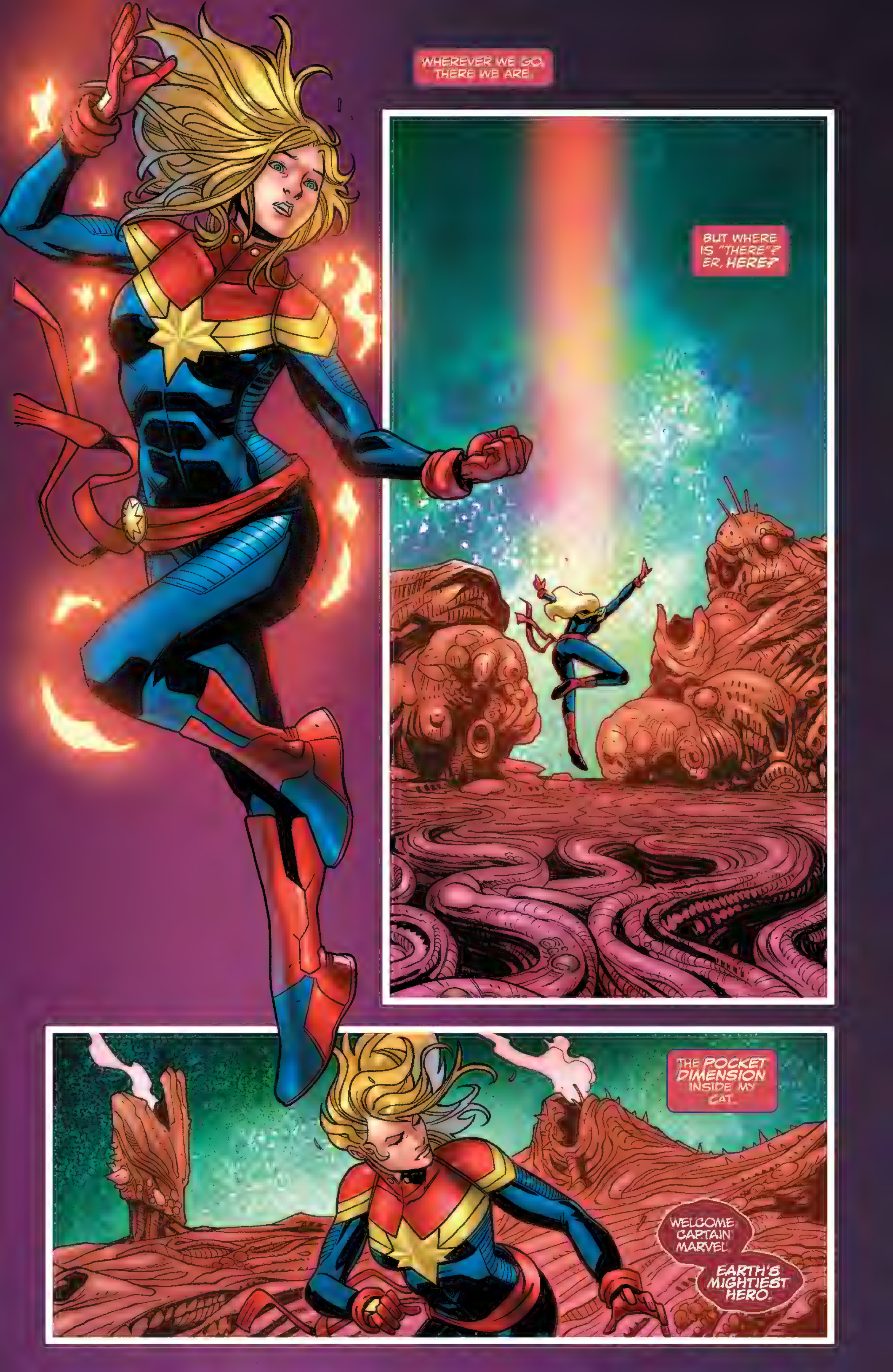

HAVE TO SEPARATE, GET HER OUT.
CHEWIE, NO!
GOT TO PULL!
UGGGH!

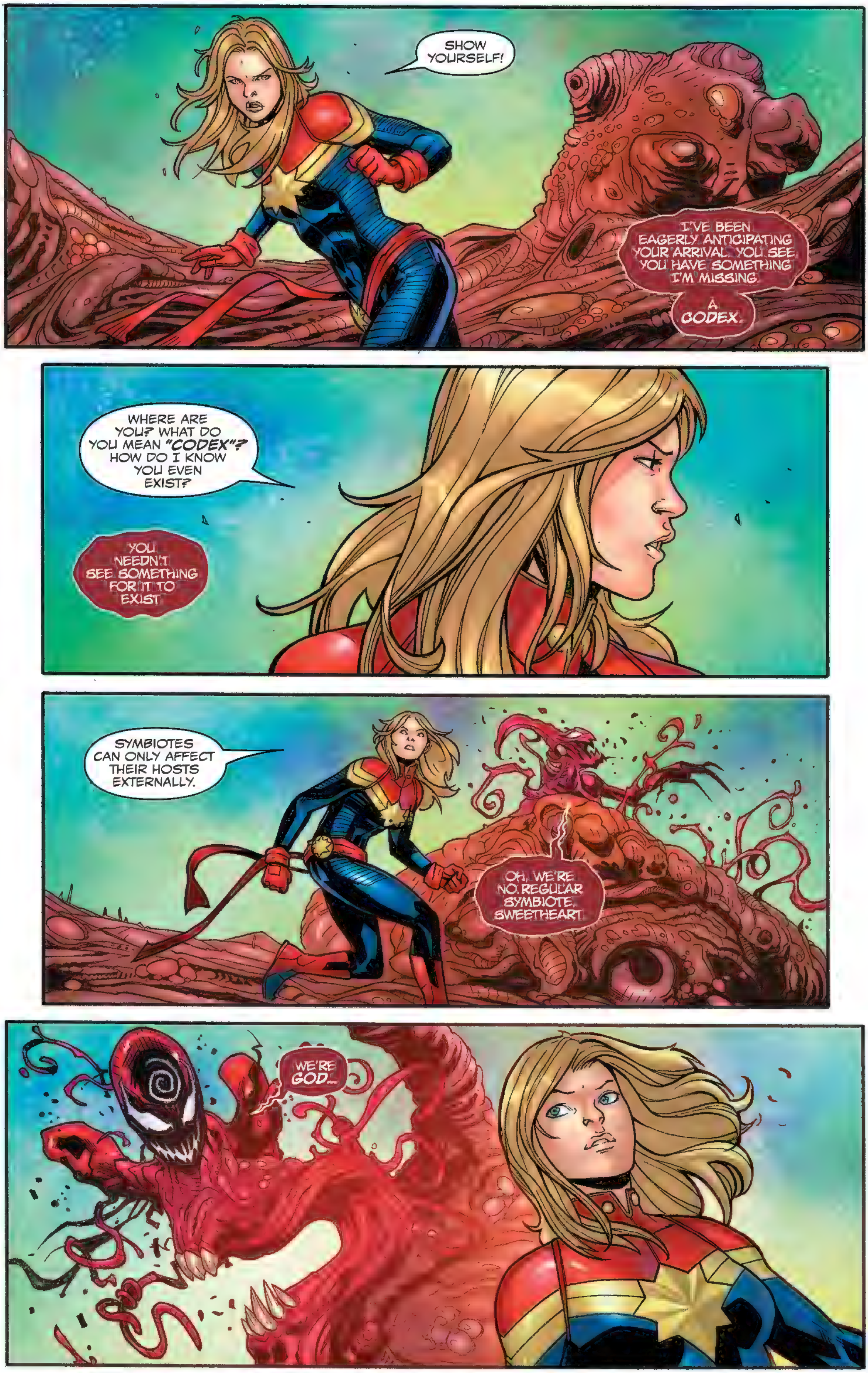

GAHHHHH!
THIS WORKED ONCE--
--WHEN I TORE VENOM OFF MAC GARGAN, THE SCORPION--
HEEEEEEY, CHEWIE. SO, IT'S CLEAR YOU'RE A BIT HANGRY. TOTALLY UNDERSTANDABLE. I ADMIT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN A LITTLE STRICT ABOUT YOUR DIET WHILE I WAS GONE. BUT IF YOU'D JUST LET GO, I COULD FIX YOU A LITTLE SOMETHING--
--BUT MAC WASN'T A SYMBIOTE-POSSESSED FLERKEN.

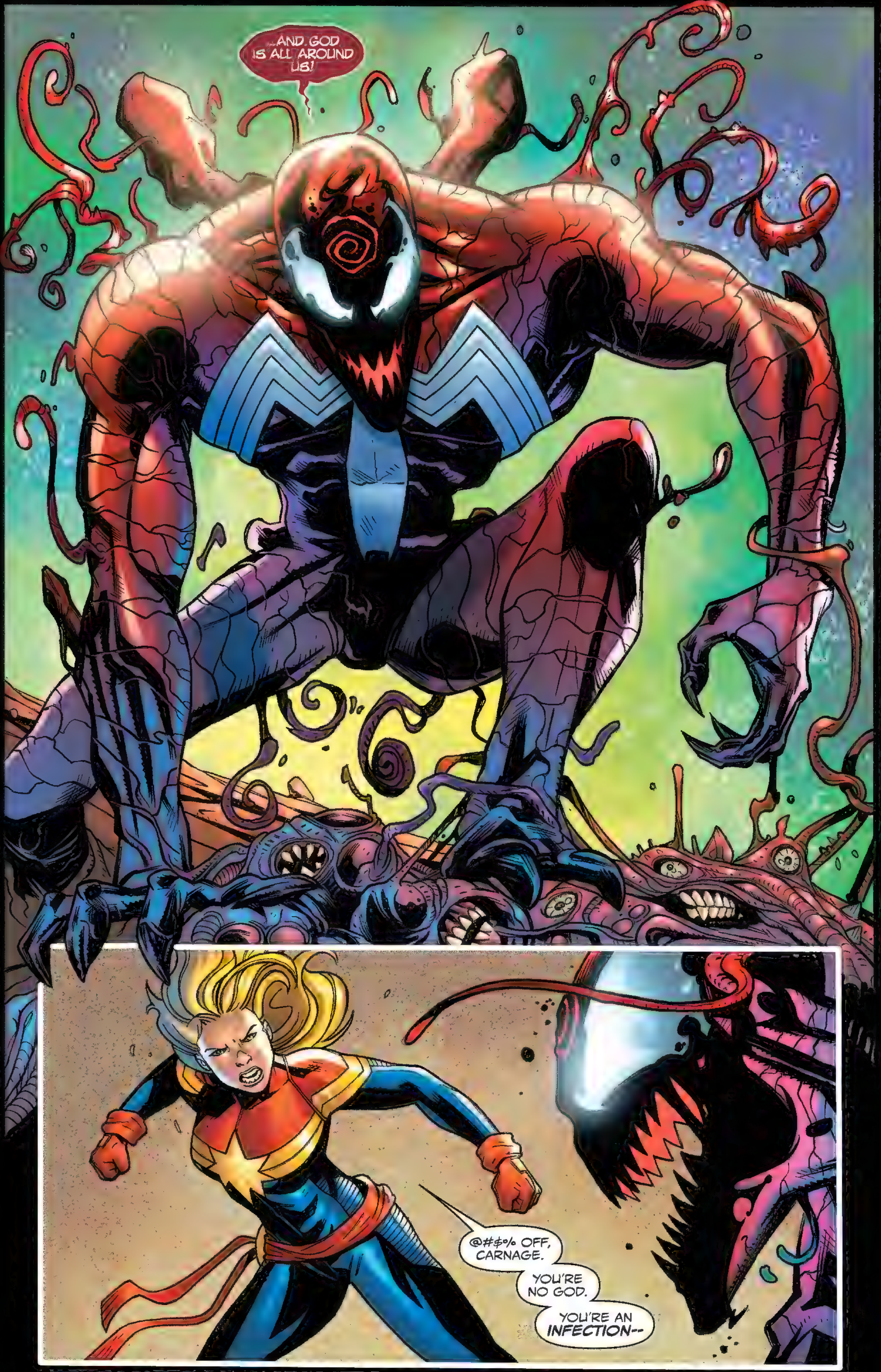

WHAT THE--
RAAAAAWRR!
MROW.

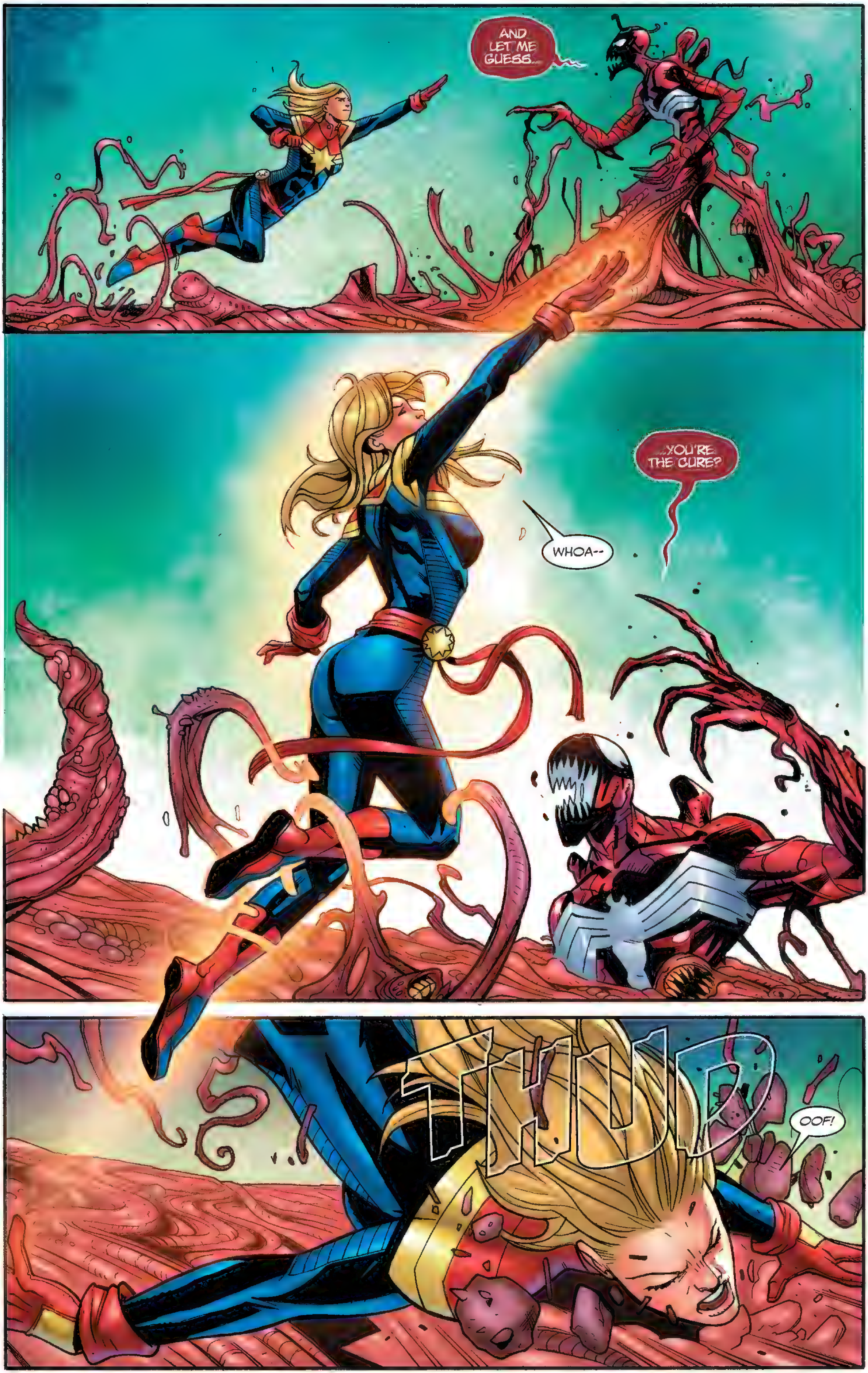

THERE'S THAT DREAD AGAIN.
AND THE MEMORY OF THE LAST TIME DARKNESS LIKE THIS CONSUMED ME WHOLE.
FIGHT, CAROL!

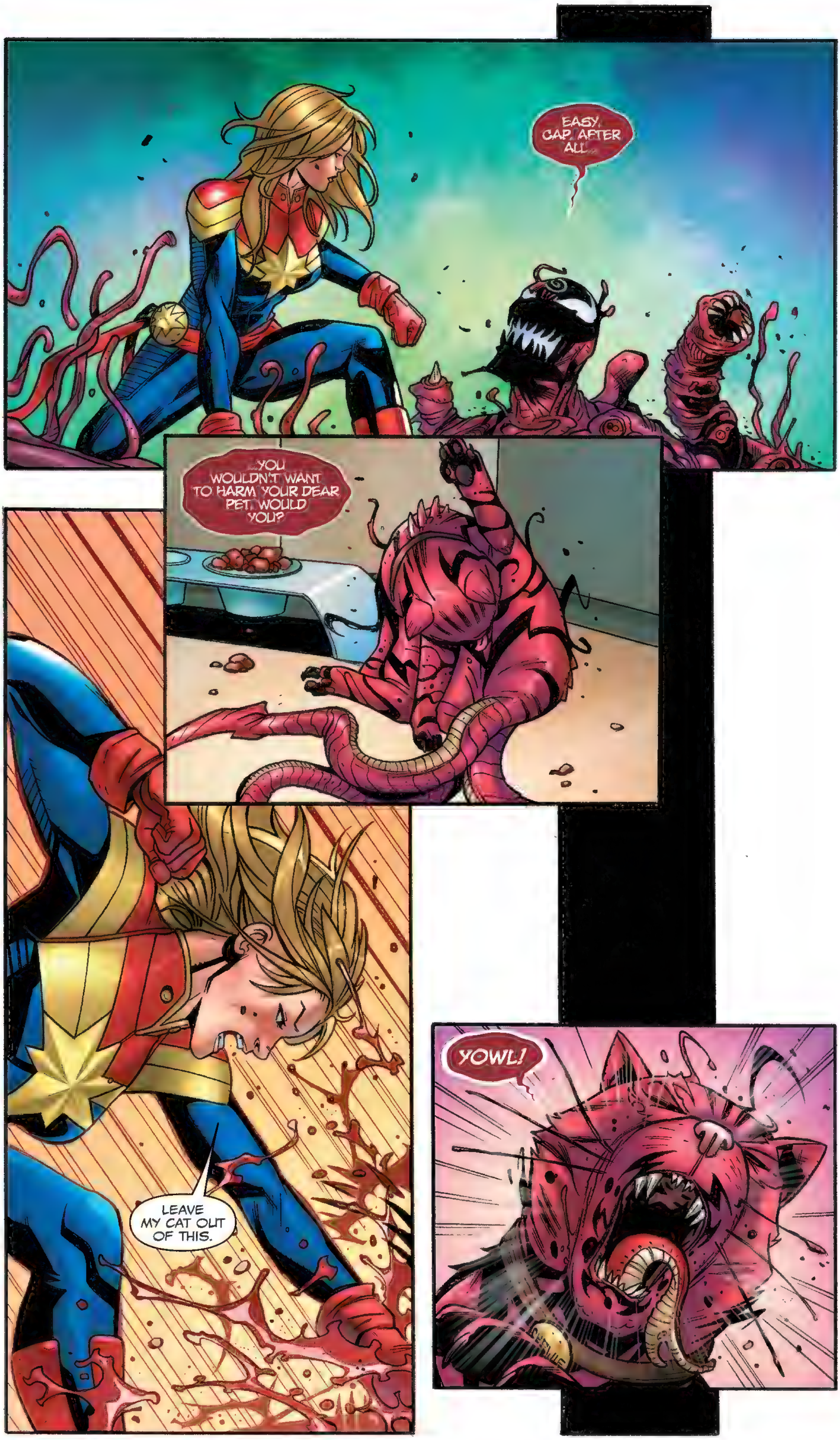

I WAS HELPLESS TO DESTROY IT FROM WITHIN, BECAUSE I WAS IT. IT WAS ME.*
OHHHHHAHAHAHA!
AND WE'RE STILL CONNECTED.
*BACK IN SIEGE: SPIDER-MAN, VENOMANIACS! --DANNY

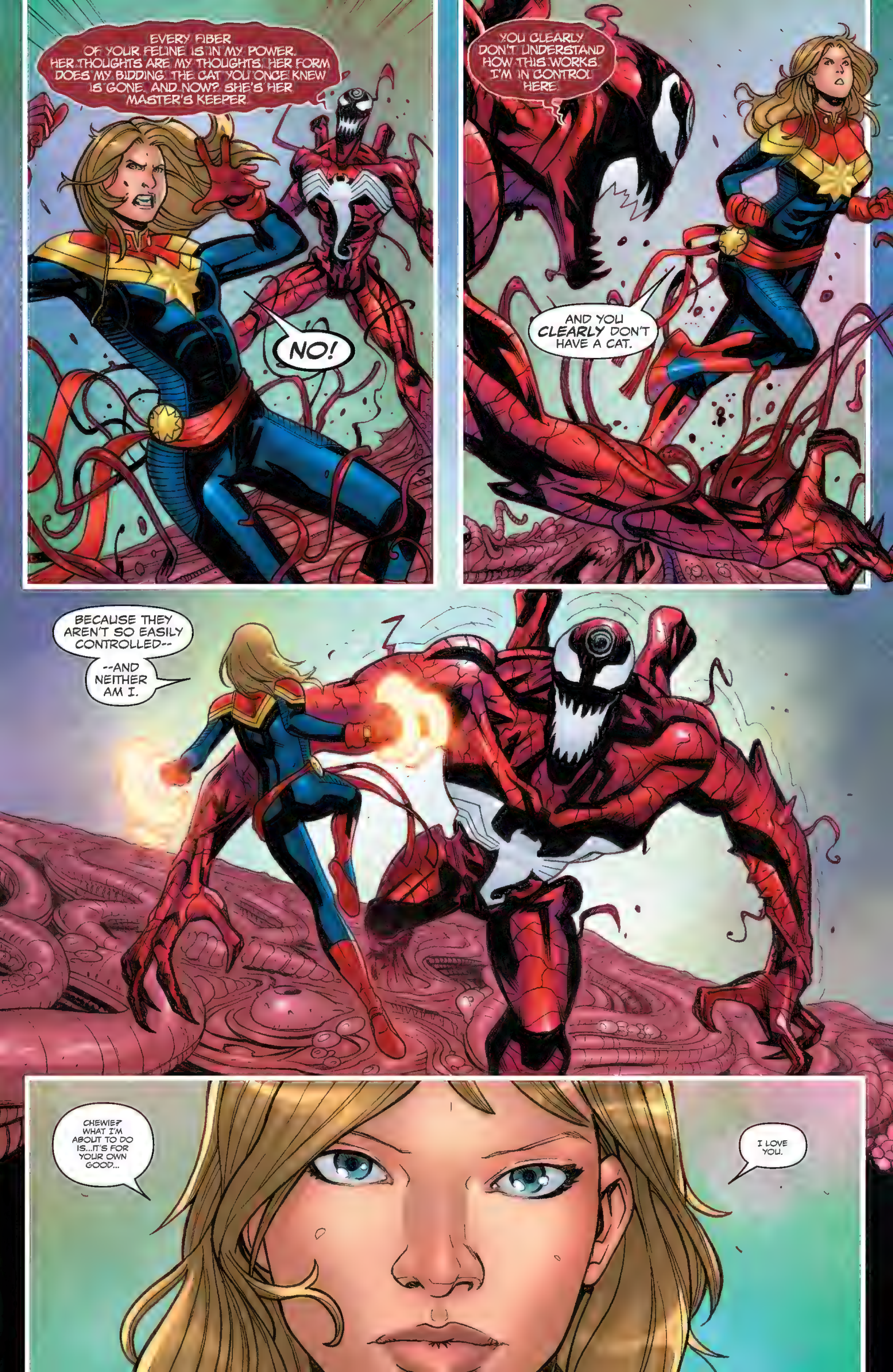

WHEREVER WE GO, THERE WE ARE.
BUT WHERE IS "THERE"? ER, HERE?
THE POCKET DIMENSION INSIDE MY CAT.
WELCOME, CAPTAIN MARVEL.
EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HERO.

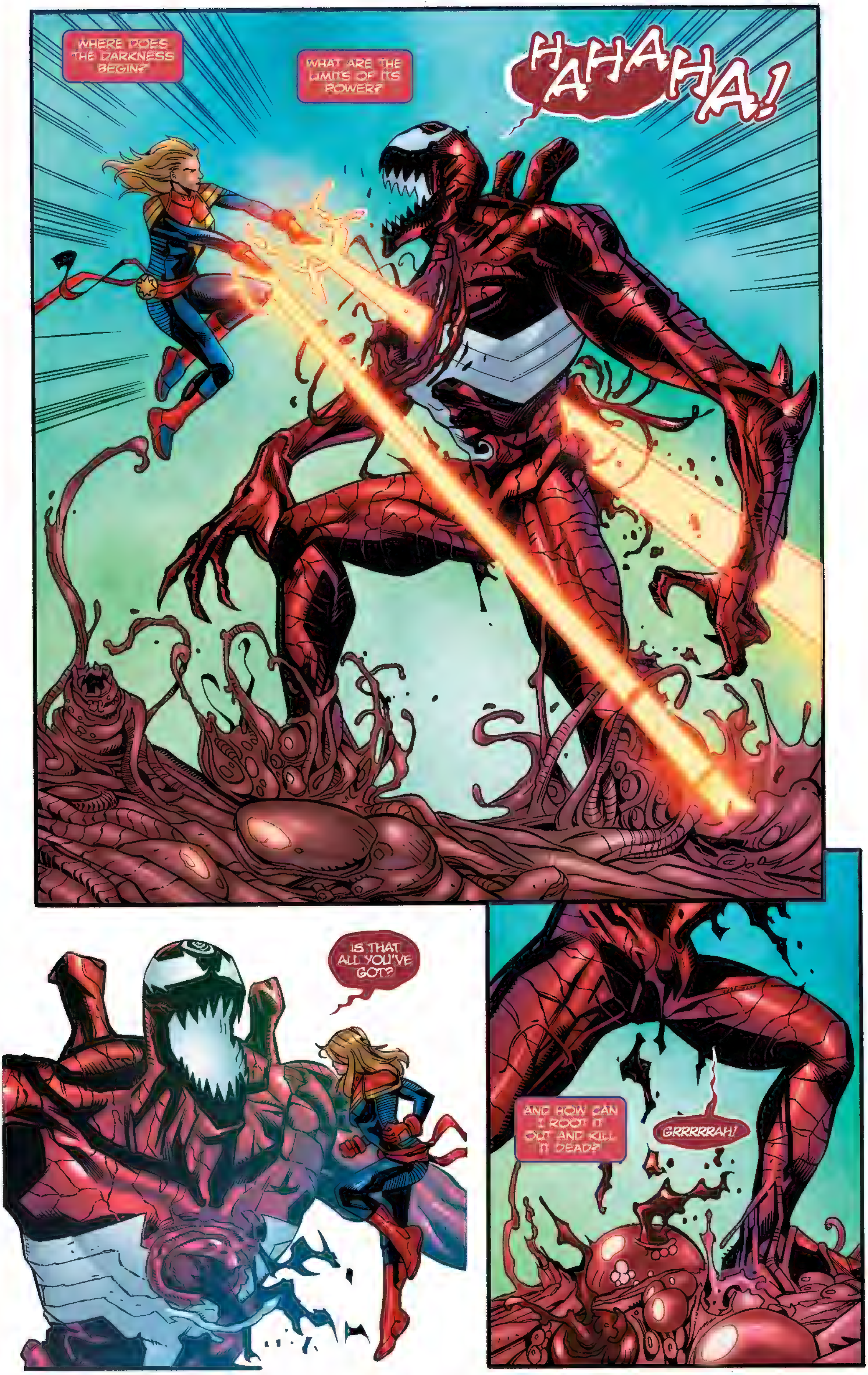

SHOW YOURSELF!
I'VE BEEN EAGERLY ANTICIPATING YOUR ARRIVAL. YOU SEE, YOU HAVE SOMETHING I'M MISSING.
A CODEX.
WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU MEAN "CODEX"? HOW DO I KNOW YOU EVEN EXIST?
YOU NEEDN'T SEE SOMETHING FOR IT TO EXIST.
SYMBIOTES CAN ONLY AFFECT THEIR HOSTS EXTERNALLY.
OH, WE'RE NO REGULAR SYMBIOTE, SWEETHEART.
WE'RE GOD...

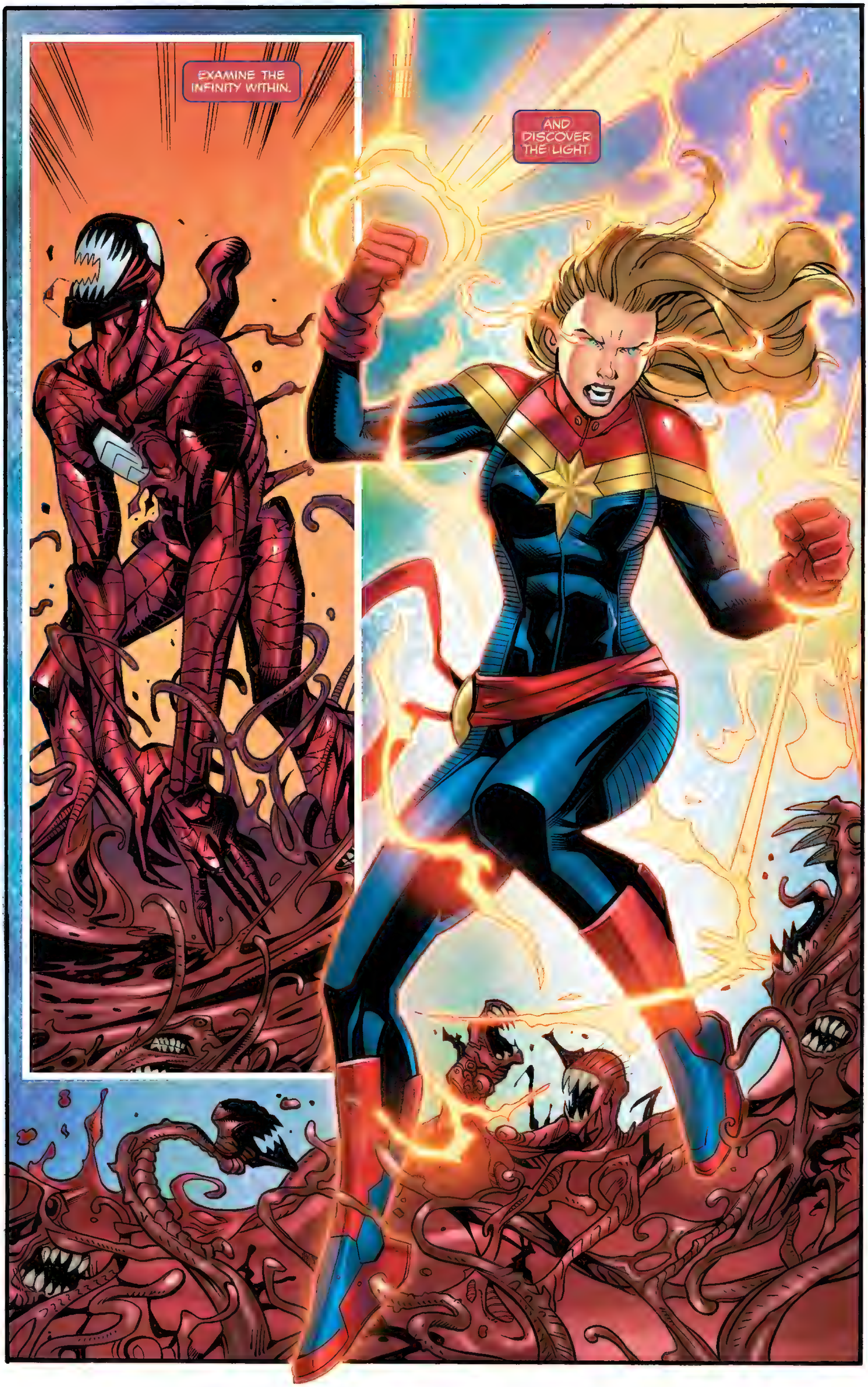

...AND GOD IS ALL AROUND US!
@#$% OFF, CARNAGE.
YOU'RE NO GOD.
YOU'RE AN **INFECTION**--

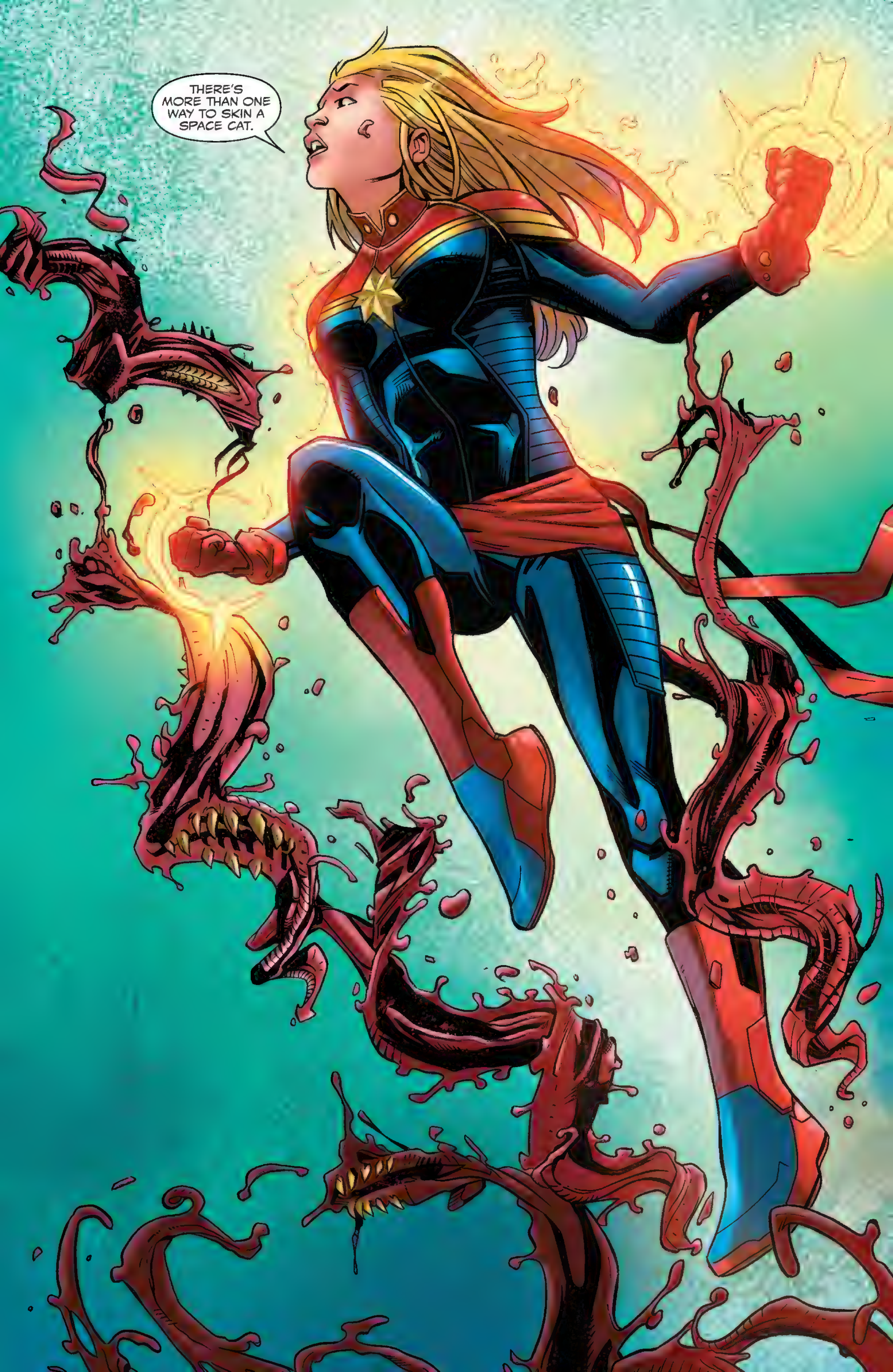

AND LET ME GUESS...
...YOU'RE THE CURE?
WHOA--
THUD
OOF!

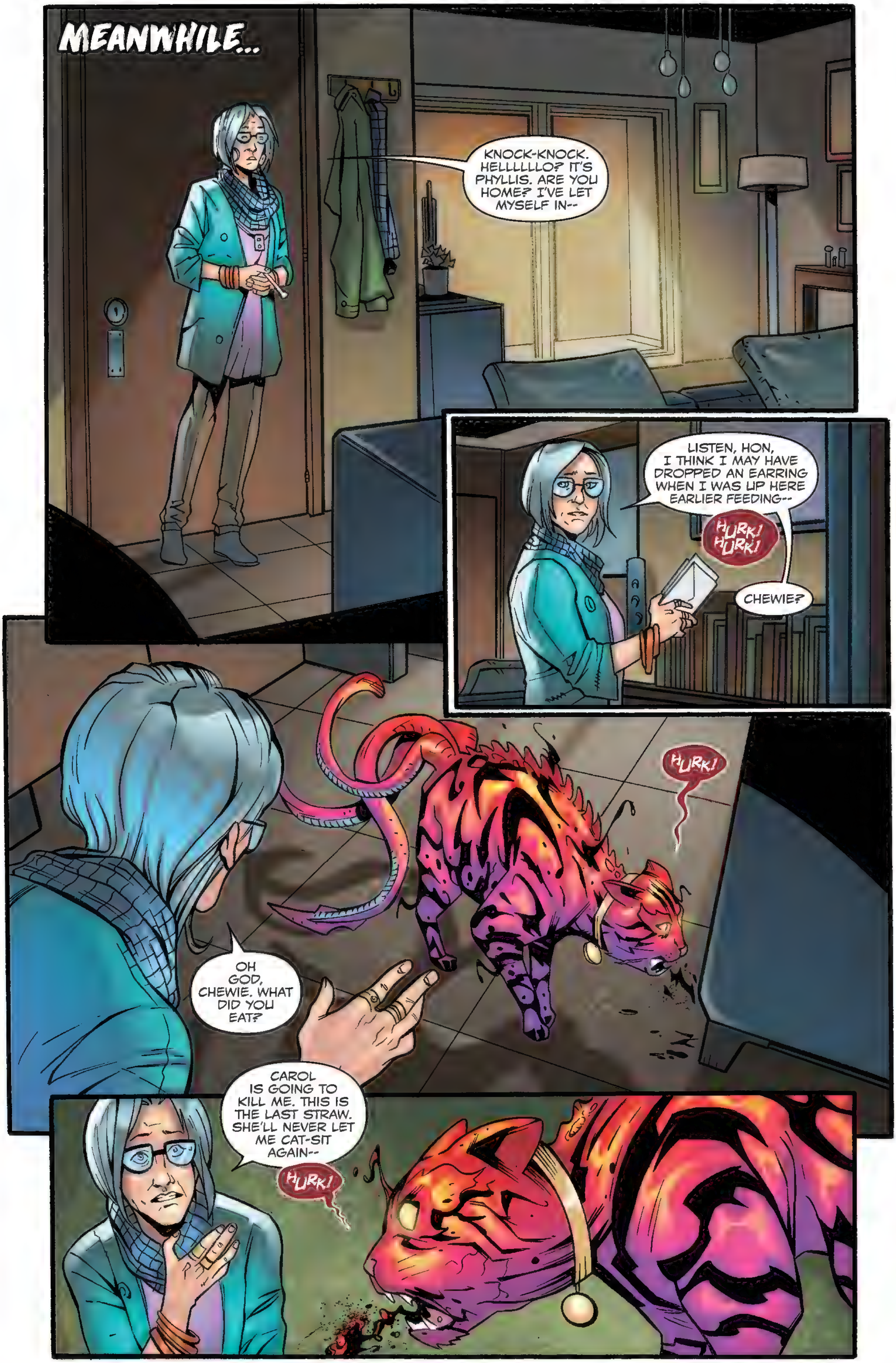

EASY, CAP. AFTER ALL...
...YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO HARM YOUR DEAR PET, WOULD YOU?
LEAVE MY CAT OUT OF THIS.
YOWL!

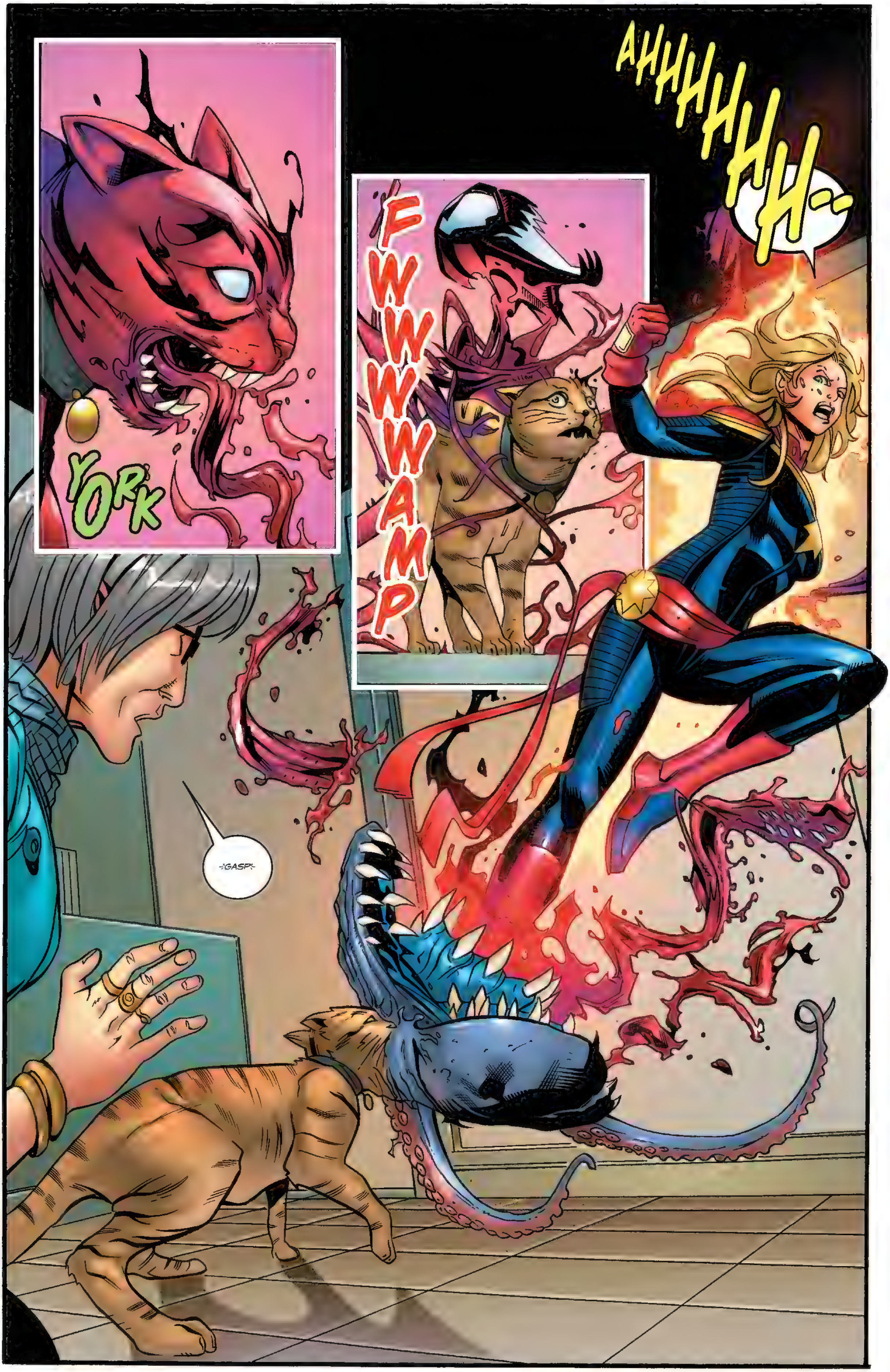

EVERY FIBER OF YOUR FELINE IS IN MY POWER. HER THOUGHTS ARE MY THOUGHTS. HER FORM DOES MY BIDDING. THE CAT YOU ONCE KNEW IS GONE. AND NOW? SHE'S HER MASTER'S KEEPER.
NO!
YOU CLEARLY DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THIS WORKS. I'M IN CONTROL HERE.
AND YOU **CLEARLY** DON'T HAVE A CAT.
BECAUSE THEY AREN'T SO EASILY CONTROLLED--
--AND NEITHER AM I.
CHEWIE? WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO IS...IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD...
I LOVE YOU.

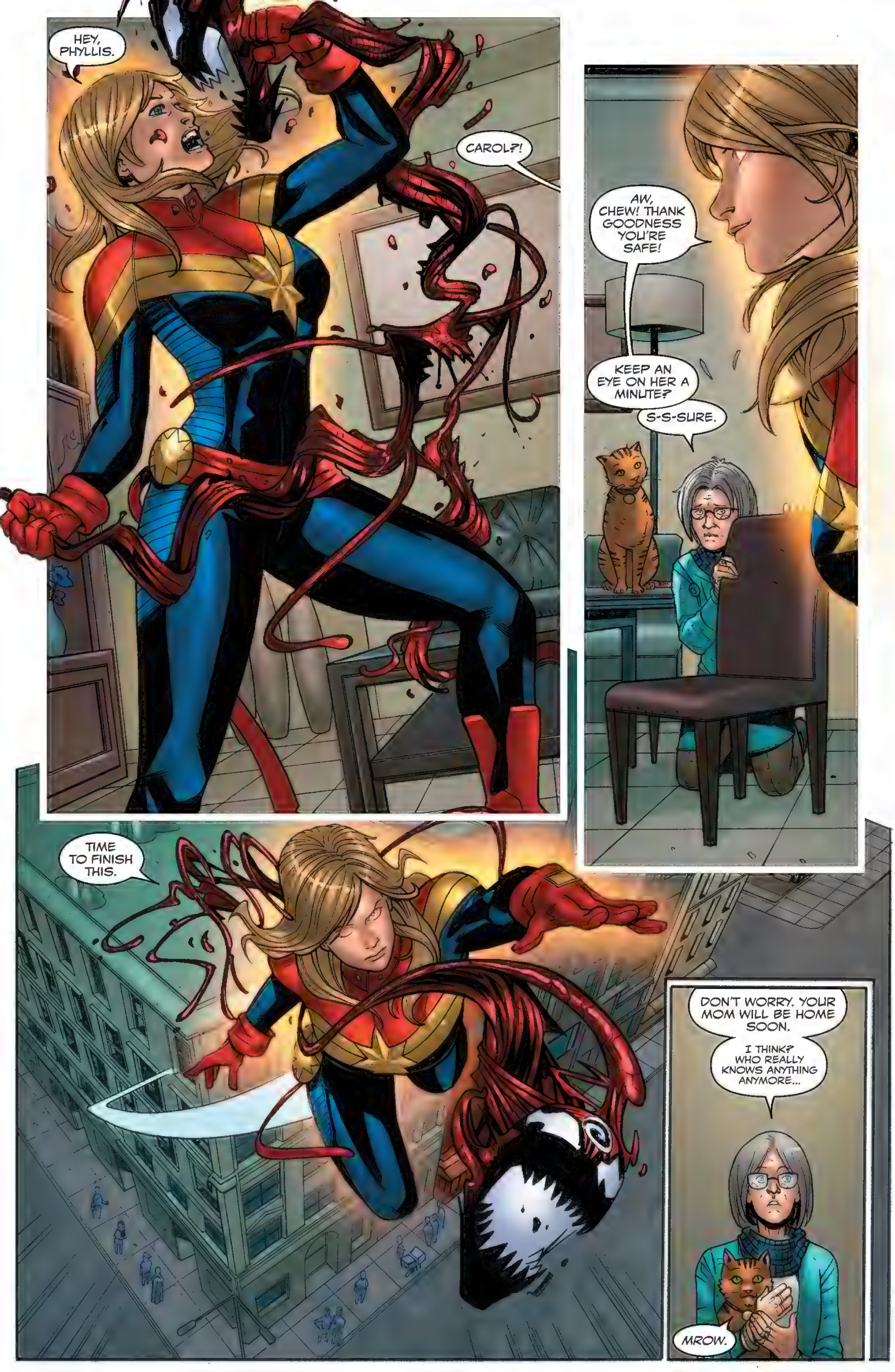

WHERE DOES THE DARKNESS BEGIN?
WHAT ARE THE LIMITS OF ITS POWER?
HAHAHAHA!
IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT?
AND HOW CAN I ROOT IT OUT AND KILL IT DEAD?
GRRRRRAH!

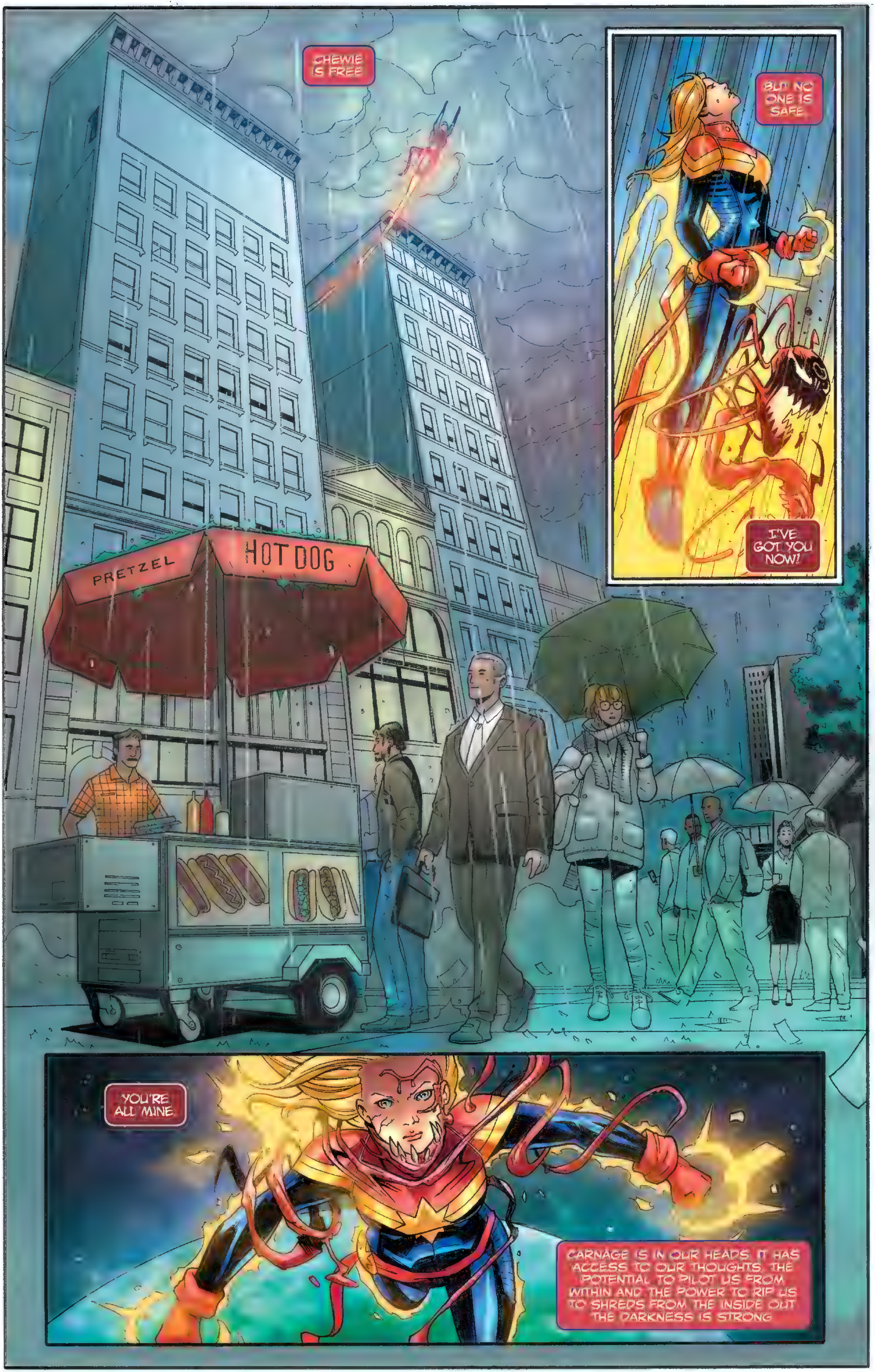

EXAMINE THE INFINITY WITHIN.
AND DISCOVER THE LIGHT.

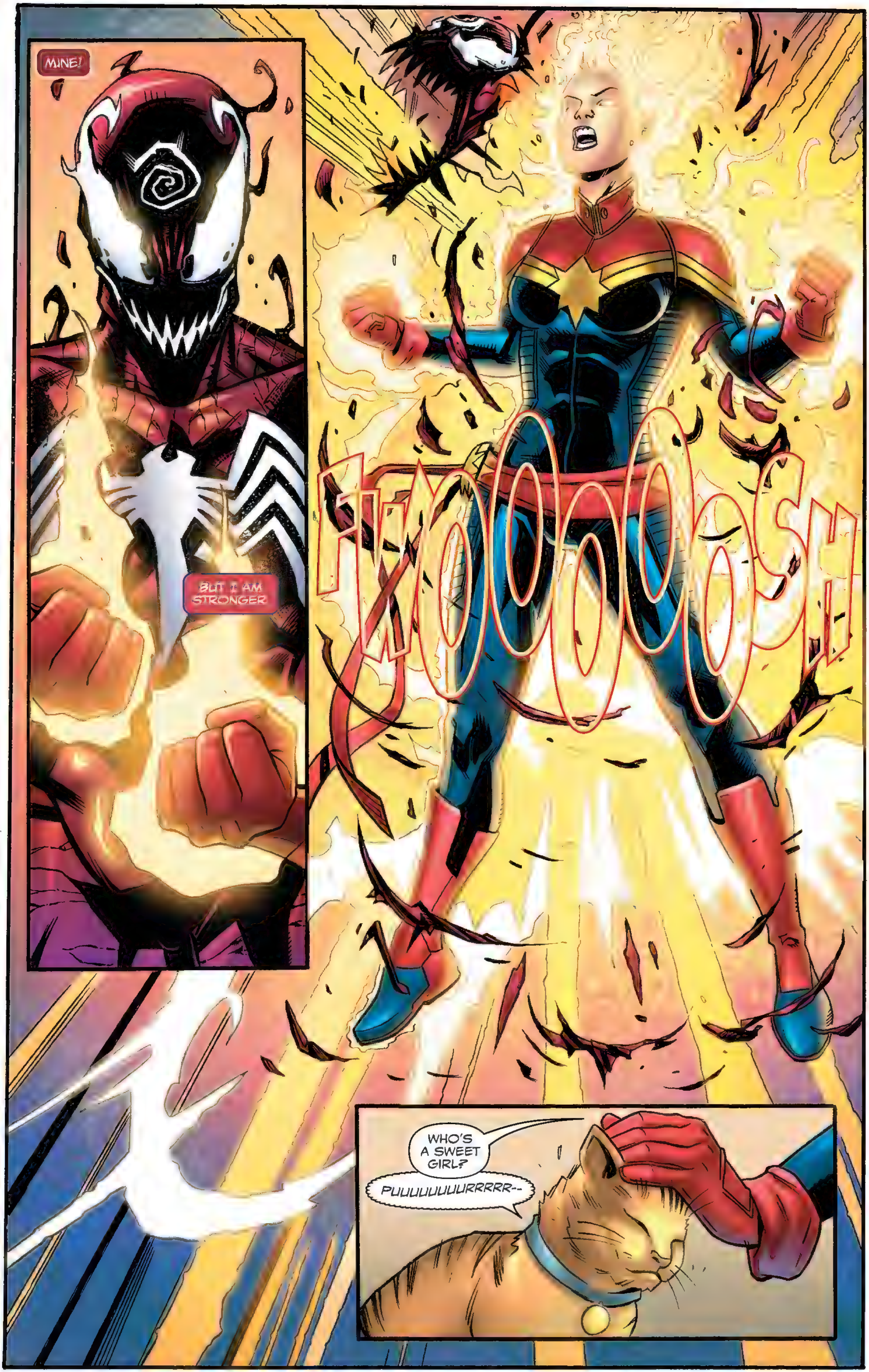

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A SPACE CAT.

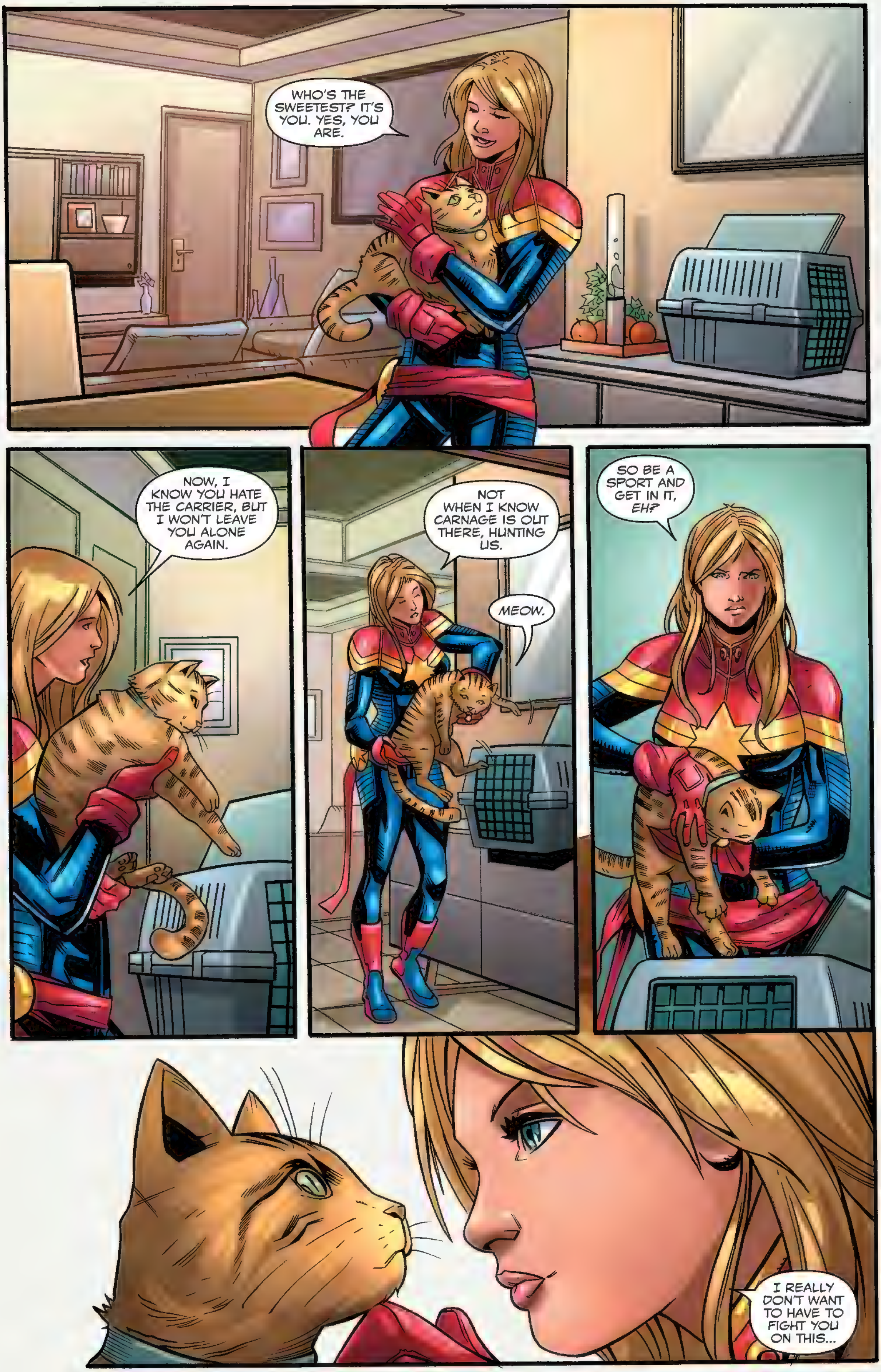

MEANWHILE...
KNOCK-KNOCK. HELLLLLLO? IT'S PHYLLIS. ARE YOU HOME? I'VE LET MYSELF IN--
LISTEN, HON, I THINK I MAY HAVE DROPPED AN EARRING WHEN I WAS UP HERE EARLIER FEEDING--
HURK! HURK!
CHEWIE?
HURK!
OH GOD, CHEWIE. WHAT DID YOU EAT?
CAROL IS GOING TO KILL ME. THIS IS THE LAST STRAW. SHE'LL NEVER LET ME CAT-SIT AGAIN--
HURK!

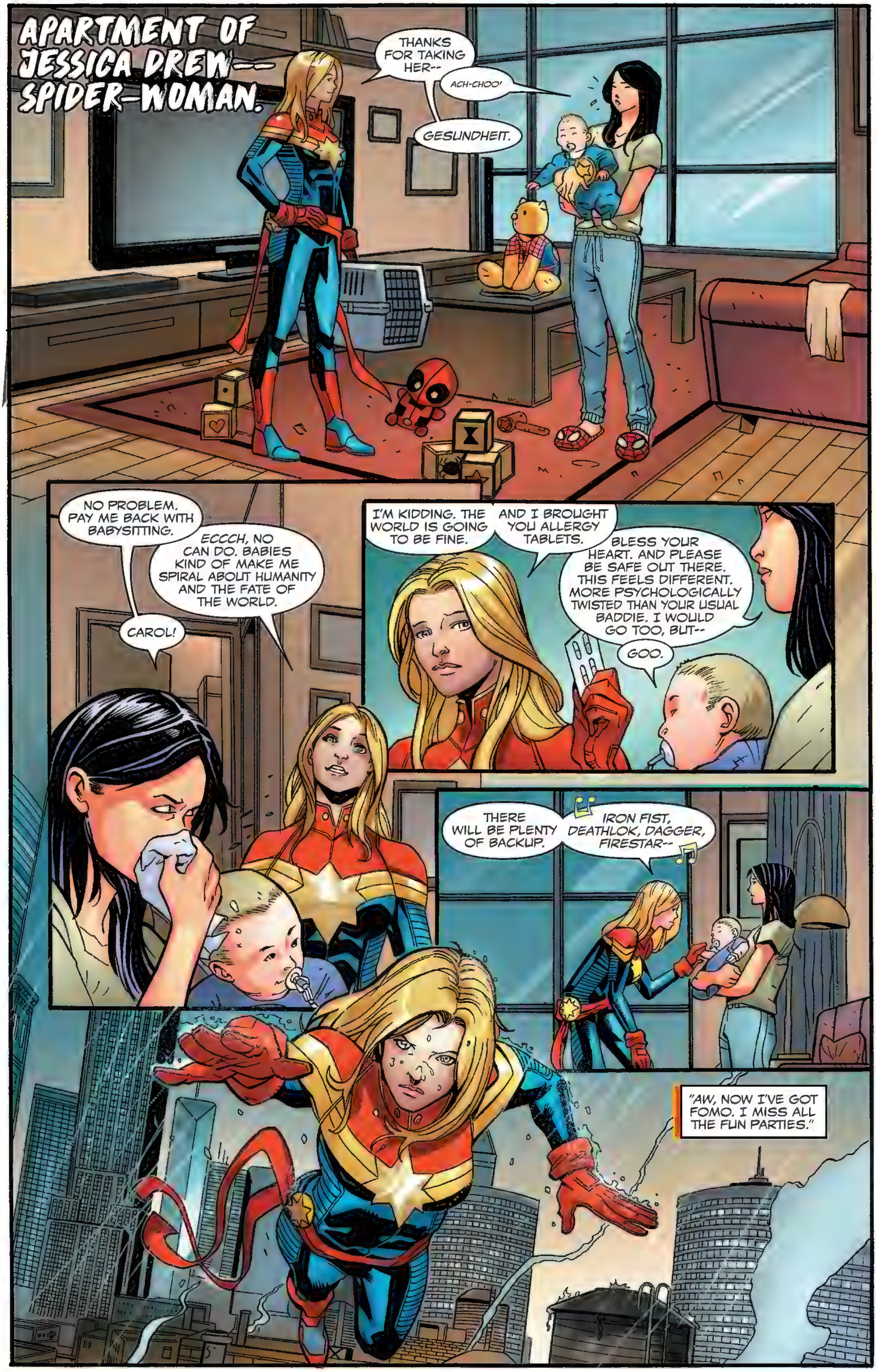

YORK
FWWWWAMP
AHHHHHHH--
GASP

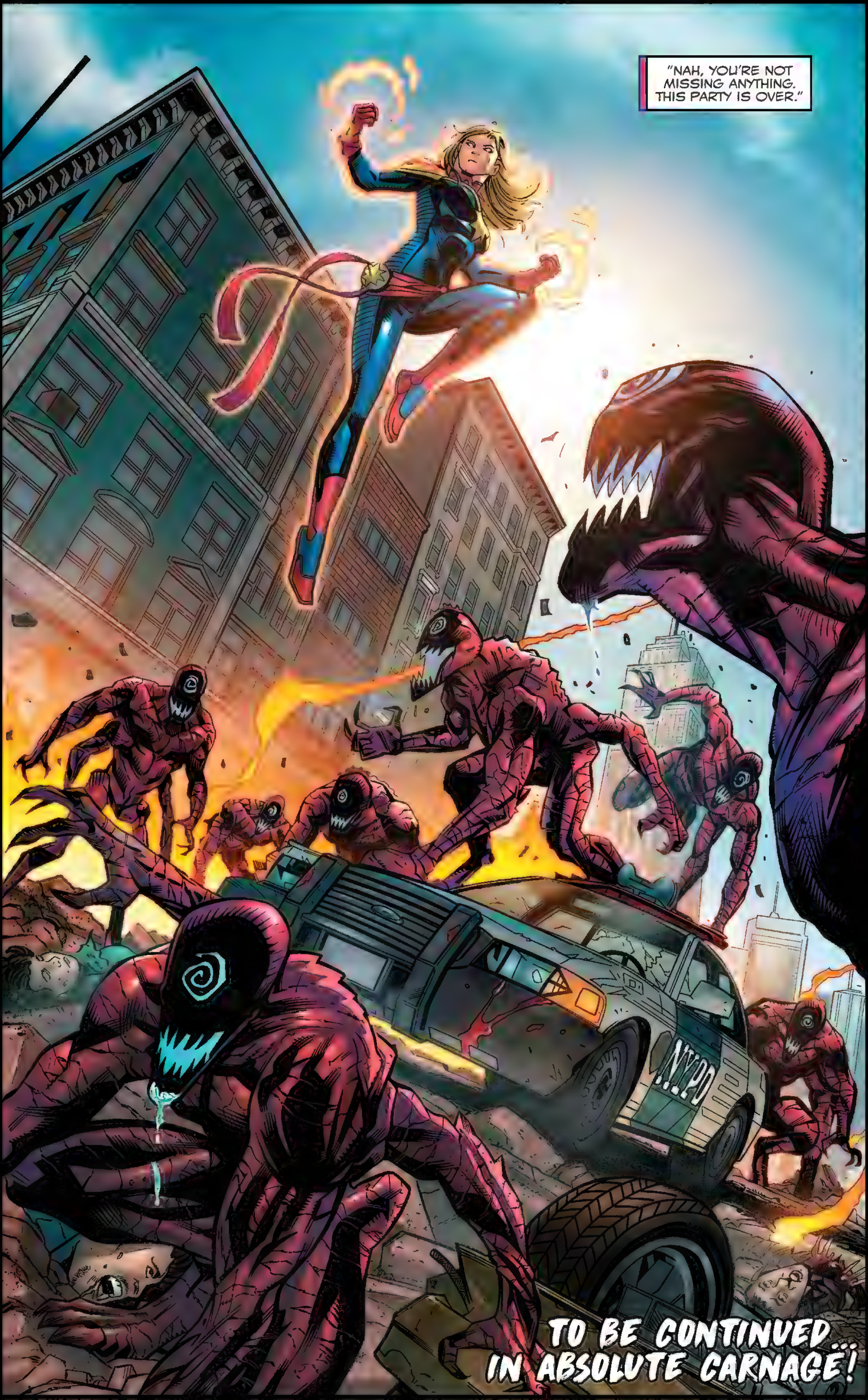

HEY, PHYLLIS.
CAROL?!
AW, CHEW! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE!
KEEP AN EYE ON HER A MINUTE?
S-S-SURE.
TIME TO FINISH THIS.
DON'T WORRY. YOUR MOM WILL BE HOME SOON.
I THINK? WHO REALLY KNOWS ANYTHING ANYMORE...
MROW.

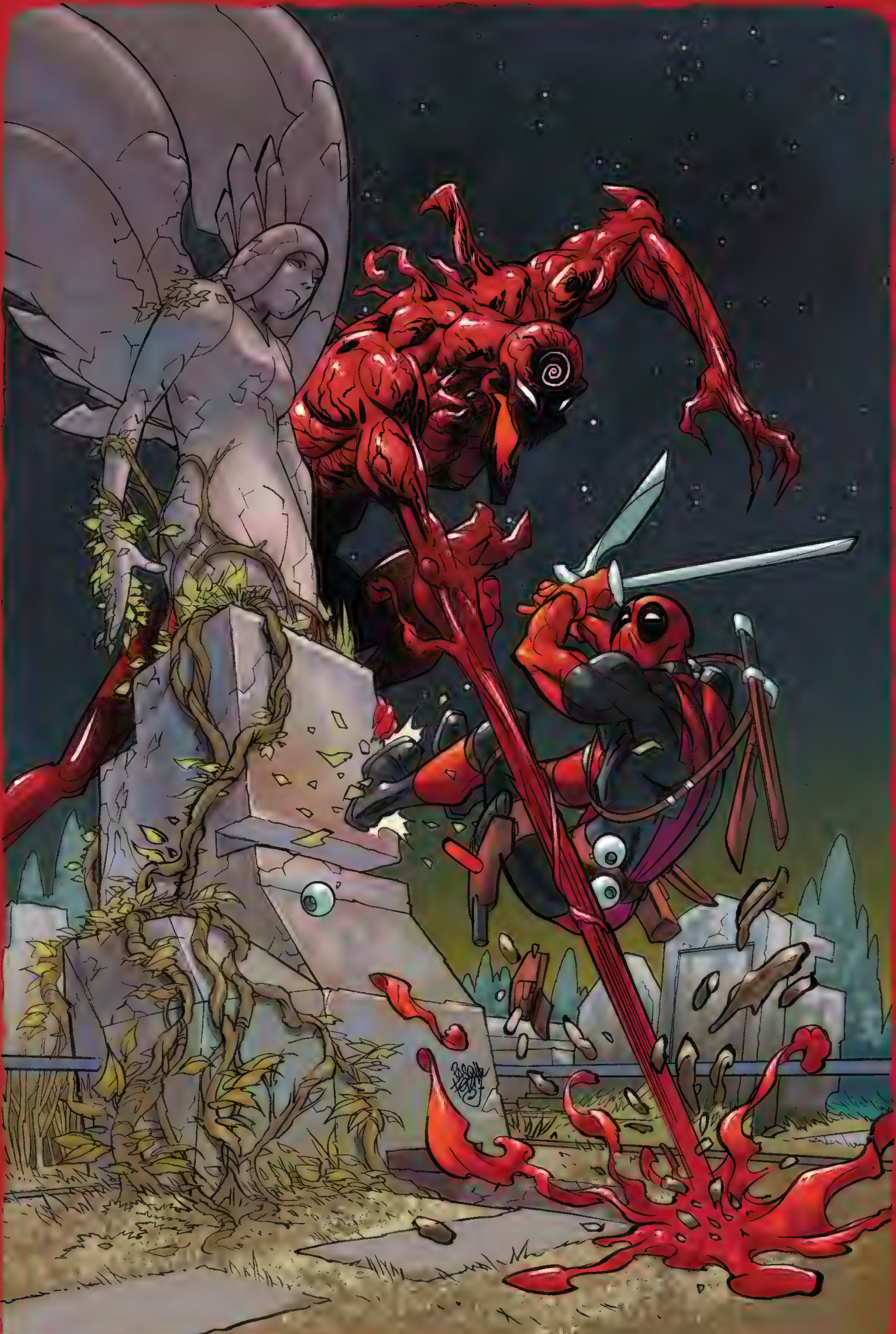

CHEWIE IS FREE
PRETZEL
HOT DOG
BUT NO ONE IS SAFE
I'VE GOT YOU NOW!
YOU'RE ALL MINE
CARNAGE IS IN OUR HEADS. IT HAS ACCESS TO OUR THOUGHTS, THE POTENTIAL TO PILOT US FROM WITHIN AND THE POWER TO RIP US TO SHREDS FROM THE INSIDE OUT. THE DARKNESS IS STRONG


MINE!
BUT I AM STRONGER
FWOOOOOSH
WHO'S A SWEET GIRL?
PUUUUUUUURRRRR--


WHO'S THE SWEETEST? IT'S YOU. YES, YOU ARE.
NOW, I KNOW YOU HATE THE CARRIER, BUT I WON'T LEAVE YOU ALONE AGAIN.
NOT WHEN I KNOW CARNAGE IS OUT THERE, HUNTING US.
MEOW.
SO BE A SPORT AND GET IN IT, EH?
I REALLY DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO FIGHT YOU ON THIS...

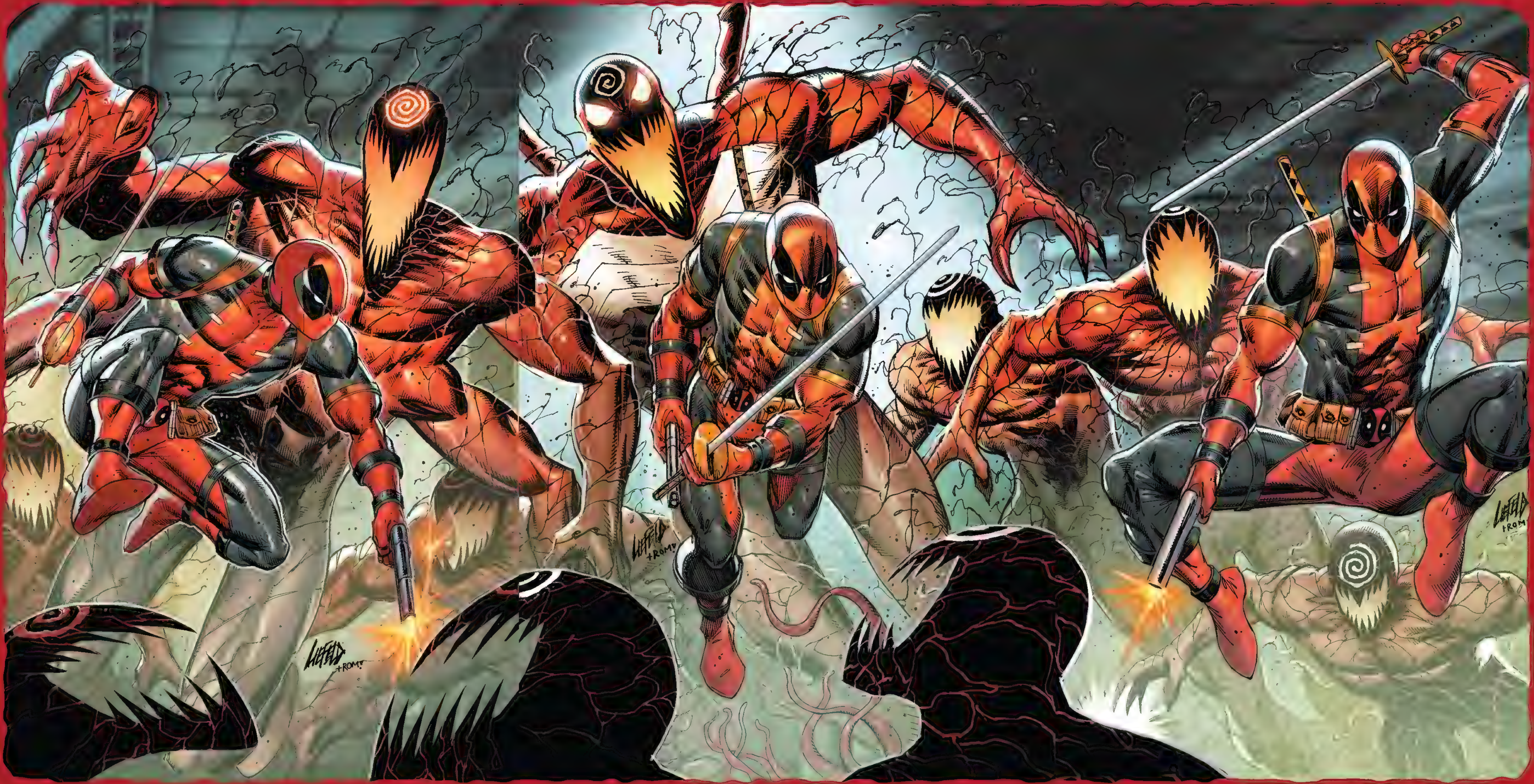

APARTMENT OF JESSICA DREW-- SPIDER-WOMAN.
THANKS FOR TAKING HER--
ACH-CHOO!
GESUNDHEIT.
NO PROBLEM. PAY ME BACK WITH BABYSITTING.
CAROL!
ECCCH, NO CAN DO. BABIES KIND OF MAKE ME SPIRAL ABOUT HUMANITY AND THE FATE OF THE WORLD.
I'M KIDDING. THE WORLD IS GOING TO BE FINE.
AND I BROUGHT YOU ALLERGY TABLETS.
BLESS YOUR HEART. AND PLEASE BE SAFE OUT THERE. THIS FEELS DIFFERENT. MORE PSYCHOLOGICALLY TWISTED THAN YOUR USUAL BADDIE. I WOULD GO TOO, BUT--
GOO.
THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF BACKUP.
IRON FIST, DEATHLOK, DAGGER, FIRESTAR--
"AW, NOW I'VE GOT FOMO. I MISS ALL THE FUN PARTIES."


"NAH, YOU'RE NOT MISSING ANYTHING. THIS PARTY IS OVER."
N.Y.P.D
TO BE CONTINUED... IN ABSOLUTE CARNAGE!

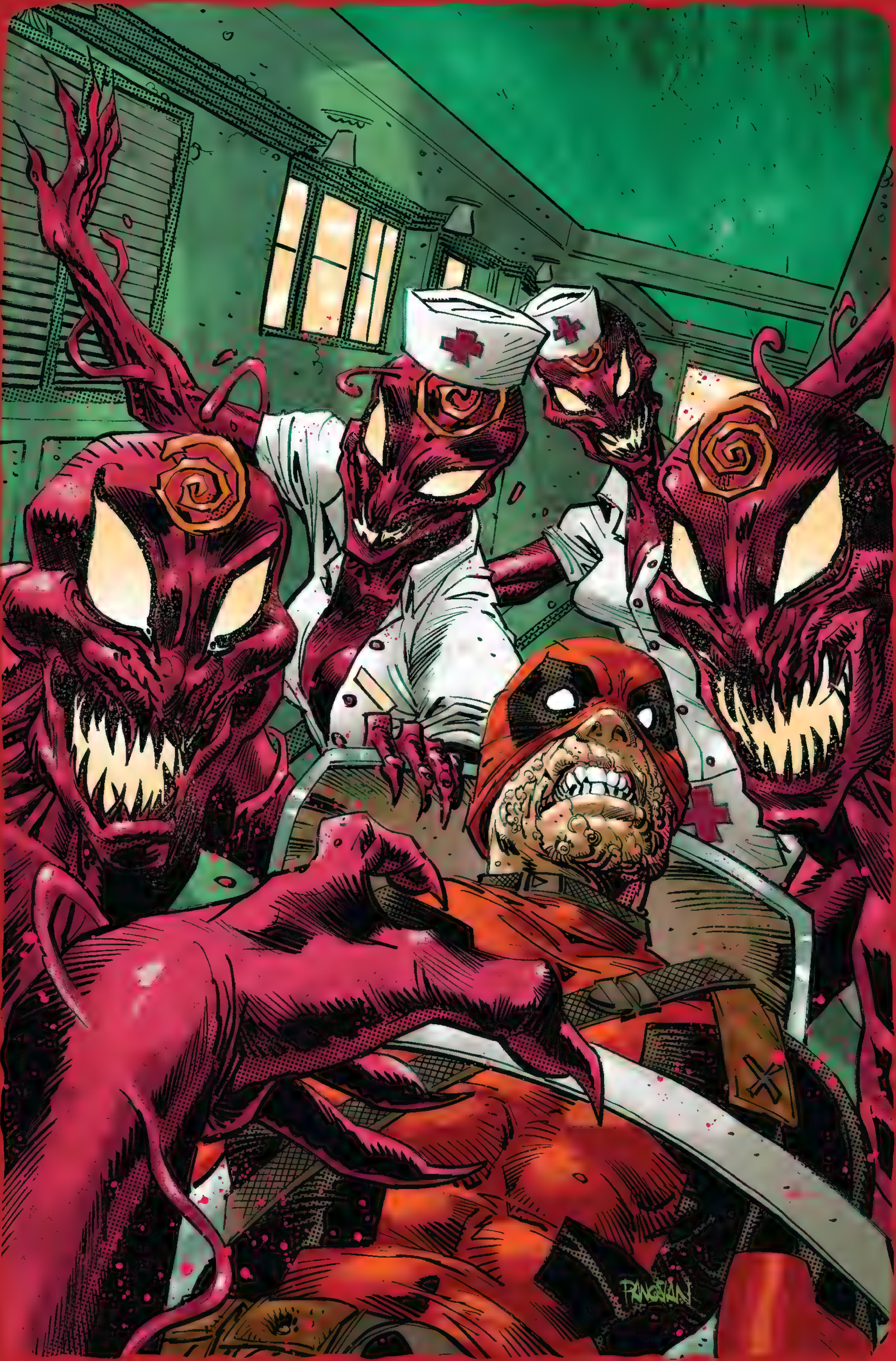


PASQUAL FERRY & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL #1 Variant

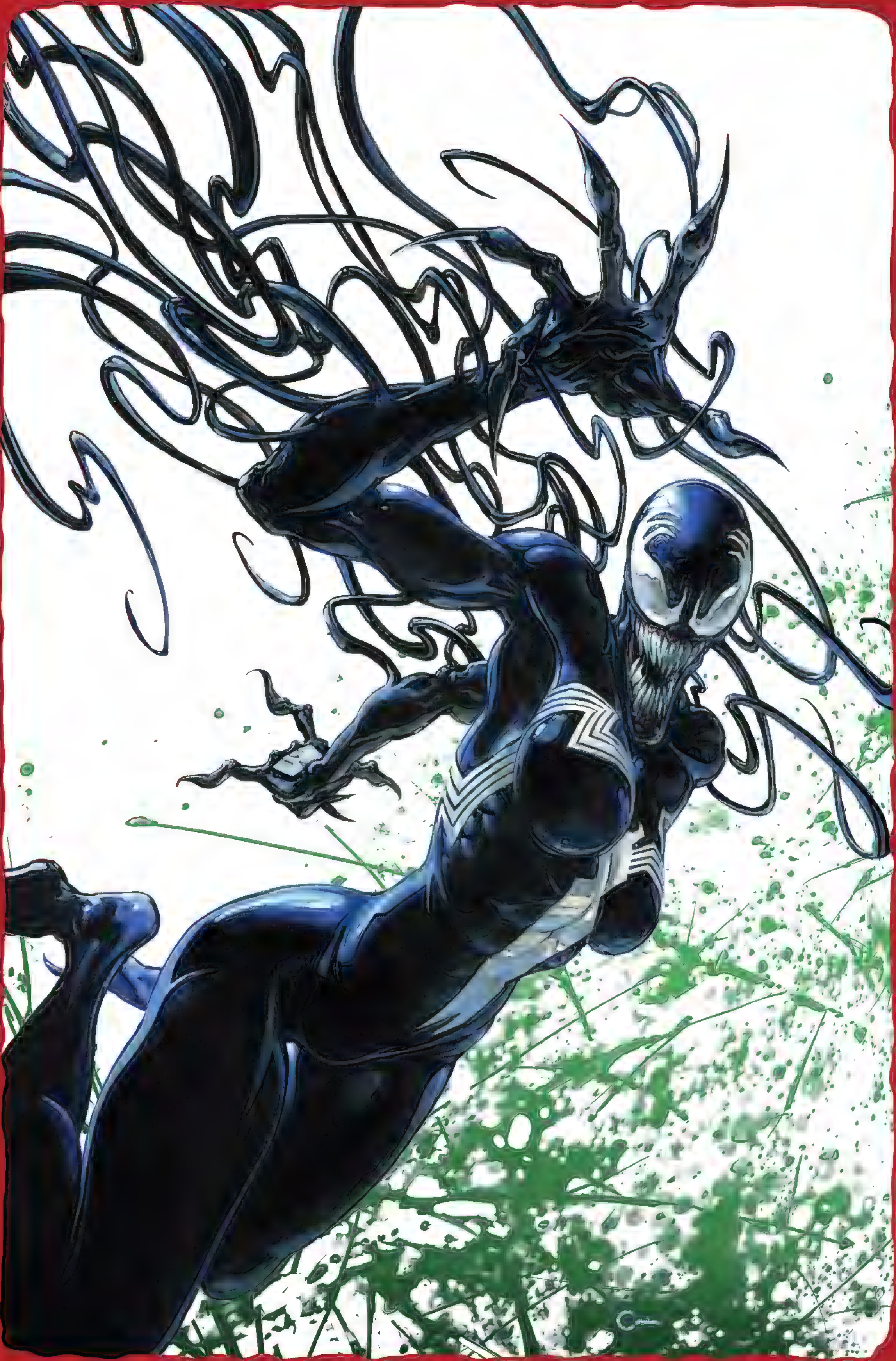


ROB LIEFELD & ROMULO FAJARDO JR.
ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL #1-3 Connecting Variants



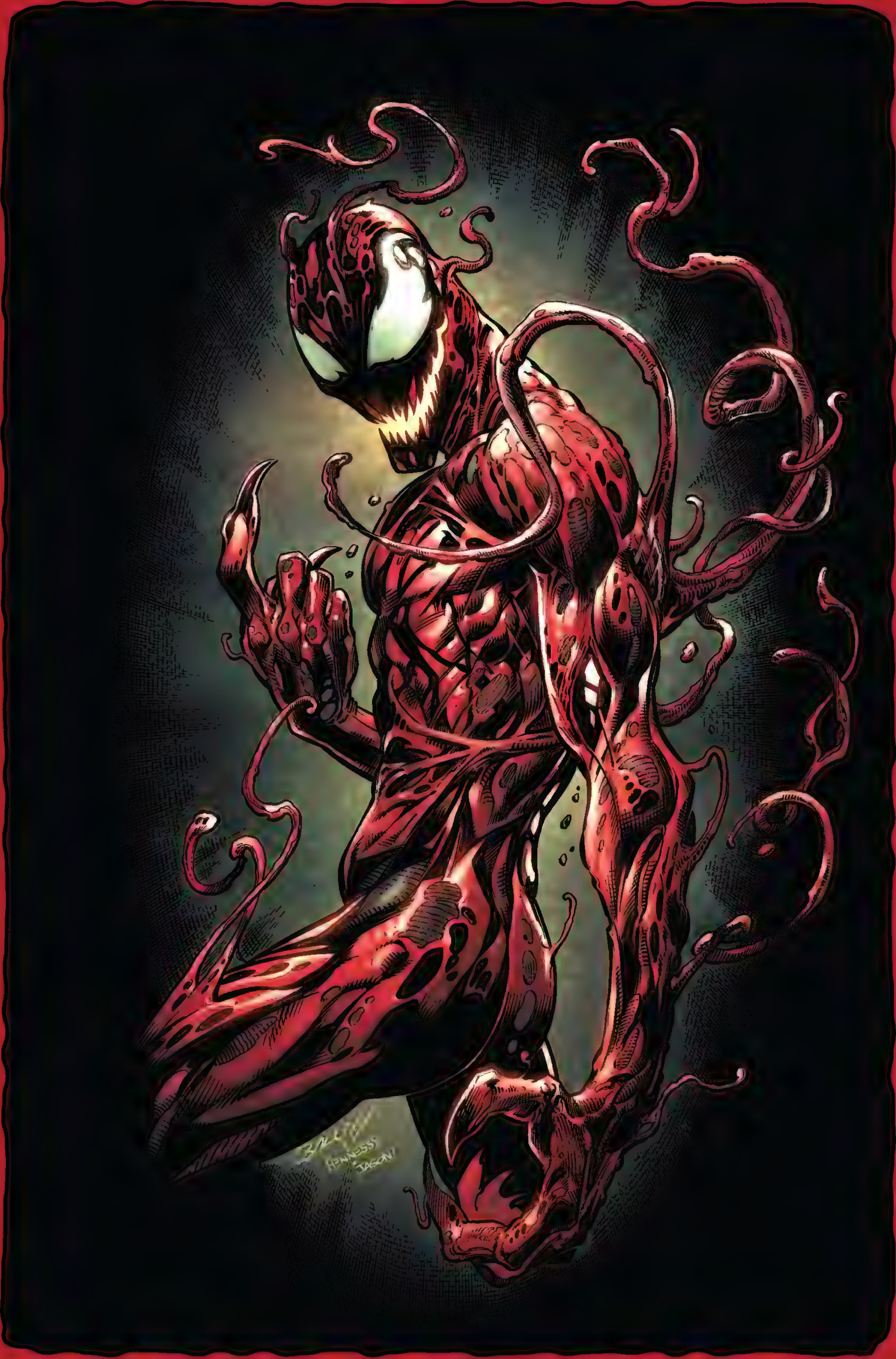
DAN PANOSIAN

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL #1 Variant



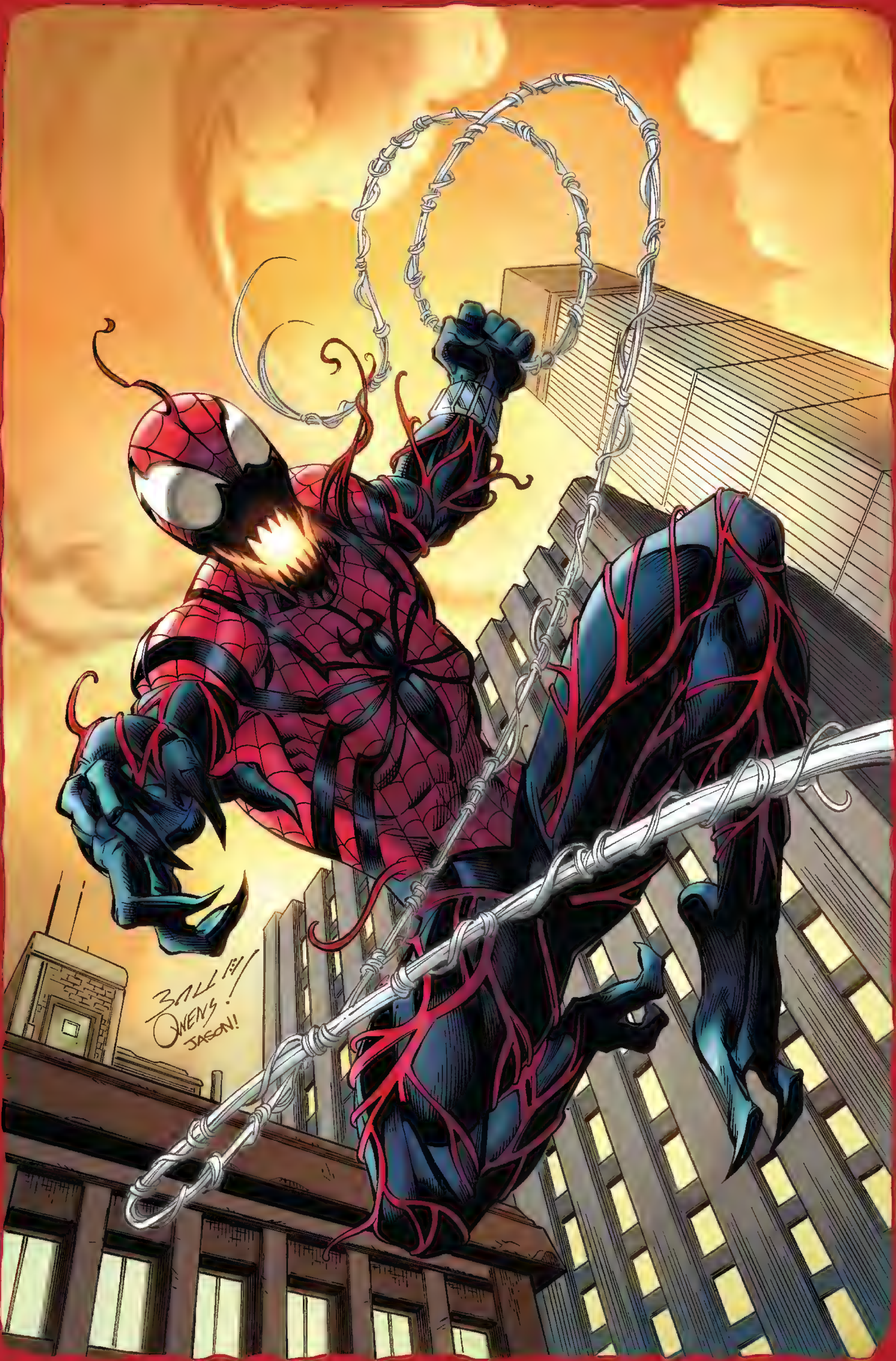
CLAYTON CRAIN

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL #1 Codex Variant



MARK BAGLEY, ANDREW HENNESSY & JASON KEITH

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL #2 Codex Variant


OWENS!
JASON!

MARK BAGLEY, ANDREW HENNESSY & JASON KEITH

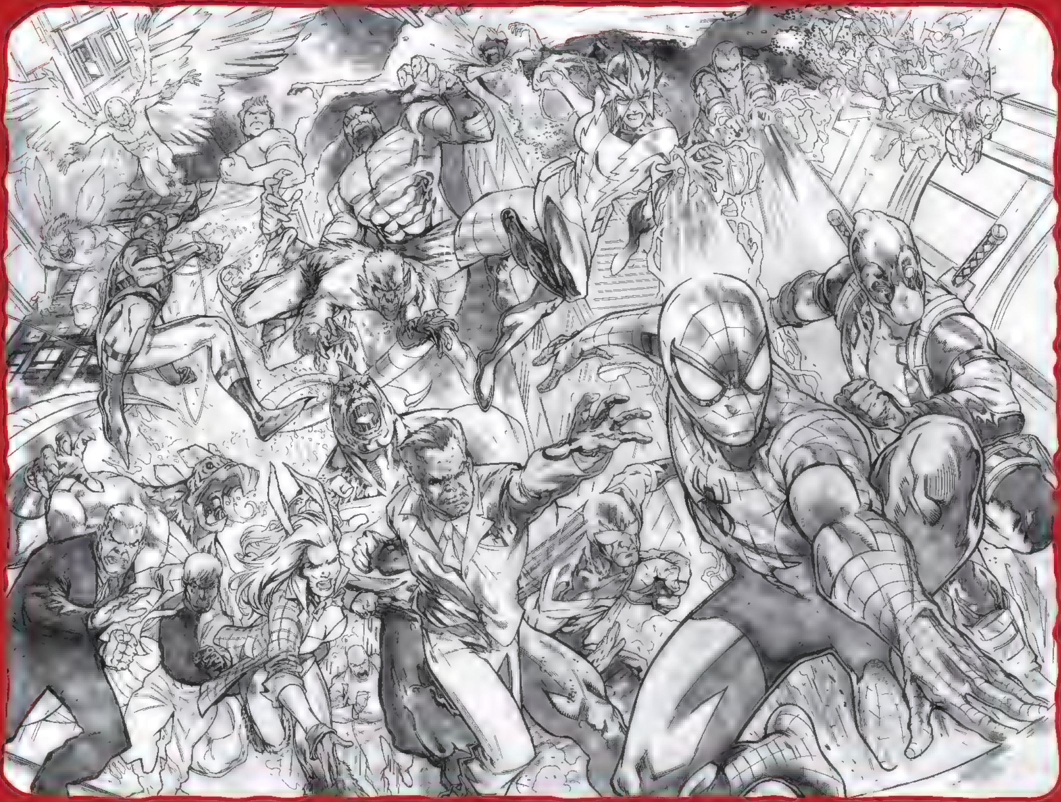
ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL #3 Codex Variant

NICK BRADSHAW & ERICK ARCINIEGA

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE: CAPTAIN MARVEL #1 Codex Variant

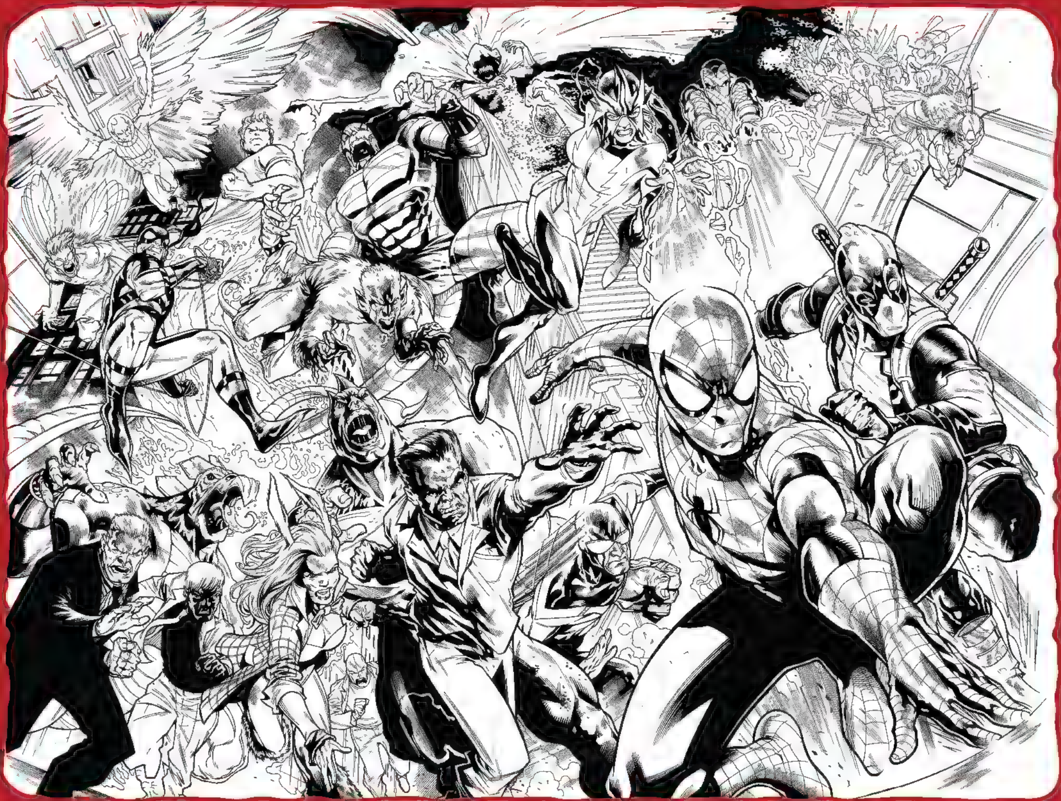
MIKE McKONE & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE: CAPTAIN MARVEL #1 Variant



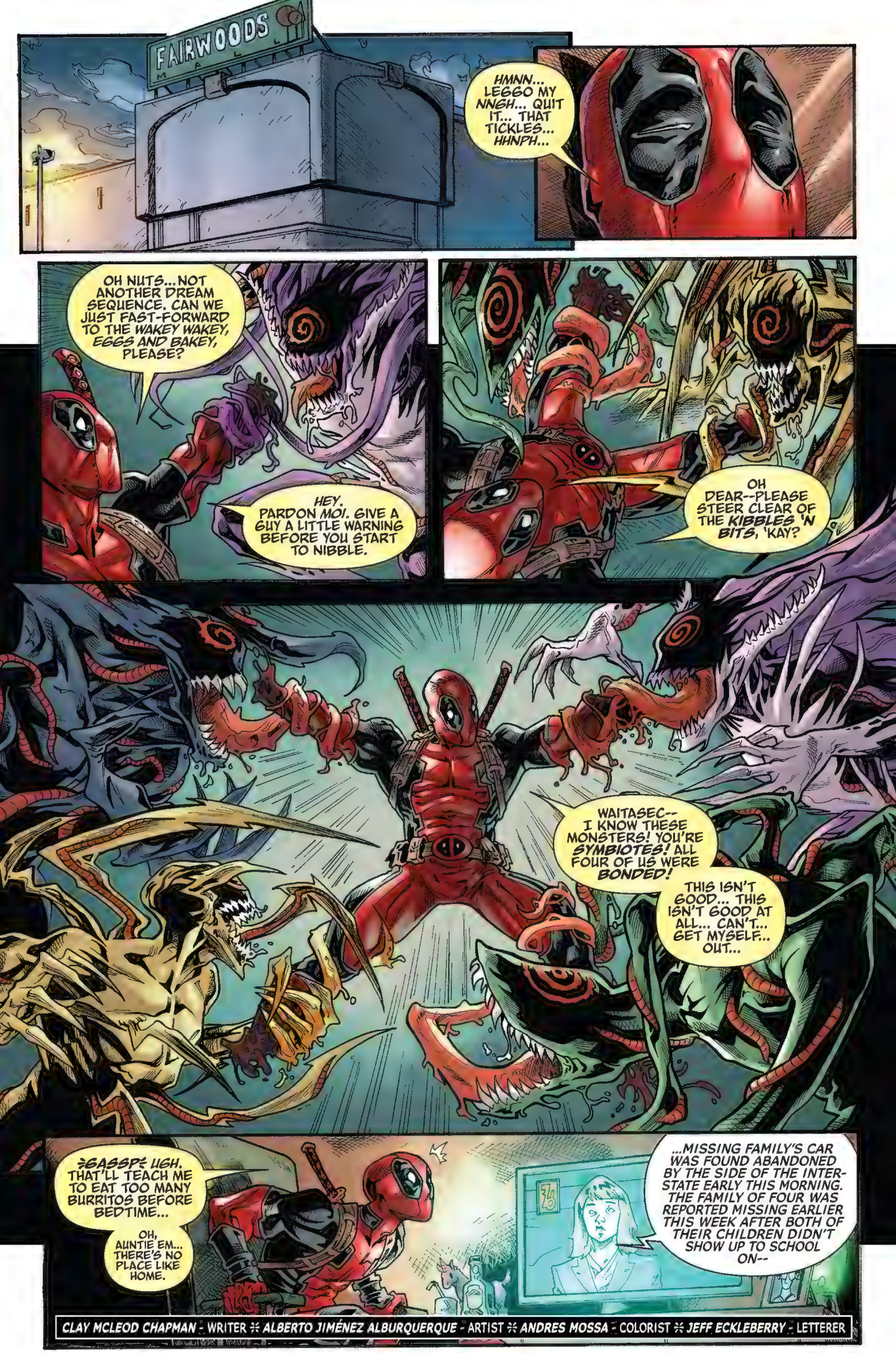
MARCELO FERREIRA

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL #1 pages 2-3 pencils

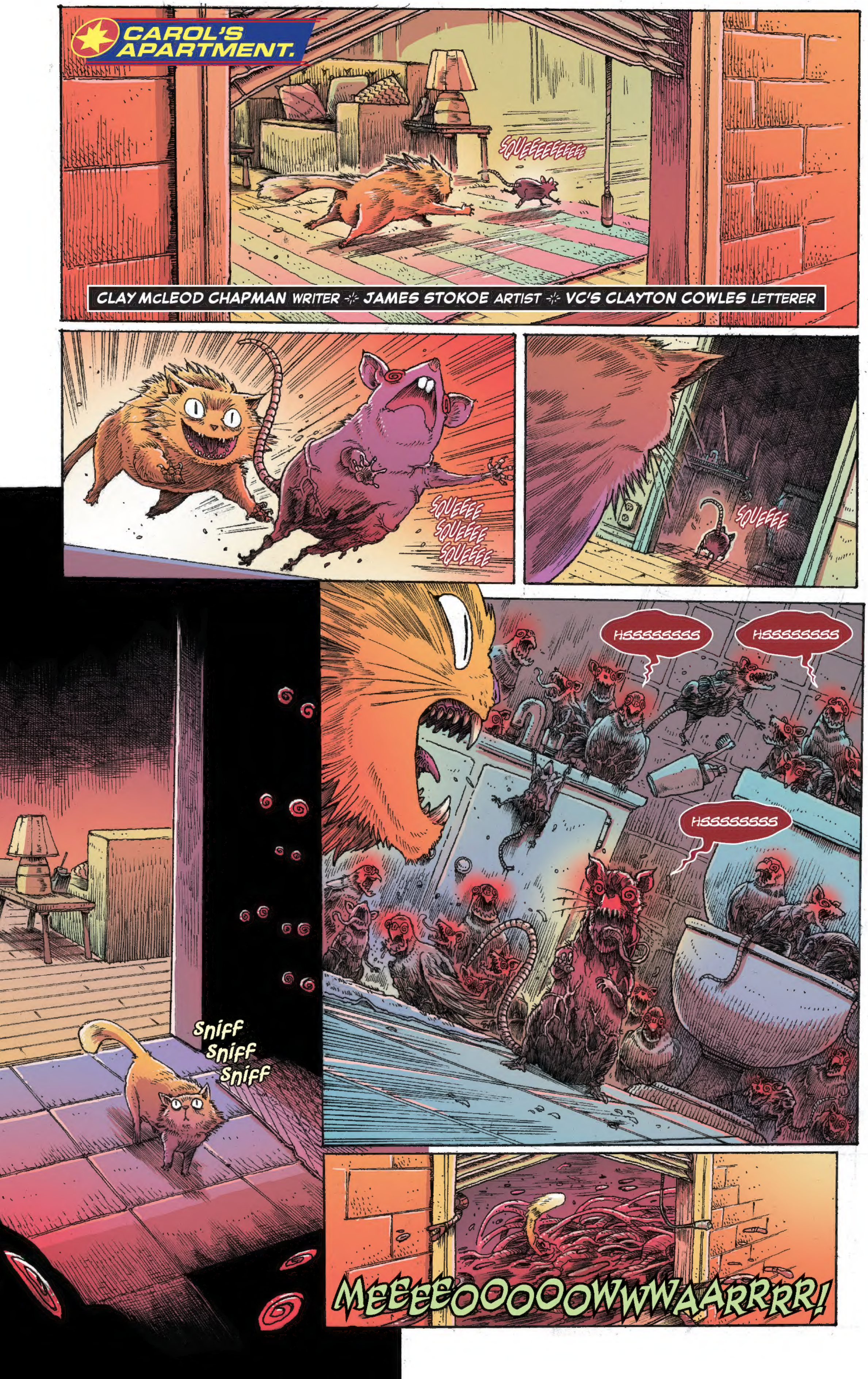


ROBERTO POGGI

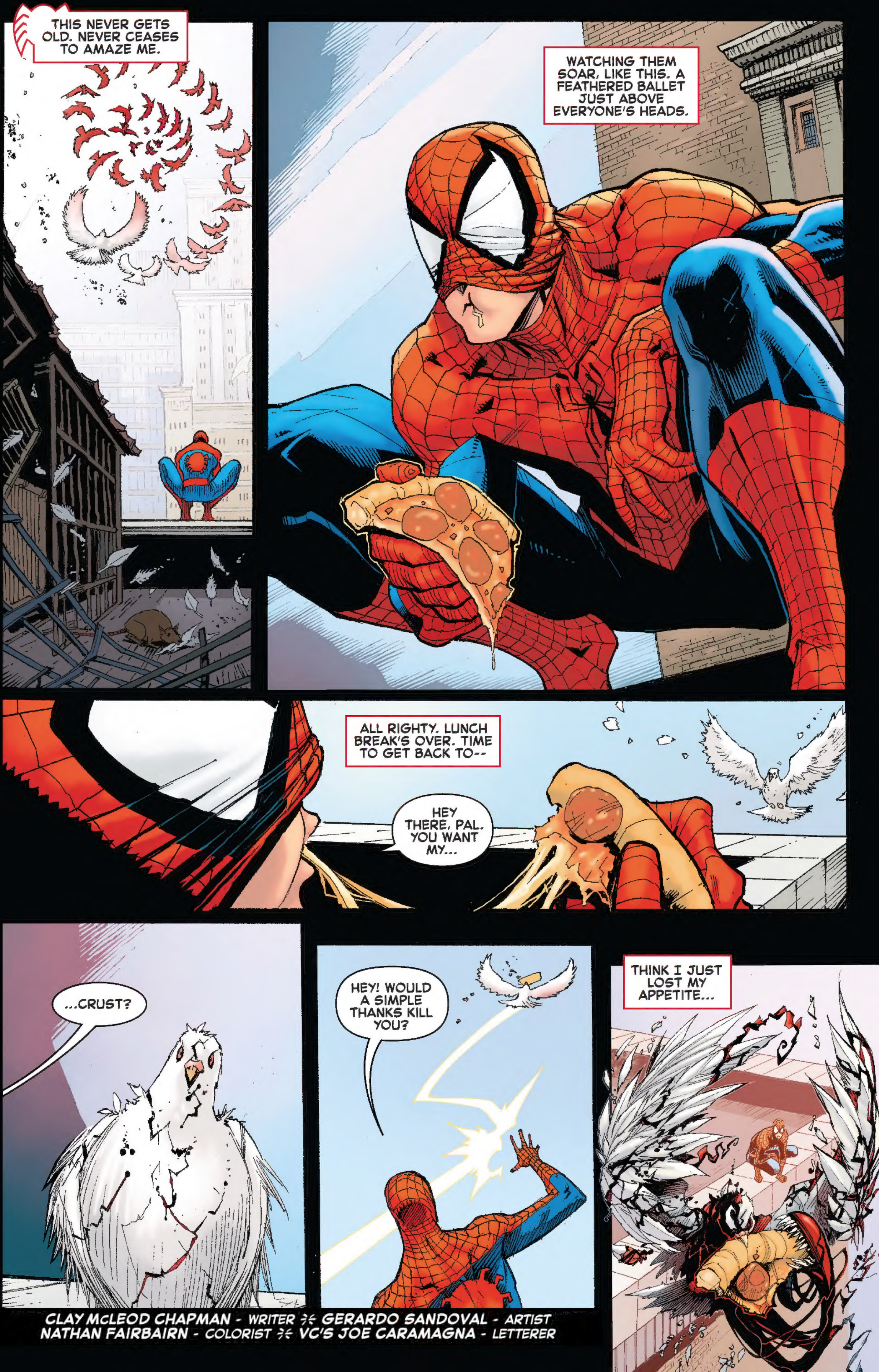
ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL #1 pages 2-3 inks


FAIRWOODS MALL
HMNN... LEGGO MY NNGH... QUIT IT... THAT TICKLES... HHNPH...
OH NUTS...NOT ANOTHER DREAM SEQUENCE. CAN WE JUST FAST-FORWARD TO THE *WAKEY WAKEY, EGGS AND BAKEY,* PLEASE?
HEY. PARDON *MOI.* GIVE A GUY A LITTLE WARNING BEFORE YOU START TO NIBBLE.
OH DEAR--PLEASE STEER CLEAR OF THE ***KIBBLES 'N BITS***, 'KAY?
WAITASEC-- I KNOW THESE MONSTERS! YOU'RE ***SYMBIOTES!*** ALL FOUR OF US WERE ***BONDED!***
THIS ISN'T GOOD... THIS ISN'T GOOD AT ALL... CAN'T... GET MYSELF... OUT...
GASSP UGH. THAT'LL TEACH ME TO EAT TOO MANY BURRITOS BEFORE BEDTIME...
OH, AUNTIE EM... THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.
...MISSING FAMILY'S CAR WAS FOUND ABANDONED BY THE SIDE OF THE INTERSTATE EARLY THIS MORNING. THE FAMILY OF FOUR WAS REPORTED MISSING EARLIER THIS WEEK AFTER BOTH OF THEIR CHILDREN DIDN'T SHOW UP TO SCHOOL ON--

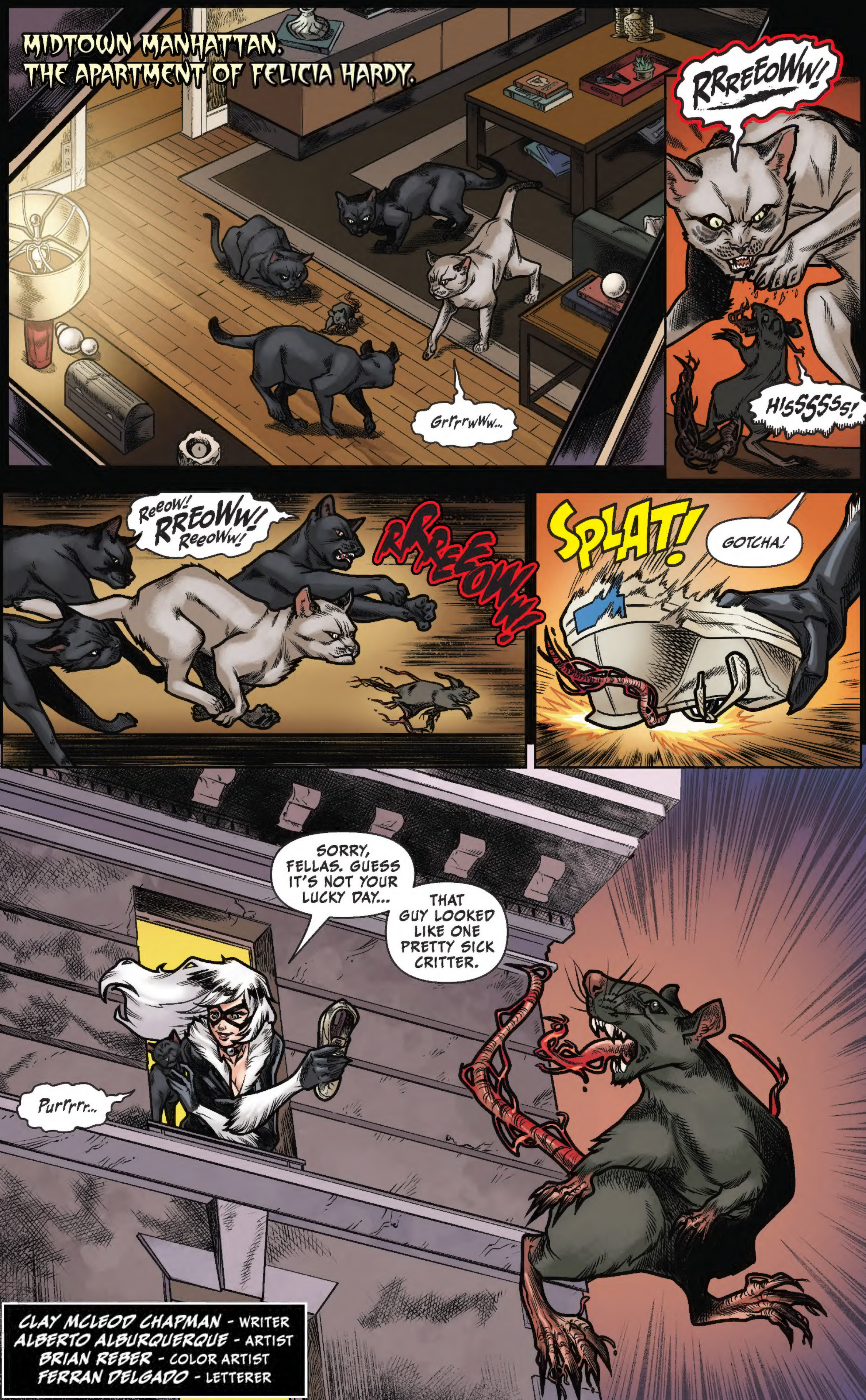
CLAY MCLEOD CHAPMAN - WRITER ⁜ ***ALBERTO JIMÉNEZ ALBURQUERQUE*** - ARTIST ⁜ ***ANDRES MOSSA*** - COLORIST ⁜ ***JEFF ECKLEBERRY*** - LETTERER


CAROL'S APARTMENT.
SQUEEEEEEEEEE
SQUEEEE SQUEEEE SQUEEEE
SQUEEEE
Sniff Sniff Sniff
HSSSSSSSS
HSSSSSSSS
HSSSSSSSS
MEEEEOOOOOWWWAARRRR!

CLAY McLEOD CHAPMAN WRITER ✧ JAMES STOKOE ARTIST ✧ VC'S CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER


THIS NEVER GETS OLD. NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME.
WATCHING THEM SOAR, LIKE THIS. A FEATHERED BALLET JUST ABOVE EVERYONE'S HEADS.
ALL RIGHTY. LUNCH BREAK'S OVER. TIME TO GET BACK TO--
HEY THERE, PAL. YOU WANT MY...
...CRUST?
HEY! WOULD A SIMPLE THANKS KILL YOU?
THINK I JUST LOST MY APPETITE...

CLAY McLEOD CHAPMAN - *WRITER* ⁜ **GERARDO SANDOVAL** - *ARTIST*
NATHAN FAIRBAIRN - *COLORIST* ⁜ **VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA** - *LETTERER*


MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.
THE APARTMENT OF FELICIA HARDY.
RRREEOWW!
HISSSSSS!
Grrrrwww...
Reeow! RREOWW! ReeoWw!
RRREEOWW!
SPLAT!
GOTCHA!
SORRY, FELLAS. GUESS IT'S NOT YOUR LUCKY DAY...
THAT GUY LOOKED LIKE ONE PRETTY SICK CRITTER.
Purrrr...

CLAY MCLEOD CHAPMAN - WRITER
ALBERTO ALBURQUERQUE - ARTIST
BRIAN REBER - COLOR ARTIST
FERRAN DELGADO - LETTERER

"The scenes reveal like a horror film. Releasing surprise after surprise, so it will be a fun read if you pay close attention." – Black Nerd Problems

WHAT'S RED AND BLACK WITH DEAD ALL OVER?

Carnage takes on Deadpool once again in the mother of all sequels! At long last, Wade Wilson is ready to get his head on straight, so the Merc with a Mouth checks himself in to the prestigious Ravencroft Institute. Unfortunately, the facility has another new arrival: **the psychopathic symbiote called Carnage!** And he isn't there for a therapy session! In their last battle, Deadpool ended up hosting five separate symbiotes — and now that's made him a prime target for codex hunters! The deadly Dark Carnage has put a target on Wade's back, and the **Marvel Universe's most dangerous forces** are on his trail! Deadpool's only way out will give new meaning to Absolute Carnage! Madness and mayhem abound in the can't-miss showdown of the year! Plus: Carol Danvers must contend with a Carnagized Chewie!

Collecting **ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL #1-3** and **ABSOLUTE CARNAGE: CAPTAIN MARVEL** — by Frank Tieri, Emily Lerner, Marcelo Ferreira, Andrea Broccardo, Roberto Poggi, Andy Owens, Jack Jadson and Rachelle Rosenberg.

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MARVEL